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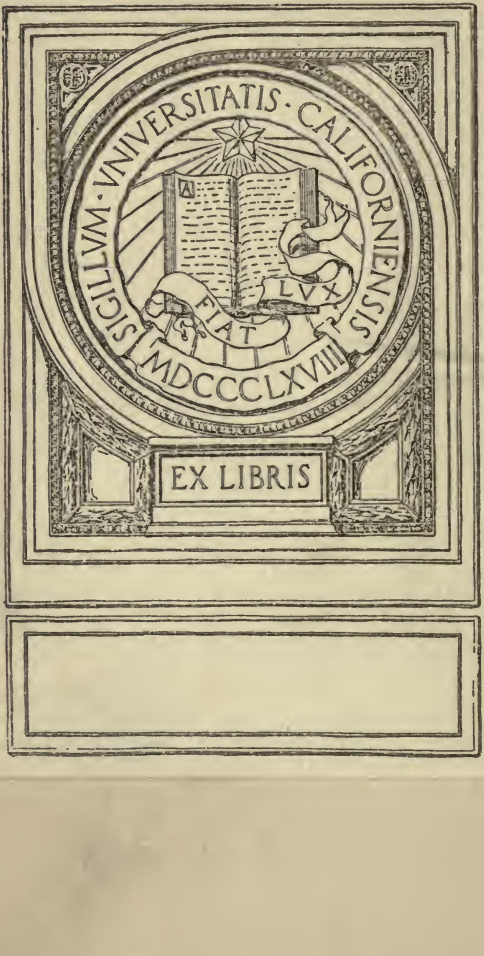
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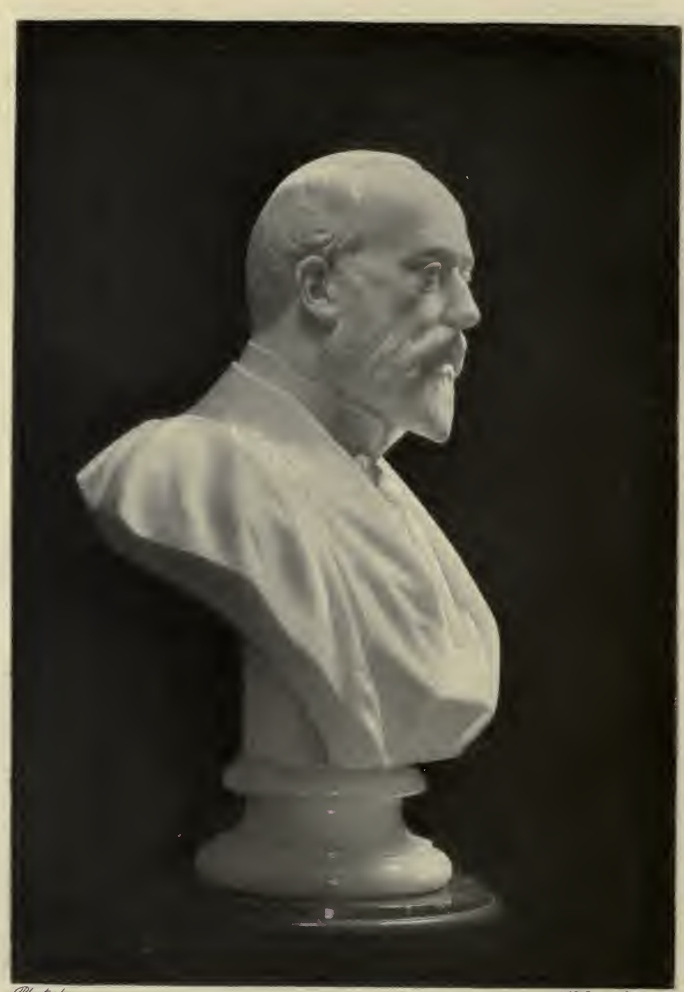

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King Edward VII.
by Albert Bruce-Joy.

MORE ABOUT KING EDWARD

BY

EDWARD LEGGE

AUTHOR OF "KING EDWARD IN HIS TRUE COLOURS"
"THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE" ETC.

> "THE Universe was his school; the Sovereigns and Statesmen of all Europe were his professors.")

England (was his God.)
My People
Was his God

BOSTON
SMALL, MAYNARD AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

King Edward VII
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PREFACE

"Whatever record leaps to light, he never will be shamed."

After the first shock I ceased to grieve. I could not repress a feeling of exultation that the King had died quickly, gloriously, painlessly, in a beautiful calm, and had been spared that long lingering on the brink of the river which is the only sting of death. His "agony" was of the briefest, if, indeed, there was one. He fell asleep.

I was glad, too, because he died at the right moment, when his fame was greatest, and his name most refulgent, when he had no peer; and because he died rejoicing in the knowledge that he had left a dear and loving son, who could have said with Perkin: "We will in all points give our subjects cause to think that the blessed and debonair government of our noble father, King Edward, in his last times is in us revived."[1]

Edward the Seventh's life had been a very happy one, although at times darkened by those clouds which ofttimes overshadow the careers alike of Monarchs and of men. "Post nubila Phoebus." As a Sovereign, he had accomplished all that is

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[1] In his proclamation as "the very Richard, Duke of York, younger son and now surviving heir male of the noble and victorious Edward the Fourth, late King of England."

484290

possible to one man. He had achieved his purpose. In his death there was, as Milton says: "Nothing for tears; nothing to wail or knock the breast."

Like Augustus Cæsar, Edward VII., "sober and mindful of his mortality, seemed to have thoroughly weighed his ends, and laid them down in admirable order. For first he desired to have the sovereign rule, next he endeavoured to appear worthy of it, then thought it but reasonable, as a man, to enjoy his exalted fortune, and, lastly, he turned his thoughts to such actions as might perpetuate his name and transmit some image and effect of his government to futurity."[1]

His name "spelt success." He could not have become greater, or more esteemed, or more respected, or more loved by the people. As he lay dying peacefully, and with a good countenance, he was entitled to say: "I have done my duty." Had he lived a few more years, such is the instability of all things temporal, his glory might have dimmed, his influence diminished. Already coming events had cast their shadows before: "Those around him knew how earnestly he was concerned at the present strained position of political affairs, and this fact should not be lost sight of in an all-round consideration of the King's health."[2]

The full meaning of Goethe's saying, "Mighty is the Goddess of propinquity," was grasped by Edward VII., because, while he was English to the marrow, he had a Teutonic environment from his cradle. He was, in fact, Germanised by his parents. I do not say this to their detriment. The foundations of Albert Edward's education were solid, and he greatly benefited by them. Had his mother and father been wholly English, he would have been less of a great man than all, with one trivial exception, admit him to have been. Knowledge of all kinds was Nasmyth-hammered into him, doubtless much against the grain, for, like most boys and youths, he was a firm believer in the axiom: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

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[1] Lord Bacon.

[2] *Vide* Chap. XII., History of the King's Illness.

At Cambridge, Charles Kingsley, Professor of Modern History, taught the future King history. Sir Sidney Lee's comment on this part of the Prince's instruction is this: "History, the chief subject of study, was carefully confined to bare facts and dates."

This is untrue, and is proved by a living witness to be untrue; the witness is Mr. H. Lee-Warner, of The Paddocks, Swaffham, who writes:

> I am one of the few survivors out of the class of eleven undergraduates who, in the year 1861, used to meet the Prince of Wales twice a week in Charles Kingsley's drawing-room to be lectured on the reigns of our British Sovereigns from William III. to George IV., inclusive. I still regard those lectures as among the most stimulating hours of my life. . . . Can any one imagine Kingsley conducting a course of lectures confined to facts and dates? Till I read Miss M. Bowen's presentation of William III., I had never read since the year 1861 anything so full of life as I listened to in Fitz-

william Street, Cambridge. We were not confined either to persons.[1]

Kingsley "treated exhaustively" (Mr. Lee-Warner tells us), for the benefit of the Prince of Wales and the ten other undergraduates, the questions of Divine Right, the growth of the National Debt, freedom of the Press, bribery at elections, the right of Sovereigns to appoint Ministers or not against the choice of the Commons, the growth of our Empire, and the French Revolution, and other questions which Mr. Lee-Warner does not particularly remember. "Kingsley would have indignantly denied that it was difficult to interest His Royal Highness in his lessons."

So much for the Dictionary's assertion that Charles Kingsley taught his pupils only "bare facts and dates." Mr. Lee-Warner's letter was published in the "Spectator," but elicited no reply from the editor of the Dictionary. Kingsley's teaching was of incalculable benefit to King Edward, who made the best use of it. I have dwelt upon this point because in the newspaper reviews of the Dictionary's Memoir (June 1912) so much was made of it to the detriment of the King.

It is well known that the principal daily newspapers prepare biographies of Sovereigns and others in view of eventualities—assassinations, sudden deaths, and the like; otherwise the journals could not possibly publish long memoirs on the morning following the event. The King of the Hellenes was assassinated one afternoon at Salonica; on the next morning our papers gave their readers a complete memoir of the ill-fated Monarch. On June 30, 1913, shortly before midnight, Henri Rochefort died at Aix-les-Bains. The bare fact was announced next day in the evening papers' first edition, on sale at 12 o'clock: the "Star," in its edition published about 4, gave an admirable biographical sketch of the celebrated journalist, occupying nearly a column—a feat worthy of record.

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[1] The "Spectator," June 15, 1912.

It may not be—we will assume it is not—necessary for a publication like the "Dictionary of National Biography" to adopt this plan, as in the case of such a work two or three years make little difference. The truth is that our journalism has attained such perfection as to render so-called biographical dictionaries not merely unnecessary, but comparatively useless. The memoir of an eminent person is in its right place in the daily paper, because it is published as a matter of news. We learn, moreover, all that we want to know about celebrated people while they are alive, and that is the proper time for book-makers to write about them, for, if inaccurately depicted, they are in a position to defend themselves. There is scarcely a person of any distinction of whom we have not had full details in the daily, weekly, or monthly publications, usually accompanied by portraits, which are sometimes more appreciated than the letterpress. All the leading events and episodes in the lives of Queen Victoria and King Edward were made known to the public while they were still among us. What more did the most loyal of their subjects desire to know about them? They certainly did not want to be told two years after his death that King Edward was not precisely the great man the whole Press and the whole world of statesmen, diplomatists, and politicians had assured them he was, but a rather indifferent Sovereign, whose very title, "The King-Peacemaker," was only "symbolically just," whose intellectual powers were so limited that "he was no reader of books," and indeed "could not concentrate his mind upon them," added to which was such bathos as "he was not much of a dramatic critic"! These are examples of the sorry stuff which was gravely put before us two years after his death. Would Sir Sidney Lee have dared to write so of the King during his lifetime? Was it not a thousand times more indefensible to have so written of Edward VII. when he was in the grave? May other members of King Edward's family—one in particular—look forward to being similarly maltreated—après mort? When he was trying a man for writing treasonable letters, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield held that to satirise even a dead Sovereign was punishable.[1] The depreciatory passages in the Dictionary are not intended for satire—they are deliberately put before us as facts, and Sir Sidney Lee has publicly declared that they are "all true."

Of the King and the Entente Cordiale, Sir

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[1] *Vide* Chap. VII.

Sidney Lee says: "No direct responsibility for its initiation or conclusion belonged to him."

The "Times" (June 24, 1913) declares: "When M. Fallières was our guest, the friendship of which *King Edward and M. Loubet had sowed the seed* had proved that it was too deep-rooted for any storms to shake."

The "Daily Mail" (same date) speaks of "*the Entente, which owed its birth to the late King's memorable mission to Paris just ten years ago.*"

The "Daily Graphic" (same date) writes: "*When the foundations of the Entente were laid by the audacious good humour of King Edward,*" etc.

M. Poincaré's "Message to the British Nation" (published by all the papers on June 26) contained these words: "The visit I have come to pay to His Majesty King George affords me a unique opportunity of testifying to the unanimous sentiments of the French nation towards *the son of the glorious Sovereign under whose auspices the fruitful friendship between Great Britain and France was established.*"

Those who believe the Dictionary must disbelieve the solemn words of the President of the Republic, and regard the opinions of the "Times" and the other journals quoted as moonshine.

If the Dictionary's assertions depreciating King Edward were accurate and provable, all the leading articles published by the world's Press in May 1910, and all those published in June 1913; all the speeches, all the publicly-expressed opinions of statesmen and diplomatists of every country, all the eulogies of preachers, all the resolutions passed by public bodies, would have to be blotted out, and on the pages containing them we should have to write in red ink : " All these are untrue."

The portraits of Sir Sidney Lee's " informers " have not yet graced the pages of the " Sketch " or the " Tatler." The " informers ! "—a noble band !

> Though those that are betray'd
> Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
> Stands in worse case of woe.

Tacitus defines " informers " as " a description of men introduced for the public destruction, and never sufficiently restrained by penalties." They were " invited to action by rewards." They " swarmed and flourished in Imperial Rome." They have swarmed, but I hope not flourished, in Imperial London in the reign of George v.

By a combination of betrayals and deplorable editorial credulity our great King's repute was for a while besmirched and his intellectual prowess obscured. Ruskin has told us in a biting sentence what one "fool" can do: " In all things whatsoever there is no design so great or good but it will take twenty wise men to move it forward a few inches ; and a single fool can stop it . . . a single fool will bring it down."

Although the Dictionary is criticised, although its memoirs of Edward vii. and the poet Swinburne have lessened its prestige, it will probably survive the ridicule which it has drawn upon itself, and continue to be patronised by club fossils and dipped into by the privileged persons who pass their lives in the British Museum reading-room. A museum is a fitting receptacle for it. But those patient grubbers who go to Bloomsbury in quest of information concerning the men and women of the past will remember, when they turn to the pages containing the memoirs of the great King and the great poet, how the "Daily Telegraph" pilloried the gaucheries of the Dictionary, and how the "Daily Mail" trampled its unfortunate assertions underfoot; and they will hardly have missed reading the Swinburne correspondence and his poor sister's complaint in the "Times."

The success of "King Edward in his True Colours" was fully anticipated by me. A second (English) edition followed closely upon the heels of the first, and there were Colonial and American editions. I have been honoured by the most gracious recognition of the accuracy of my portrait of the King. Such unsolicited testimony to the historical value and usefulness of the book will ever be a cherished souvenir. This highly-prized appreciation of the volume has been fully endorsed by my public. My readers felt that nothing but the plain truth concerning our dear King had been placed before them, and that the pen which wrote it had been inspired by patriotism and loyalty to the Dynasty as well as by a consuming desire to replace Edward the Seventh of glorious and loving memory upon the pedestal which he had justly occupied.

"A blow with a word strikes deeper than a blow with a sword." When a King such as Edward VII. is in question, we cannot listen without deep pain and impatience to those who, on the printed page of a "monumental work," would have us consider him a mediocrity. No, we resent such "injuries" with all the force at our command. And we ask this gentleman—Where was your patriotism, where your loyalty to the King who honoured you, when you wrote those words which filled the heart of your Socialist admirer with joy, and sent the Paris journalist Judet into paroxysms of delight? Did you bestow a thought upon the widowed Queen, still in her garb of woe? Did you ask yourself if your wounding phrases would soothe her lacerated heart? Did you think of the dead King's children—one a King, another a Queen? Do you respect, or do you mock at the injunction, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum"?

In my second volume are presented more of the King's characteristics—his attributes—which a plethora of other matters and a desire to give the reader variety prevented me from previously noting. The theft of the Crown Regalia from Dublin Castle is narrated, and, for the first time, the effect upon the King is described. I regard this episode as one of the leading events of the nine years' reign. I am sure the King so considered it; I am equally certain, from the information which has been placed at my disposal by knowledgeable Irish friends, that this ugly business caused the Sovereign the utmost exasperation and dismay. It was not merely the material loss of the jewels which provoked the anger of one who was ordinarily so self-possessed; environing circumstances, the nature of which I am not disposed to describe explicitly for reasons of public policy, added fuel to the flame. I believe this story of a crime has not its parallel. The "information" which has been unwisely published in the papers from time to time has been denied by the Chief Secretary in the House of Commons, the libellous statements reflecting upon Lord Haddo (son of the Lord-Lieutenant) included.

The Dictionary's Memoir has been now supplemented by the momentous assertion of the "Times" (May 1913) that "it is well known that King Edward was no very devoted student of poetry!" This nonsense appeared in an article on "The Laureateship," the writer of which displayed his intimate acquaintance with poets and poetry by attributing to the serious Wordsworth a Bon Gaultier parody! Some blunderer will next be assuring us that the King had never been "a very devoted student" of the art of spelling, and was compelled to have frequent recourse to the Dictionary (not the D.N.B.). To the King's attitude to poetry a chapter is devoted.

Edward vii. both as Prince and as King, but particularly as Heir-Apparent, passed some of his happiest days in Austria-Hungary, with whose Emperor-King he had been for many years on terms of the most charming intimacy, and to whose son, Rudolf, he was sincerely attached.

For this reason his visits to the twin-countries are narrated by an eye-witness of the events. I regret that the necessity of putting this volume in the printers' hands at the beginning of July deprived me of the advantage of hearing from the lips of Prince Tassilo Festetics those additional details which this devoted friend of the King so generously promised to place at my disposal when he next visited London. It is to be deplored that by the death of Edward VII. a strong international personal tie between the two empires was snapped.

I could not resist the opportunity of paying a tribute to Lord Knollys on his retirement from the Private Secretaryship. To that distinguished guide, philosopher, and friend of King Edward the Empire owes a debt of gratitude for his lifetime of service loyally, efficiently, and silently performed, and continued to the great advantage of our present sagacious and tactful Ruler for nearly three years after the calamity of 1910. It is matter for congratulation that there has been found in Lord Stamfordham so worthy a successor.

I hope the account of the attacks made upon Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort will add to the historical value of this volume. They should prove interesting if only because they show that the eldest son of Victoria and Albert was not the sole victim of the traducers' envenomed shafts, and that the Legislature as a body and Mr. Gladstone as an individual hastened to protect the young Queen and her husband from their dastardly assailants. Mr. Gladstone had his own bitter experiences of detraction, but it should be remembered to his eternal honour that he rallied to the defence of the Monarchy in its time of stress. The services so rendered by the great Liberal Minister were not too deeply graven in the Queen's otherwise retentive memory.

The Monarchical Renaissance which set in with King Edward's Reign, the Parliamentary discussion over the Royal Children's allowances, the late Sovereign as Prince of Wales, and the present full-steam-ahead Monarch as Duke of York, the history of King Edward's last illness, and the canards respecting the problematic official biography are subjects treated in more or less detail, and there are some stories for the amusement of the idlers in literary pastures.

My gratitude to the British, Colonial, American, French, and Hungarian reviewers of "King Edward in his True Colours" is unbounded. In a spirit of delicate compliment the "Daily Telegraph" hinted that I ought to have written an orthodox biography of Edward VII. But that was not my intention. I could not have produced a satisfactory work of that kind without being accorded "facilities"—permission to copy original documents, letters, and memoranda in general; and without many other aids to compiling a cut-and-dried biography. All that kind of assistance will rightly be afforded the compilers of the properly-called "official" work. My sole object was to present such episodes and events as I could treat with some satisfaction to myself and the public. And that I have done to the best of my ability. I will only add that my experiences concerning my first volume were interesting and amusing.

The present book was completed before the Presidential fêtes and the celebration of Alexandra Day in June 1913. M. Poincaré, on his return to France, favoured the "Daily Chronicle's" correspondent with some confidences that he had not given to others. He declared that his reception in London was "the apotheosis of the Entente Cordiale," as it unquestionably was. But it was also the apotheosis of Edward VII. This was admitted by leading papers—the "Times," the "Daily Mail," and the "Daily Graphic"—not in the precise words here used, but in their spirit. This view of the event may not have occurred to the populace until they read the papers, but we may hope that it will not be lost sight of. The President had returned to the Elysée when the "Temps," the most influential of the French papers, remarked: "We ought to render thanks to Edward VII. and M. Delcassé, *the authors of the Entente*." It was a felicitous utterance, but unfortunately it escaped the notice of our journals. As, in the language of the all-powerful "Temps," the "authors" of the Franco-British Understanding were King Edward and the former French Minister for Foreign Affairs, so were the King and Count Benckendorff the "authors" of the Understanding between Great Britain and Russia.

The obituary notices of Arminius Vambéry

(September 1913) gave him credit for all but one of his achievements — his defence of our late Sovereign, which appeared in my first volume. I am grateful to the editors of the "Daily Chronicle," "Morning Post," "Globe," and "Evening News" for allowing me to rectify the omission.

By a happy conjuncture of circumstances, President Poincaré, the eulogist of Queen Victoria at Nice and of her son at Cannes in April 1912, participated in the celebration of Alexandra Day. In exchange for a crisp piece of paper three pretty "misses" gave him an armful of the emblems of the occasion; and he witnessed the clou of the spectacle—the promenade of THE QUEENS. Not only was this the event of the day—it was the event of the Reign. Never before had Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary gratified the million by riding together through the decorated streets of London. The announcement that they would so appear was a delightful surprise. It was the happening of the unexpected. At five minutes to three by St. James' Palace clock we saw the younger Lady drive unescorted through the gateway of Marlborough House. Five minutes later came the sortie, the "present ar-r-ms!" and the National Anthem, which, labouring under the intoxication of the moment, we took the liberty of changing into "God save the Queens!" Frenzied cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, baring of heads, and a chorus of "Weren't they lovely?"

E. L.

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MORE ABOUT KING EDWARD

CHAPTER I

ATTRIBUTES OF EDWARD VII.—THE KING'S PORTENT

He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
And his, too, is the station of command.
And well for us it is so.
Well for the whole if there be found a man
Who makes himself what Nature destined him,
The poise, the central point of thousand thousands.
SCHILLER.

"*MY son may reign, but my grandson never will!*"

These tragic words were wrung from King Edward by the events which embittered the last two years of his life—events which had a disastrous effect upon his bodily health, so that he was said to have been "worried to death."[1] That was characterised by the "Manchester Guardian" as "an exploded fable." The King's physicians did not so regard it, for in the authorised report of his last illness[2] this significant sentence appears:

"*It must here be said that those around him knew how earnestly concerned he was at the present strained*

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[1] "King Edward in his True Colours." Eveleigh Nash, 1912.

[2] The "Lancet," May 14, 1910.

position of political affairs, and this fact should not be lost sight of in an all-round consideration of the King's health.—FRANCIS HENRY LAKING, M.D.; JAMES REID, M.D.; R. DOUGLAS POWELL, M.D."

Disintegration of the empire, overriding of the House of Lords—was it not within the bounds of possibility that the extinction of the Monarchy might have been anticipated by the King ere his grandson could ascend the Throne? The King, in his hours of chagrin (and about these there will be no dispute) at his impotence to resist the rushing torrent, may have been unduly pessimistic; yet he could not refrain from uttering the words cited, which I know he spoke. And who would regret the abolition of the Monarchy—who, even the most loyal, would raise a finger to save it—if the estimate formed by Sir Sidney Lee of King Edward, and endorsed by the Socialist Keir Hardie and the fiery Judet, were true to the letter? But it was not.

There is never any surplusage in such documents as the one above cited, signed by the King's doctors. Every word is weighed; only plain facts are stated. Rarely does a medical memorandum contain a sentence parallel to that quoted from the "Lancet." Plain-spoken people who loved their King (and I hope he was not merely respected and esteemed, but truly loved, by all—'twere pity, indeed, were it not so!) may be pardoned for saying to one another: "The worry killed him!" That is, perhaps, un peu fort, but it might not be far from the truth to assert that the "worry" and the terrible strain upon his mental faculties told upon him to a greater extent than "the uninitiated crowd" would have deemed possible. He knew his time had come; but, brave man, he would, and did, "work on till the end."

"The first attribute of a good sportsman," said the King after his Ambush II. had won the Grand National in 1900, "has always been considered to be neither unduly elated by success nor dismayed by reverses." This was his own rule of life, but there were times when the precept failed to sustain him and he relapsed into one of his moods. It was, I believe, in one of his momentary fits of depression, within a year or so of his death, that he gave utterance to those desponding thoughts touching the duration of the Monarchy to which I have referred. These gloomy forebodings may have been prompted by the trend of political events which are too fresh in the memories of all to need recapitulation here. As we know through Vambéry, and as I further know from a lifelong friend of King Edward, the Sovereign "read everything in book and pamphlet form" concerning his "trade," his "Guild," and we must not be led astray by anything to the contrary. It may well be, then, that the King, who really could read, as well as write, had perused in Sir Spencer Walpole's "Studies in Biography" certain Disraelian dicta culled from "Coningsby" and "Sybil"; e.g.: "The only way to terminate class legislation is not to entrust power to classes.

. . . The only power that has no class sympathy is the Sovereign." "The proper leader of the people is the individual who sits upon the Throne." "As the power of the Crown has diminished the privileges of the people have disappeared, till at length the sceptre has become a pageant, and its subject has degenerated into a serf."

Some such thoughts may have been in King Edward's mind when he ruminated on the "staying" powers of the Monarchy, and (according to a living witness) ventured upon the amazing prediction: "My son may reign, but my grandson never will!"

Gloomy utterances of this description did not come within the category of his attributes—far from it. But it must be remembered—it can never be forgotten even by the least reflective—that the last two years of his life were times of grievous stress, when the iron entered into his soul, when he may well have been driven into dire forebodings of what might conceivably happen. Home Rule with empire disintegration, the Parliament Act, and the expressed intention of the Cabinet to procure, if necessary, the creation of five hundred new Peers for the sole purpose of carrying out the behests of an iconoclastic Ministry—the King would have been less than human had he not regarded these as evil portents. His mind was perturbed, his body was weakened—not seriously perhaps, but still weakened. And he was not the man he had been. How could it have been otherwise when he had heard the knocking at the very doors of the Palace and the stern demagogic summons : " Do as you are bidden, or——" Or what ? " *Or you will be compelled to do it by force majeure !* "

We shall not see another Victorian or Edwardian reign. While both our late Sovereigns sustained occasional rebuffs, a strong tide flowed in their favour during the long rule of the one and the short rule of the other. Victoria I. had passed into the realm of legend long ere she was lost to us. The manner of her accession comprised many of the elements of a fairy story—of a romance, at the very least. The summoning of the girl of eighteen from her bedroom at Kensington Palace at five in the morning to be told that the King was dead and that she was Queen ; her " coaching " by that rough diamond, Melbourne ; her early betrothal and marriage ; her tussles with her Ministers ; her forcefulness, sometimes carried to domineering ; her sentimentalism, as shown by her letters to her uncle Leopold ; her pity for her soldiers and sailors in time of war, and for the victims of disasters at home ; her paralysing grief for her Consort, and her withdrawal from the world, which moved the Press to remonstrate with her, and to remind her of the duty which she owed to the nation—these events individually formed epochs in her sovereignty. She had not only many hours, but very many years " of glorious life," and her reign, as a whole, is rightly characterised as magnificent beyond comparison.

The reign of her son, had it begun earlier, would have been perhaps even more splendid than his mother's. They were devoted to each other. The Queen would never have "said things" to her son's detriment. Had she done so none but the most callous would have revealed such confidences to a biographer. "The Queen talked most, and very freely and confidingly, about the Prince of Wales."[1] Considering the brevity of King Edward's term of governance, it was more brilliant than any similar period of Queen Victoria's. He had "a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."[2] These qualities were ripening from his early manhood, so that when he at length ascended the throne he was fully equipped for the discharge of his functions. This was a surprise to most people, even to many whose intimacy with him had been closest and longest. He was so smooth-spoken, so urbane, so mild that comparatively few suspected the firmness which was within him. Because he did not "rattle the sabre," or preach about the Heaven-sent glories of "my great ancestors," it was often predicted of him that he would be a roi fainéant, a slothful king, lacking high ideals. These predictions, made at random, were falsified. Blustering he left to others; but he could be as firm as a rock. He was "wax to receive and marble to retain." He wielded a sceptre even more potent than Agamemnon's, forged by Vulcan. "Whatever record leaps to light, he never will be shamed."

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[1] Mr. Gladstone (1864).

[2] "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Although this country is Protestant to the backbone, and as a consequence our people are not given to bending the knee before the emblems of the Old Faith still to be seen in our cathedrals and parish churches, they are ardent worshippers of the marble and bronze figures of national heroes and Sovereigns whose lives and achievements are writ large in history. And when some iconoclast with his hammer approaches these revered forms, chipping off a piece here and a piece there, and so outraging the mighty dead, we resent the deed.

In the years that are as yesterday the People set up an Image of one whom the Empire had agreed to honour in death as they had honoured and obeyed him in life. The image-breaker came. The People were told that they had been worshipping a false god; and some believed, but many did not believe, the cruel words written by one who had been

> Spared to lift his hand against the King
> Who made him Knight.

Cavour, the man who freed Italy, relates that Victor Emmanuel II. said to that other eminent statesman, D'Azeglio: "Am I to play the honest King? This seems to me an easy business." And thereafter the nickname, "Re Galantuomo"—"King Honest-Fellow," or "The King who keeps his word"—stuck to him.[1] Edward VII. not only earned the title "The Peacemaker," of which the dyspeptic "Dictionary" would rob him, but of

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[1] "The Life and Times of Cavour," 1912.

"King Honest-Fellow." Did not he also "keep his word" and "play the honest King"? But he may not always have found it an "easy business," or, as Alfonso XII. is credited with saying of the kingly "trade" generally, "devilish well paid"—rather the contrary.

> What is a King? A man condemned to bear
> The public burthen of a nation's care.[1]

The Prince, as his mother's deputy, earned the grateful thanks of the nation by forwarding every movement for the amelioration of the condition of the poor and by the earnestness and thoroughness with which he discharged the manifold tasks imposed upon him; while he gave ample proof that he possessed those qualities which a people look for in their rulers. Save for an occasional journey to the Continent—often as much on business as on pleasure; sometimes on the saddest of errands—supplemented by the necessary breathing-time at Sandringham, varied by a visit here and there to friends in the country, the Prince devoted the greater part of his time to the delegated discharge of those public duties which crowded ever thicker and faster upon him. Withal he managed to be seen in the Row at the modish hour; often, too, with a cigar, an innovation of his own making, for in the seventies who save he would have dared to profane with tobacco-smoke the Route du Roi, vulgarised into "Rotten" Row?

Nor was H.R.H. a stranger at the play, where he enjoyed himself more than anybody else, laughed louder and applauded more heartily. After dinner you saw the Royal brougham, followed by a cab containing a couple of the suite, now pelting along Piccadilly and setting down at Princes Hall, where a private view was "on"; later, taking the Prince in the direction of Covent Garden; for he lived every moment of his life, and seldom indulged in that after-dinner nap which many less busy men are constrained to take. In the morning, business permitting, he made a call here and there on some favoured person, or some invalid; he took a special pleasure in looking-in upon sick friends. Were Sandown on, you were perfectly safe in betting Verena a pair of gloves that H.R.H. would be there, enjoying himself and causing enjoyment to others. Needless to catalogue the Royal movements, for was not the Prince everywhere? Even Sunday brought with it little surcease from the endless round of duty, business, or pleasure—the last often the most fatiguing of all.

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[1] Prior, "Solomon."

No man was more written and talked about; no man's actions and conduct were discussed with more freedom; no one received so much censure and so much praise. To do the Prince justice, this grand persifleur took both with equanimity, conscious that he was doing his best in the station in which he was born. The applause of the multitude or of "society" did not unduly puff him up; the abuse of the vulgar did not depress him—until 1891. Happily, the rough wear-and-tear of life had not set its ineffaceable seal upon him. He looked better fitted than ever to cope with those little worries and troubles of which the world outside the Palace heard nothing, suspected nothing, it might almost be said cared nothing. With each succeeding year the Queen appreciated more fully the help accorded to her so dutifully and loyally by her son; and when, as often happened, he was the representative of a Throne in mourning, he was a still more prominent figure, exercising greater power, making his influence more generally and more widely felt, and inspiring a deeper confidence and affection among the peoples over whom he was destined to rule.

In the comparisons made between Queen Victoria and her elder son from 1861 down to 1900 truth compels me to say that it was the Royal Lady who suffered—often more than she deserved, for there was much to be said on her side. It was written of the Prince, for example :

> Although jealously debarred by his queenly mother from any active share in the government of the nation, he wields a sovereignty of his own creation which is far more powerful and autocratic than hers. For its character is of a social nature, and he is able to decree either the social success or the social death of any one that may attract his notice. A few quiet hints as to the fact that he objects to some particular individual are sufficient to cause social ostracism, whereas a word of commendation from his lips is all that is needed to become a leader of society. It is he alone who has made the social position of the Rothschilds in London.

Another case was cited to show the Prince's social power, "an autocracy which, all things considered, has been of a beneficent and fortunate nature." Some may think these observations a little strained, but they are not very wide of the mark. However, "the Rothschilds" are eminently worthy of the commanding position which they have so long occupied; any Monarch would be proud of them as subjects; the pity is that there are not more of them.

But for the opposition of Lord Salisbury (says M. Aubry),[1] the reign of Edward VII. would have begun four years earlier. At the beginning of 1897 Queen Victoria, feeling her strength declining, weary of the burden of those duties for which she had never had much inclination, thought of abdicating and ending her days in retirement. She thus gave another instance of the consciousness which she possessed of her responsibilities. Unfortunately for her glory, her Ministers, and notably Lord Salisbury, energetically opposed her desire. The reasons which they adduced in support of their views were, however, specious ones. There were, they declared, no precedents for such a course. Our history had not produced one single case of the voluntary abdication of a Sovereign. In Europe, not reckoning Sylla's abdication of the Dictatorship of Rome and Diocletian's abdication of the Imperial throne, there have been only four voluntary abdications: those of Charles Quint of Spain (1555), of Christian of Sweden (1654), of Philip V. of Spain (1724), and of Louis Bonaparte of Holland (1810). This being so, Parliament (said Ministers) would not consent to ratify Queen Victoria's abdication. This was one reason; the other was more tangible, but equally futile. Upon ascending the throne the Queen had consented to relinquish the hereditary revenues of the Crown, which her predecessors had enjoyed, on condition that the nation provided her with an annual Civil List. At first (in 1837) this was a good arrangement for the country, but, in course of time, it proved the reverse of beneficial, inasmuch as the Civil List considerably exceeded the Crown revenues. As Queen Victoria entered into this arrangement only for herself, leaving it to her successor's choice to continue it or not, it was contended by Ministers in 1897 that Her Majesty's abdication would have the effect of raising grave questions in Parliament. The Queen acted on the advice of her Ministers, but was grieved at finding herself once more the victim of the Constitution, and the nation learnt that Her Majesty had entered upon the seventh decade of her reign with the firm intention of dying Queen. So Ministers triumphed. Their real reason for acting as they did was that they wished to retain that freedom of action which they enjoyed under the late Queen, with whom they could take things easily. It is probable that with the advent of Edward VII. they will find things different.

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[1] For taking umbrage at a Deputy's remarks deprecatory of M. Poincaré in November 1912, M. Aubry had to exchange harmless shots with the Prime Minister's detractor.

Events did not, perhaps, altogether belie that prophecy; for "The Strong Man of Marlborough House" became "The Strong Man of Buckingham Palace."

Generosity of spirit and a will strong as iron were the predominant attributes of King Edward, and these I will endeavour to illustrate by examples which will reveal him in the light familiar to his legion of friends and acquaintances and totally unfamiliar to his critics. I will speak first of his generosity, as exemplified by one of those surviving friends of old who was in immediate touch with him longer, with perhaps two exceptions, than any others still among us.

"During all the years I was with our dear King Edward," said this personage, immediately after the great calamity of May 6, 1910, "I naturally made many mistakes. I remember—I cannot forget—my Royal master saying to me, '*Well, don't worry over it now. But don't do it again.*' "

This was the "soft answer which turneth away wrath," and fully served its purpose.

Moodiness was alien to the King's nature—his temperament was far otherwise; yet he was a man of moods, oftenest when in the Palace solus cum solo; "alone by himself" he was occasionally distrait. But when he was opposed, when he was more than ordinarily vexed, the inflexible will-power asserted itself. "Le Roy le veult!" It was the end of it—the ukase of the Autocrat, an amalgam of Cæsar and Charlemagne.

Not only was the King well versed in the intricacies of international and constitutional law, which could be explained to him when necessary by his attached friend Lord James of Hereford, often his host at "shoots," but he had a fair knowledge of our civil and criminal procedure. Did he not honour with his intimacy the late Sir George Lewis, and was not Sir Henry White his solicitor? This triumvirate could "coach" him on all those legal points with which he was not seldom confronted. Sir George Lewis, who saw what others overlooked or were too obtuse to see, is credited with many amusing sayings; e.g. (at a "strawberry crush" at Marlborough House): "Some of these people would be in solitary confinement if they had their deserts!" This, if not true, is certainly "well invented."

People who saw very little of the Royalties except at the annual garden-party in Pall Mall received an enviable social cachet by the publication of their names in the "Morning Post." To have passed through the gates and on to the lawns, to have quaffed champagne cup and "taken tea" while the Prince and Princess looked smilingly on—it was "the time of their lives," never to be forgotten. One year—in 1890—the guests had the further felicity of bowing and curtseying to Queen Victoria; and some of them—those who edged closest to the tent erected for Her Majesty—were able to assure their friends that they had seen the Prince of Wales actually *run* to meet his mother and lead her to her tent. It is true that the most affectionate of mothers had in her "Bertie" the most devoted and respectful of sons, let others say what they will to the contrary.

Englishmen were gratified at the election as

President of the French Republic of M. Poincaré, who is to be credited with the delivery of one of the finest eulogiums of King Edward VII. ever spoken or written. At the unveiling of the King's statue at Cannes, on April 13, 1912, the eminent man who is now President, and whom we fêted in June 1913, depicted Edward VII. as Prince and as King in an address which evoked the praise of our Press and the gratitude of our people. That speech was more than a spirited eulogy of our great Sovereign—it was a vindication of his gifts and talents, as displayed in everything to which he put his hand, and devoted his active brain and tireless energy, on behalf of the Empire :

> When, at the age of sixty (said M. Poincaré), he ascended the throne, all his accumulated stock of foresight, of wisdom, and of cleverness blossomed into brilliant political qualities. Having been gradually initiated into the mysteries of Chancelleries and the ways of Courts, he knew better than any one else in England, or abroad, the character of individuals, the mind of rulers, the feelings of the governed. He knew the strong and the weak points, the ostensible and the real character of every man and of every thing. He was acquainted with the financial, military, and naval resources of all the nations of Europe. . . . He did not violently snatch England out of the splendid isolation in which she had enveloped herself. Methodically and circumspectly he prepared the way for the necessary evolution ; with moderate and gentle pressure he touched the helm in order to alter the course. . . . With one swift glance, Edward VII. calculated the work

to be done. . . . We cannot forget that it was Edward VII. who first encouraged the friendly co-operation between France and England. . . . He did try to do his duty, and he entirely succeeded. Happy are the Heads of States, and happy the citizens, whose praise is established in these simple words !

This fervent and honest tribute, paid in all sincerity by the new President of the Republic to the dead King, forms a striking contrast to the deliberate slights which have aroused the indignation of all true friends of Edward the Great and of all true loyalists throughout the Empire.

Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.[1]

Sir Francis Bertie was equally happy in his remarks. When our National Anthem had been played our Ambassador said :

The King, my august Sovereign, is most grateful for the generous sentiments of respect for the memory of his father which inspired those to whom the erection of this statue of the Prince of Wales that we have just inaugurated is due. For it was as Prince of Wales that King Edward knew and loved Cannes, and that Cannes knew and appreciated him. It was in consequence of the frequent visits which the King paid to different parts of France that His Majesty was able to appreciate the sentiments of the French people and to see the opportunity of establishing between the two neighbouring countries relations of true and cordial friendship. The desire of King Edward was completely realised; the presence of the Prime Minister and the association of British and French sailors at the unveiling of the statue of the Prince of Wales at Cannes, as well as yesterday's ceremony at Nice, furnish happy evidence of that fact. My Sovereign highly appreciates these manifestations. Queen Alexandra, profoundly touched by the respect shown for her beloved husband, requests me to express her grateful acknowledgments. I am happy to be the interpreter of the feelings of their Majesties. I am likewise happy to have the opportunity of expressing in my own name to the eminent sculptor to whom we owe this statue my sincere congratulations, and to express the hope that this monument will contribute to perpetuate in the recollections of the inhabitants of Cannes the memory of a Prince who counted the hours that he spent in the midst of them as among his happiest moments of rest.

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[1] Sir John Davis, " The Soul's Errand."

Among King Edward's gifts was the expression of the mot juste—choosing the right word and putting it in the right place. In this he was an adept. "I hope, with you (the Mayor), that this ceremony may be a fresh pledge of cordial relations between France and Great Britain." These words, spoken at Cannes by the Prince of Wales when he had laid the first stone of the new jetty (March 10—the anniversary of his marriage—1898), were forerunners of the entente to the conclusion of which he later so largely contributed. "You know," he said, "what pleasure it gives me to spend a few weeks in your beautiful country, where I always meet with a hospitable reception. I desire to tell you especially how touched I was at your having thought of giving the jetty my name."

Never did Edward VII. more strikingly reveal his talents as a world's Peacemaker (a title which, it has been asserted, was only "symbolically just")[1] than when, two years before he was taken from us, he and Queen Alexandra visited the Tsar and Tsaritsa at Reval (June 1908). Of the party also was the Dowager Empress, Queen Alexandra's sister Dagmar, who, as Comte d'Haussonville has told us,[2] was a factor in the Anglo-Russian entente sketched out years ago by King Edward and the Marquis de Breteuil. How did the King comport himself at Reval in 1908—an epoch in our history? Dr. Dillon records it:

> King Edward is not only in high spirits himself, but seems endowed with the precious gift of putting in equally good spirits those statesmen and courtiers with whom he comes in contact. Yesterday (June 10) M. Stolypin, whom he had long been desirous of meeting, was presented to him, and in the afternoon the Premier and the Foreign Minister went aboard the yacht "Victoria and Albert," where they were received in audience by the King. M. Stolypin had a long talk with His Majesty, who literally fascinated him. Not only what His Majesty said, but the manner in which he expressed it, bore the peculiar impress of an artist in international politics, whom Europe

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[1] "Dictionary of National Biography."

[2] "King Edward in his True Colours."

is now come to regard as the first statesman of the age. Although M. Stolypin reads English with ease and speaks it with a certain fluency, the language spoken by the British Monarch and the Russian Premier was French, and, according to competent Russians who have now for the first time heard His Majesty use it, King Edward's mastery of the French language is remarkable. His careful choice of words expressive of every shade of meaning, words which yet flow unchecked, is mentioned with admiration by all. But what most particularly and agreeably surprised the Russian Ministers was the precise knowledge of Russian political parties and public men that underlay the remarks of the King, whose familiarity with international relations alone presupposes long and continual study.

The Foreign Secretary, M. Izvolsky, had also a long audience with His Majesty, in the course of which the conversation turned on a variety of topics, chosen mainly from the political domain. At five o'clock the audience came to a close, as the King and Queen received the Tsar and Tsaritsa, who came to tea, and remained a considerable time on the yacht. Meanwhile, on board the cruiser "Almaz," Sir Charles Hardinge had called upon M. Izvolsky, and both statesmen, plunging at once in medias res, were soon engaged in a thorough discussion of the sole knotty political problem which has called for a display of give-and-take since the Convention was signed last year.

At dinner both Sovereigns made speeches. King Edward, addressing the Tsar, said:

I thank your Majesty most heartily, on behalf of the Queen and myself, for the cordial manner in which you have welcomed us in the waters of the

Baltic, and for the affectionate words in which you have proposed our healths.

I have the happiest recollections of the welcome which I received on the occasions of my previous visits to Russia, at the hands of your illustrious grandfather, your beloved father, and yourself, and it is a source of the sincerest gratification to me to have this opportunity of meeting your Majesties again.

I most heartily endorse every word that fell from your Majesty's lips with regard to the Convention recently concluded between our two Governments.

I believe it will serve to knit more closely the bonds that unite the people of our two countries, and I am certain that it will conduce to the satisfactory settlement in an amicable manner of some momentous questions in the future.

I am convinced that it will not only tend to draw our two countries more closely together, but will help very greatly towards the maintenance of the general peace of the world.

I hope this meeting may be followed before long by another opportunity of meeting your Majesties.

I drink to the health of your Majesties, to that of the Empress Marie Feodorovna, and the members of the Imperial family, and, above all, to the welfare and prosperity of your great Empire.

His Majesty's reply was absolutely extempore, and as none of the distinguished guests jotted down the words spoken or could recall them exactly, and as the Russian translation had also to be made, considerable delay ensued in distributing the text of King Edward's speech.[1]

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[1] "Daily Telegraph," June 11, 1908.

Refutations of the Dictionary's slighting references to King Edward are "plenty as blackberries." One may well ask, with Bacon: "How can a man comprehend great matters that breaketh his minde too much to small observations?"

Writing on the entente cordiale in May 1910, General Zurlinden, a former French War Minister, said: "This entente, for which Sovereigns of France like Louis-Philippe and Napoleon III. had worked, is now realised, and it is due to the high, persevering, and intelligent intervention of the great Sovereign whom England has just lost, and whom we mourn so deeply with her."

What is the testimony of Baron de Courcel, well remembered as French Ambassador in London? He said immediately after the King's death:

> There is no exaggeration in the regret so unanimously manifested by the French at this moment. From his youth up King Edward had a very pronounced personal sympathy for our country. The amiable Prince, so full of life and activity, liked our expansive manners; he shared our sociable habits, and his friendship was faithful. Scarcely had he succeeded Queen Victoria when he made his beneficent influence felt. His experience of the world and of the realities of life, his natural spirit of observation and conciliation, his personal charm, associated with a precise sentiment of practical interests, soon assured him considerable authority in England and in Europe. Every one felt that he had to be reckoned with, and also that his power would be exercised in favour of ideas of peace and of mutual toleration. In a nation agitated by party strife, in a Europe

disturbed by the survival of cruel resentment, he was truly the King of Peace. His death throws into mourning the diplomacy of every country, which saw in him an eminent master.

And Dr. C. Sarolea, in his remarkable work, "The Anglo-German Problem,"[1] writes, à propos of aggressive Imperialism :

> There are other causes which have contributed even more efficiently to produce the pacific temper of the English people. Both the Transvaal war and the Russo-Japanese War, with the frightful sacrifices they entailed, have had a sobering effect on the national mind, and have laid bare the dangers of aggressive Imperialism. On the other hand, *the remarkable results achieved by the diplomacy of King Edward have brought home the conviction that in the promotion of national interests more can be achieved by tact and sympathy than by brute force.*

In my previous volume will be found the accumulated tributes of great men and great journals to the memory of Edward VII. They come from all parts of the world. And, if you would fully realise the heinousness of the Dictionary's offence—that of reducing the King almost to nothingness—compare its Memoir with these noble words of a gifted Frenchman, whose name should be held in honour throughout the British Empire for his eloquent portraiture of the Sovereign whom we mourn :

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[1] Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1912.

In January 1901 Queen Victoria finished one of the greatest reigns, perhaps the greatest reign in English history. In May 1910 there disappeared with King Edward the greatest King England has had since Elizabeth. British opinion did not deceive itself. The same honours rendered to the remains of both Sovereigns marked the difference in the national sympathy. As regards the regulation panegyrics and the traditional pomps, how much more eloquent were the unanimous satisfecits, and the civic wreaths, and the sincere regrets accorded by this business people to this business King, who, entering in 1901 upon the management of a firm which had been slightly shaken, knew, in his ten years of control, how to gain for it more credit and more world-influence than it had ever possessed before.

His diplomatic work was the great achievement of his Royal life. After the interview of the King and the Tsar at Reval in 1908 I explained the débuts and the developments of that Royal work. We see the greatness of it better now, being able to compare its beginning and its ending. The England of 1901 was paralysed, discredited, and, still more, demoralised by the war in the Transvaal; exposed by the military destitution of its Island and of its Indies to the objurgations of Europe, given over by the defeat and odium of that unequal war to the world's mockery and indignation, given over more especially to the unreasonable demands of Berlin, which, from 1898 to 1901, obtained a series of public or secret understandings, all prejudicial to British commerce and prestige, all favourable to the expansion of German industry, German maritime power, and German influence in China, Africa, and Turkey The England of 1910 was restored to the front rank of nations less by the prestige of victory and the value of its armaments than by the number and solidity of its alliances; served in Europe by the cordial devotion of the four Latin nations, France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; served in the Levant and in the Middle-East by the collaboration of Russia, in the Far East by Japan; everywhere dreaded, esteemed, or loved—yes, loved, a sentiment which for centuries John Bull has inspired only among his near relations across the ocean or even in his own colonies; while from Germany, in a circle of relations, London has obtained friendship only by loyal contracts and reciprocal concessions after the exchange of public words and mutual services.

Such, in the reign of Edward VII., is the personal work of the King. Without speaking of Sovereigns that a Richelieu or a Bismarck reduced to the rôle of actors in a piece conceived and managed by another, there are Victor Emmanuels who would have done nothing great without the mind of a Cavour and the arm of a Garibaldi, and French who have gained nothing but through the cunning of a Metternich. . . .

Continuously, without blows, without decrees, Edward VII. did between 1901 and 1908 that which from the first he had determined to do, that which, in the England of 1901, he alone believed possible and desirable, deeming it necessary, that which on the Continent in 1901 only one woman and two great Frenchmen desired or dared to foresee: the woman is the Dowager Empress of Russia—the men are the then French Minister of Foreign Affairs and the French Ambassador at Rome. If ever our great-nephews dream of glorifying the authors of these results of the Triple Entente it is the names of Marie

Feodorovna, of Paul Cambon, of Théophile Delcassé, and of Camille Barrère that they will have to engrave under that of Edward VII. The Triple Entente had other helpers in the first and in the second hour, it had a knot of labourers at the twelfth hour, but that Entente would still have been in the realm of impossibilities without the collaboration of those five statesmen, and whatever may have been the work and the tenacious energy of the other four it is probable that without Edward VII. the Entente would not have passed from the region of their hopes to the adhesion of three great nations and the sympathy of others.[1]

There we have a portrait of the real Edward VII., the Monarch we know him to have been. Where is the Englishman who will have the boldness to publicly question the literal accuracy of M. Bérard's eloquent and vivid synopsis of the lifework of our great departed? Such a man does not breathe. I recall those words. As Randolph Churchill "forgot Goschen," so I forgot Keir Hardie. There is no rule without an exception.

The foundation of the friendly relations between France and England, developed and finally cemented by King Edward, was laid by his mother. In her frequent visits to the South the French, whose emotions are so easily aroused, saw the Queen's preference for their country over other lands when she was in quest of a few weeks' repose. Her continued presence among them flattered their amour propre. Their own crowned figure-heads had vanished as in a dream, and were beyond resurrection. Queen Victoria became endeared to them by the sheer force of her magnetic personality. She was a crowned ruler, but how delightfully democratic, how simple, how like one of themselves! The humble folk round Cimiez, Grasse, Mentone, Cannes, and Hyères gaped when they heard that such was the homeliness of their guest that she brought her own bed with her. What domesticity! And those who chanced to pass her hotel saw her promenading in the grounds in her donkey-chaise! This was the comble. One day the Royal carriage overtakes a group of mourners on their way to the cemetery. The coachman would have passed rapidly by. "No, no," says the Queen; "drive slowly behind them." Here was a Queen's respect for the dead, indeed! Her bounty to the very poorest was so lavish that Xavier Paoli, "Protector of Sovereigns," was moved to protest; but he could not prevent the Queen from "throwing her money about."

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[1] M. Victor Bérard, "La Revue de Paris," 1910

From 1870 until 1888 the two sons of Sovereigns upon whom the world's gaze was most closely and continuously fixed were the Crown Prince of Germany and the English Heir-Apparent. In the characters and temperament of the brothers-in-law there was a general similarity, while both had a strong individuality. For his sister's husband our Prince had a strong affection as well as the highest admiration for the soldier who had behaved so gallantly in the two campaigns of 1866 and 1870–1. A man who could satisfy the requirements of Queen Victoria and her Consort found it easy to win the respect of and "get on" with the somewhat more expansive Prince of Wales. Thus there was never anything approaching friction between the two Princes. "Unser Fritz" was the most magnanimous and forgiving of men, and, despite the anti-Teuton outburst of a section of our Press, led by the "Times," when his engagement to Queen Victoria's firstborn was made known, the Prince who lives in history as "Frederick the Noble" retained till the end his admiring respect for this country, our people, and our institutions. Had he lived to witness the rule of King Edward, it is safe to assert that the good relations between the two countries would never have been impaired; never should we have seen that crazy and mischievous armaments struggle which has equally discredited England and Germany in the eyes of the world. With the aid of "business" Monarchs such as King Edward was and as Kaiser Frederick would have become we should have continued to "join hands across the sea," while the bond of union would have been cemented by the eminently practical and conciliatory "wake-up England" Sovereign who now so happily rules us.

In 1887, within a year of his death, the Crown Prince Frederick William rode in the forefront of the Jubilee procession through the gaily-decorated streets. The crowd, often so supine, hailed him with cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. The heroic figure in that White

Cuirassier uniform captured the imagination of the people. With curious infelicity "the lying jade, Rumour," spread it about that the Prince of Wales had been vexed at the tribute paid to his Imperial brother-in-law, and the calumny has reappeared at intervals between 1887 and 1913. It has never been contradicted. I now give a point-blank denial to this wholly unjustifiable slur upon King Edward, who, as were all the members of his family, was inexpressibly delighted at the splendid reception accorded to the German Crown Prince.

Frederick the Noble and Edward the Great equally recognised and appreciated the importance of the Press. Readers of my previous volume will remember the good service done to the English Press by the Prince of Wales at St. Petersburg when, in 1874, he insisted upon the representatives of our newspapers being admitted to the Winter Palace to chronicle the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie. Margaretha von Poschinger[1] tells us that "the Crown Prince was well aware of the power of the Press, and always treated journalists with great cordiality. It created some sensation when he first received journalists and editors of the leading newspapers at Potsdam. At official ceremonies at Berlin he was often seen chatting with a group of journalists. Once at some great public function he asked the representatives of the Press whether they were satisfied with the places assigned to them. Upon receiving a reply in the negative he administered a severe reprimand to those responsible for the arrangements, concluding with the words: "These gentlemen are more important than you are, for if they did not write about it the world would know nothing of what is going on here to-day."

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[1] "Life of the Emperor Frederick." Based upon the German of Margaretha von Poschinger. With an Introduction by Sidney Whitman.

As King Edward was a lifelong reader of the Radical "Reynolds's," so his brother-in-law at Berlin read the Radical "Volks-Zeitung." When one of the higher Court officials wished to replace that paper by one of a more moderate tendency, the Crown Prince would not allow a change to be made. "But, your Royal Highness," said the functionary, "it is a regular revolutionary paper." "Never mind, my friend," answered the Crown Prince, "I know what the Government thinks; I want to know what other people think as well." And as Charlotte "went on cutting bread-and-butter," so "Unser Fritz" went on reading the "Volks-Zeitung."

Something more than conventional grief was displayed by the Prince of Wales when, in June 1888, like the other near relatives of the House of Hohenzollern, he took his final farewell of the great Dead by the simple, yet deeply touching, act of kissing the Kaiser's coffin. Indeed, those whose acquaintance with the two Princes entitled them to speak on the subject agreed that there were not a few strong points of similarity in their characters. Not seldom those who are born in the purple, and so are accustomed to the slavish homage of the world, exhibit an arrogance and a pride which go far to deprive them of the real friendship of those by whom they are surrounded; but if Edward of England and Frederick of Germany had two distinguishing traits, they were simplicity and geniality. Those know best the entirely unaffected spirit of the Emperor Frederick who saw him in the field. Bonhomie was the rule among officers and men alike when they were fighting "für Gott und Vaterland" in Eighteen Hundred and Seventy; but the sunny good-nature and open-heartedness of "Unser Fritz" did much to lighten the labour of all with whom he came into contact, and to make the hardships and miseries of war more endurable than they otherwise would have been. Without straining the parallel too far, it may be said that the home-life always possessed a great charm for our King and for his brother-in-law. From the year of their marriage they were the centres of a large and ever-widening family circle; and painters and poets portrayed their domestic lives in so fascinating a light that the whole world became familiar with the hearths of the two Princes.

King Edward had a predilection for the family of Napoleon III., but he did not fail to remain on the most friendly footing with the Orleanists, and especially with the Duc d'Aumale. Between the Prince of Wales and the exiled Orleanist Prince there were many points of similarity. Both were devoted to sport, and both—horresco referens—were students of books. The former owner of Wood Norton was an author of note, and could, and I am sure did, "coach" his young friend as Napoleon III. had done, but with a difference. Like Kingsley, the Emperor and the Duc d'Aumale taught King Edward something more than "dates," so that, while Queen Victoria's son was thoroughly versed in his own country's history, he was an equal "dab" at French history, and exceptionally well acquainted with that of other countries.

All the "nigglings" to the contrary which were published in 1912 were fictions, and I have proved them to be so. King Edward himself may be cited in corroboration of what has been now related. In one of his numerous confidences with Paoli, His Majesty said: "You see the Duc d'Aumale is a grand seigneur of the past—in our days, a belated grand seigneur. He represents the flower of that French politeness which is so charming, and whenever I talk to him I seem to be taking a lesson in French history, so vast is his knowledge, so accurate is his memory."

The King never neglected an opportunity of adding to his store of information, or he would not have stood out among sovereigns and princes as the Admirable Crichton we know him to have been. It is further to be noted that during his reign no one ever ventured to doubt his all-round attainments and capacity. The moment he is dead the "belittlers" crawl out of their shells and relegate him to the arrière-plan—like bandits who have been lurking in ambush for their prey. But, to change the simile, the literary engineers have been "hoist with their own petard." And now "'Tis the sport to see them in their discomfiture."

The King's perceptive powers are exemplified in what he said to the "detective courier" about Gambetta: "The first time I saw him," observed King Edward, "he seemed to me to have such a common look, and his dress was so negligent, that I thought, 'Can this really be the man who exercised an irresistible fascination over crowds?' Then he talked, and Gambetta developed his ideas and his plans. His admirable lucidity, the breadth of his views, the 'taking' charm of his eloquence, made me forget the deception which his appearance had produced. In my turn I was carried away, as were the others present. I saw him again once or twice before his death. I regret him. He was a great politician and a marvellous virtuose de la parole."

Edward VII., who could be sufficiently rusé among diplomatists and Continental politicians, was not, we see, the man to wrap up his thoughts when conversing with a friend; nor did he fail to "own up" when he made a mistake, as he certainly had momentarily done over Gambetta. The Tribune, however, was not always heedless of his personal appearance, and could "look nice" when he chose. The contrast between the two men was all the greater because the King was tiré à quatre épingles—"dressed up to the nines."

CHAPTER II

KING EDWARD'S ATTRIBUTES—(*continued*)

WE can obtain still further and abundant knowledge of the King if we cast off the trammels of bias and take careful note of the opinions of others—our foreign friends in particular; for the true history of a man is largely composed of shreds and patches, "smeared paper," as Bismarck called diplomatists' despatches. Of "smeared paper" relating to Edward VII. as Prince and King there are tons, and not a little of it issued forth from the printing presses of the "Figaro," as witness this birthday tribute (November 1891):

> Having attained his fiftieth year, with his round face, blue eyes, closely-cropped grey beard, and a head from which most of the natural covering has disappeared, the Prince of Wales, who is invariably attired in the latest fashion, is still the king of elegance in his country.
>
> It is sometimes said that the Prince of Wales's life is too free; there are even people in Paris who pretend that they have witnessed it. It would be bad taste of England to complain of it, and only a few Radical journals murmur about it, in the name of "great principles." The people, however, have more good sense, and flatter themselves that the Heir to the Throne has all the

political qualities of his ancestors, if not of his mother. He prepared himself quite early in life for his métier of king, for hardly had he completed his classical studies than he began to make long voyages. . . . In 1878 he displayed much activity in making our great Exhibition a success. Do not forget that this is an answer to those who pretend that the Prince is our enemy.

The Prince's absence from the Portsmouth fêtes was much commented on; and Lord Salisbury being also absent, it was to the Queen that we had to address our gratitude. However, public opinion in France having appeared surprised, perhaps even froissée, at the conduct of the Prince of Wales, he did not hesitate to write a letter excusing himself. In that communication he said that, events having precipitated themselves at the last hour, he had disposed in advance of his time in order to make a cure at Homburg pour combattre l'obésité. Let us be just: the Prince is menaced therewith, even attacked by it, at an age when it still has some chance of developing.

As an example of the kindly feeling of the French Press for King Edward I cite this interchange of messages between the "Écho de Paris," the King, and Lord Knollys. These gratifying New Year wishes on the part of the French journal were headed "Le Roi Edouard VII. et les souhaits de 'l'Écho de Paris' pour l'entente cordiale et le maintien de la paix dans le monde." On December 31, 1906, the London correspondent of the paper telegraphed:

Selon vos désires j'envoyai hier à Sa Majesté

le roi Edouard VII. les vœux de "l'Écho de Paris" par le télégramme suivant :

A SA MAJESTÉ LE ROI EDOUARD VII., SANDRINGHAM

Au nom de "l'Écho de Paris," j'ai l'honneur de transmettre à Votre Majesté les vœux respectueux et sincères qu'à l'occasion de la nouvelle année les directeurs et le personnel du journal forment pour le bonheur de Sa Majesté et de la famille royale, souhaitant également qu'au cours de l'année 1907 l'entente cordiale, fortifiée par des relations encore plus étroites entre les peuples de la Grande-Bretagne et de la France, continue à contribuer au maintien de la paix entre les nations.

Daigne Votre Majesté agréer mes très respectueux hommages. DE LAPRÉ.

RÉPONSE DU ROI D'ANGLETERRE

(envoyée par lord Knollys, secrétaire particulier du roi)

SANDRINGHAM, 31 décembre 1906,
7 h. 10 du soir.

I am commanded by the King to request you to thank the directors and staff of the "Écho de Paris" for the telegram which they directed you to send to His Majesty in their name on the occasion of the New Year. The King greatly appreciates their good wishes towards himself and likewise the sentiments which they express as to the maintenance of the warm feelings of friendship which exist between the two countries, and which His Majesty earnestly trusts may never be disturbed.

(*Translation*)

D'ordre du roi, je vous prie de remercier les directeurs et le personnel de "l'Écho de Paris" pour le télégramme qu'ils vous ont demandé d'envoyer à Sa Majesté en leur nom à l'occasion de la Nouvelle Année. Le roi apprécie grandement leurs bons vœux à son égard et aussi les sentiments qu'ils expriment pour le maintien des rapports de chaude amitié qui existent entre les deux pays et qui, Sa Majesté en a la ferme confiance, ne pourront jamais être troublés.—KNOLLYS.

It is easy to understand the attraction which, as Prince and as King, Edward VII. always presented to Continental authors, who gave themselves abundant latitude when sketching him. It must be admitted that many of these foreign chroniclers produced word-portraits of the Sovereign at once audacious and diverting, although here and there too rich in their colouring to please all palates. The omniscient and mysterious Vasili, who is supposed to have been one of several shrewd littérateurs content to sink their individuality for the common benefit, gave a more minute analysis of King Edward before his accession than any of his—or their—competitors. Through his glasses the King, or rather "the Prince," appears as "The most accomplished gentleman in the United Kingdom; his courtesy is perfect, and if he aspires to be considered the 'First Gentleman in Europe,' it is not surprising. He knows how to combine in his dress extreme refinement with the utmost simplicity, and he is possessed of an irresistible grace, making each one whom he addresses believe that he, and he alone, enjoys his Royal Highness's special favour."

"We [the Emperor William I. and his Chancellor] are not persons to go to Canossa," said Bismarck during the "Kulturkampf." Kaiser Henry IV. had "knuckled down" to Pope Gregory in 1077, and had done penance in "the snow-covered court of Canossa"; but Kaiser William I. was not, and Kaiser William II. is not, cast in the same mould as was Henry IV. Nor will any English Sovereign or Prime Minister of to-day dream of making a pilgrimage to Canossa. Seldom has there been a more transparent or a more impudent hoax than that which, three months before King Edward's death, imputed to Lord Curzon that he had taken the initiative in preparing the way for the establishment of regular diplomatic relations with the Vatican. Worst of all was the dragging into that galimatias of King Edward, whose goodwill towards his Roman Catholic subjects was well known. This country has got on perfectly well without any direct diplomatic representation at the Vatican, and there is a very general reluctance to make any change. There was, in 1848, a proposal to establish a Legation, or a Diplomatic Agency, at the Vatican, but it was promptly snuffed out by the House of Commons. During the Pontificate of Pius IX. our Government certainly sent a "representative," but he was of the genus known as "officious," not "official." That step was due to Mr. Gladstone, who, in 1880, when the agitation in Ireland threatened to disrupt the United Kingdom, sent Mr. Errington to Rome on a confidential mission to request the Pope to bid the Irish Catholics to act with more loyalty to the throne. Leo XIII. complied with that wish, hoping that his mediation with the fractious Irish would result in our Government sending to the Papal Court a permanent British Diplomatic Agent. His Holiness was, however, speedily disillusioned. The most vehement opponent of the Pope's wishes was Cardinal Manning, between whom and Mr. Gladstone an intimate friendship existed!

The marriages, of Princess "Ena" of Battenberg with the King of Spain and of Princess Maud of Wales with the King of Norway, were arranged by Edward VII. despite all the attempts of the German Emperor to bring about alliances with Teutonic Princesses. The Kaiser's failure to secure King Alfonso for one of the latter ladies was particularly conspicuous. When the Spanish Monarch visited Berlin eight or nine years ago he was overwhelmed by the Kaiser's attentions. The "Imperial Hunt" uniform was even given to him—a rare mark of the "All-Highest's" favour; and in the Court and diplomatic coulisses the Emperor's unceasing efforts to "place" a German Princess in Madrid caused unconcealed amusement. In both cases the Emperor was outwitted by his gifted Uncle Edward, compared with whom in matters demanding delicate handling, as in most other respects, the Imperial inventor of the "mailed fist" and "sharp sword" was of little account.

The Spanish Press—the Ultramontane journals excepted—waxed enthusiastic over King Edward, who had for protégés Alfonso XII. and his son, the consort of Princess "Ena." The King's villégiature at Biarritz in 1907 lasted just thirty days. The Madrid papers struck a harmonious note in advance of the meeting of the English and Spanish Sovereigns at Cartagena, and their cordial remarks were immediately brought to King Edward's notice. The "Heraldo," which represents the opinions of the leader of the Radical-Democratic group, found King Edward's visit to the Murcian seaport an event of undoubted importance for Spain. "There is not the slightest reason to temper our joy with the unfounded and vain suspicion that this approximation to England menaces our proud independence. That may be credited by the Spanish Ultramontanes, those who have viewed, and still view, with disfavour the Royal alliance with a Princess belonging to a country where liberty of conscience is a dogma and democracy a living reality. But it cannot be believed by the Liberals"; and so on, in high-flown, but most complimentary, terms.

Even the Republican "El Liberal" highly praised English policy, and warmly approved the Royal meeting at Cartagena. "The marriage of King Alfonso gave the Ultramontane Press a terrible attack of Anglophobia, from which those papers have not yet recovered. For their fears over the Cartagena interview there is not the slightest foundation."

I have not dwelt upon the late Sovereign's efforts and achievements in the home field of social reform, his deep interest, both as Prince and as King, in the amelioration of the lot of the people. Sir Henry C. Burdett had every facility for dealing with this phase of the then Heir-Apparent's career nearly a quarter of a century ago, and he acquitted himself of his task in a manner which left nothing to desire.[1]

Not less valuable than Sir Henry's work was the full analysis of it given in the "Quarterly Review." In any "official" Life of King Edward which we may have some day the "Quarterly's" article should be embodied, for it could hardly be improved upon, and it is impossible for any Judet, French or English, to use it for his own depreciatory purposes.

> We have shown (said the writer) that the Prince has identified himself at one time or another with every great charitable object known to our time, and he has also been associated with all the most important public works of the age. He drove the last rivet into Stephenson's bridge over the St. Lawrence; he opened the Thames Embankment; docks, harbours, bridges, exhibitions innumerable, have been "inaugurated" by him; he founded the Royal College of Music; and he originated the Fisheries and Colonial Exhibitions, which

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[1] "Prince, Princess, and People." Longmans, 1889.

were so popular, and did so much to bring the resources of our colonies under the very eyes of the home population. In every duty that he has undertaken he has always acquitted himself well.

Without the most wonderful powers of endurance, he could never have gone through the wear and tear of his endless engagements. An ordinary day in his life would tire most men out. In this respect he has always been the same. . . . For ten entire days in Ireland during one of his visits, he scarcely had an hour to himself, except during the very brief interval snatched for sleep. . . . Without a very considerable knowledge, not only of the ordinary questions of the day, but also of art, science, and literature, and a still greater knowledge of human nature, it would be impossible for any man to pass successfully through such ordeals as these.

We should infer that for a Prince of Wales to become popular in these days, and to remain so, it is necessary that he should have a fair knowledge of everything; that he should be familiarly acquainted with the chief European languages and literature, have great discernment and penetration, be a good judge of music and painting, have a thorough sympathy with the sporting instincts of Englishmen, show an interest in agricultural pursuits, have at least a superficial knowledge of the principal manufactures of the country, watch attentively the course of politics without talking about them, be on good terms with the leaders of parties without falling under their influence, be gifted with great shrewdness in judging of character, possess all the accomplishments of ordinary men, with a good many added, show amiability to all, and in all circumstances, and be absolutely iron-clad against fatigue.

The position is clearly not in the nature of those sinecures of which we hear so much in the present day. We believe we only express the general sense of the country when we affirm that the Prince of Wales has filled this position in a manner which has won for him universal respect, and even a much warmer personal feeling, as was made manifest in the deep anxiety of the nation during his almost fatal illness in 1871. Without entering into invidious comparisons, it may be confidently asserted that no heir to the British Crown ever before took such pains to prepare himself for the high duties which in course of time await him. He has submitted himself to a hard and stern apprenticeship. He is known to have devoted the greatest care to the education of his children, and to have stimulated in them that desire for travel which, in his own experience, he had found to bring so great a reward.

Living in the full glare of publicity, the man above all others in the nation around whom personal gossip will continually revolve; exposed at all times *to misrepresentation, or the shafts of malice*;[1] in spite of all this, the Prince has never rendered himself fairly vulnerable to the least of the attacks which were habitually levelled at some of his predecessors. The late Emperor [Frederick] of Germany and our own Prince of Wales stand out among most Royal personages of the present generation for their anxiety to deserve well of their countrymen, and for their earnest efforts to fulfil every requirement incidental to their stations. The path of duty was very different in both cases, but in both it was conscientiously followed out. It would be almost miraculous if any one occupying a foremost position in any country entirely escaped the voice of detraction; but, in justice to the good sense and good feeling of the English people, it must be acknowledged that this unwelcome voice is almost wholly silent where the Prince of Wales is concerned. Few, indeed, are they who will not cordially and frankly acknowledge that his personal qualities and his lofty sense of duty well entitle him to share with his illustrious mother, the Sovereign, the loyalty and affection of the British people all over the world.

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[1] As, for example, in 1891 and 1912.

"Attributes" of King Edward! They are noted in scores of volumes and in thousands of newspaper articles and magazine essays, written in all languages, and, with rare exceptions, frankly eulogistic of our Prince and King. Where, as in 1891, Continental and other writers across the sea let fly their poisoned arrows they took their inspiration from the diatribes of English journalists—some of them (like those of the "Tomahawk" and the precious "Annuals") Government clerks, "smearing paper" by day and defaming Queen Victoria and her son by night.

Europe was spellbound by Edward VII. His movements, his alleged sayings (mostly fiction), his objects (mostly imaginary also) exercised the minds of the people who count. The calendar tells us that it is August 1907. It is the holiday-time of the Earth's Rulers, and consequently the witching hour of the canard. Every day for the next three or four weeks the telegraph wires will throb, and at the world's telephone there will be collected diplomatists, financiers, merchants, and journalists, all agog to learn what is passing in the coulisses. It is gratifying to our chauvinism that our amiable Monarch should be the principal object of attention in the vacation, as he has long been at other times of the year. Abroad, they have affectionately dubbed him "l'Oncle de l'Europe"; and there can be no doubt about his ability to play the part to perfection: it "fits him like a glove." His wide experience of peoples and affairs has given him a knowledge of the business of nations not possessed by any other crowned or uncrowned head. Thus it comes to pass that, as in the golden days of his Princedom his advice was sought in matters of grave import to "society," so, since his accession to the Throne, his sage counsel has been constantly in request by the wearers of other crowns and the wielders of other sceptres.

It is the penalty which King Edward pays for his popularity that whenever the opportunity is afforded him of a talk with his Imperial nephew of Berlin the world is rife with anxiety to know what has passed between the two Sovereigns. Nor is our curiosity doomed to remain unsatisfied for long. When Berlin, Vienna, and Paris combined cannot slake our thirst for "information," we may expect a cataclysm. King Edward takes Cronberg on his way to Marienbad for the double purpose of seeing his niece—the daughter of his sister, who reigned as Empress for three months—and his nephew, Kaiser Wilhelm. But we may fairly anticipate, judging from experiences of the

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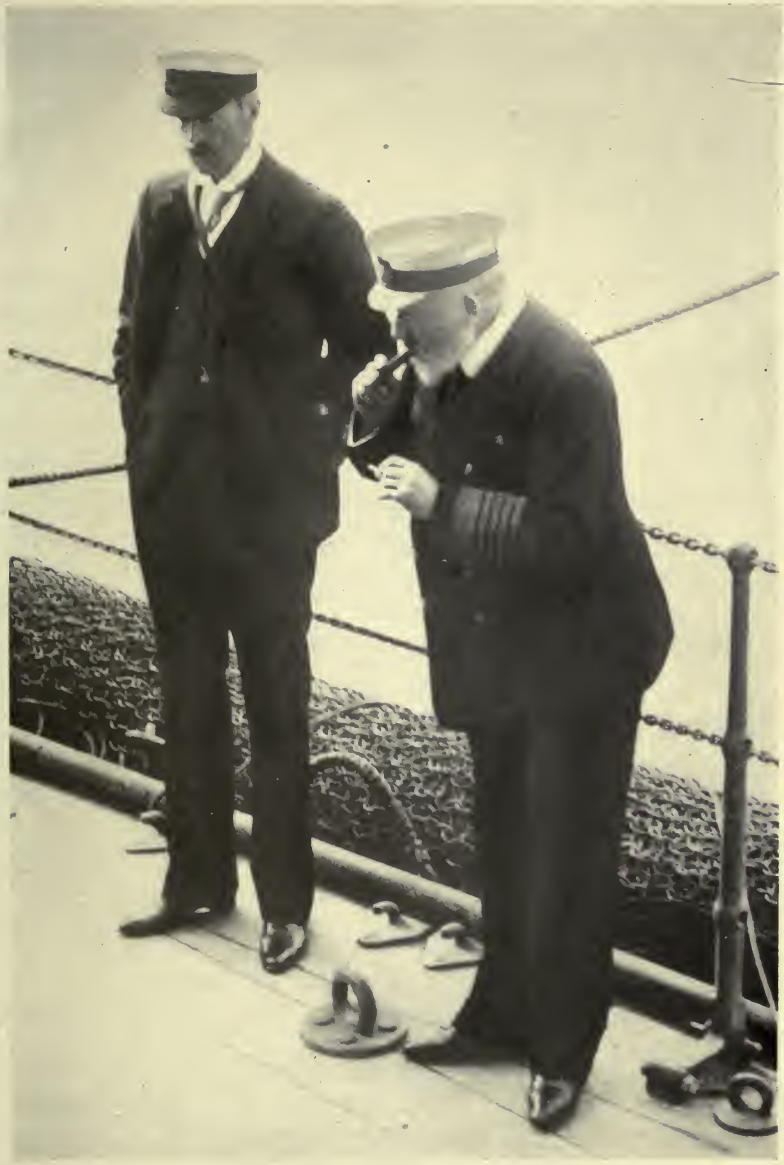

Photo] [*S. Cribb, Southsea.*

KING EDWARD ON BOARD THE DREADNOUGHT (AUGUST 1907).

recent past, a series of journalistic " indiscretions " of a more or less improving description, ingeniously written, and made the most of by the ready-witted conductors of the organs of opinion in which these attractive plats are served up. Based upon these appetising items will be comments in the editorial columns, secundum artem; and when King Edward reaches Schönbrunn we shall have placed before us a mass of those speculations, the incubation of which is as much a specialty of the Austrian capital as are its famous Schnitzel, its Backhœndel and gurkensalat, and its altogether extra-special Esterhazy Rostbraten. In the preparation of deliciously-stimulating fare of this description the culinary and journalistic chefs of the Kaiserstadt can easily give those of all other capitals seven pounds and a beating.

We must not leave the St. Petersburg cooks unrepresented in the cuisine. Their skill has been put to the test of late, but they have not once been found wanting. Towns and palaces in flames and besieged, holocausts of dead, the Army seamed with disloyalty, the Fleet revolutionaries to a man, and " probable abdication of the Tsar " —all these dishes have been laid before us until the appetite has become somewhat cloyed with the wealth of the diurnal repast.

Almost without exception the German papers paid high tributes to King Edward between May 7 and 22, 1910. In the presence of death the hearts of the most ferocious Anglophobes were softened, and an influential jorunal[1] even opened its leading columns to Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, president of the French section of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, who entreated the German people to abandon the mistaken idea that the King's policy had ever been antagonistic to Germany. Of the meeting of King Edward and the Emperor William at Kiel in 1904 the Baron wrote :

> I was at Kiel at that time, and no one encouraged me more than the King in my efforts to demonstrate, after the reconciliation between England and France, the possibility of a German-French rapprochement on the basis of mutual concessions, a rapprochement which alone can relieve the world of the burden of unceasing armaments. Far from watching these endeavours with unfriendly eyes, the King supported them with sincere cordiality, and with his unique tact. On the day when the Emperor and Count Bülow watched the course of the regatta with him on board his yacht "Victoria and Albert" he steadily and openly encouraged me in my efforts by attentions of every kind. Nor was the Emperor hostile. To-day the conscience of every one is shaken by the thought of the catastrophes which would be the consequence of a European war. The conscience of every one deplores the increase of the sacrifice with which this impossible struggle is being prepared for. But the will of two men is not strong enough to suspend the operation of past errors, even when

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[1] The "Berliner Tageblatt," May 20, 1910 (the day of the King's funeral).

these two men are Sovereigns of nations. A fresh education of public opinion must support their goodwill. In any case, however, the peace for which King Edward worked was no peace against Germany; it was peace for all; honour and benefaction for every one.

Even an extreme Radical politician like the ex-M.P., Mr. Bottomley, takes a view of King Edward's diplomatic achievements and all-round ability totally at variance with the discredited opinions of the victim of the "informers." Mr. Bottomley thus admirably expressed himself[1] four years before the King's death:

> We write in a spirit of reverence and love; reverence, because you are the head of a mighty State—mightier than the mightiest that yet has been (for we do not believe that either in ancient Egypt or Assyria, or Babylon or Judea, or Greece or Rome, or in the moaning bed of the lost Atlantis, was there ever civilisation that could dim the glory of your empire); and love, because, although a King, you are a Man. You are of us, and with us, and ever for us. It is said by the scientists that in the after-rest of death the bones of the sleepers are as one; but it has been reserved to you, Sir, to prove that in life (whatever that may be) the soul and the blood of a king may be the soul and the blood of his people.
>
> With your Majesty on the throne, a Parliament is almost a redundancy. You are more of a Democrat than most of its members. When your speech was read to the Commons at the beginning

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[1] "John Bull's" Open Letter to His Majesty King Edward the Seventh, June 9, 1906.

of this Session, it was said by some, "The King has turned Socialist." We have always believed that at heart your Majesty is a Republican. The very embodiment of individualism, you, Sir, are always teaching us what the Man, as distinguished from the State, can do. You are our Foreign Minister—our Ambassador to all the Courts. So long as you live, European war with England is impossible. Clouds may appear on the horizon, spots on the political sun; but the spectroscope of statesmanship is applied, and all men turn to the King. You have already won your place in history as Edward the Peacemaker.

You love your subjects as they love you. The cottage and the hospital are as dear to your heart as the palace and the throne. The hardest worker in the land, you join in our pastimes and our sports. The cant of the bigots falls lightly on your ears—for you are King of England, the home of the free.

Claiming no monopoly of our virtues, and looking with an indulgent eye upon our weaknesses, you are essentially our King. Sir, what you are, and all that you are, to England we shall never know till you are gone. They were critical days for the English monarchy when you came to the throne. You came, you saw, you conquered. But your task is a heavy one. In these days the security of the Crown is eternal vigilance. "L'entente cordiale" is a democratic sort of thing. It does not make for the stability of the throne; only a great personality can do that. Hence there are but two safe Crowns to-day in Europe —and your Majesty's is by far the safer of the two. Long may you live to wear it!

What shall come after you, who shall say? . . . The force of your personality is reflected in all departments of public life. . . . The "King—God bless him" is the toast at every banquet—and woe to him who would dare to disrespect it! When, on the eve of your Coronation, you were stricken down by sickness, men looked at one another with inquiring eyes, but scarcely spoke. They were too busy, thinking. When, pale and worn, you drove through the streets, at last to claim your crown, people sighed and prayed. To-day they rejoice. They are not ready to face the problems which your life obscures—and which, may be, it will even solve.

Mr. Bottomley addresses every week a vast number of readers who doubtless share his views, and who will consequently be in full accord with their political guide in his fine tribute to the masterfulness of King Edward. These worthy people in theory may be democrats, but, being believers in Mr. Bottomley, we may take it that they also believed in King Edward, and so regarded with contempt and loathing all that they read to his discredit in 1912.

The King gave an audience, in 1904, to the late General Booth, to whom His Majesty said: "You are doing a great work, the success of which I regard as of great importance to my Empire." Then the King made some interesting and important remarks on Socialism, revealing the interest he felt not only in the working classes, but in the notions that they entertain respecting the material changes which they regard as remedies for their difficulties. King Edward's liberal ideas of religious liberty greatly impressed the Salvationist chief, who seems to have been unaware that His Majesty regarded people of all sects and creeds with the same friendly eye and never refused his protection to any one of them. It was well, however, that Mr. Booth should have learnt the King's opinions on religion.

It was not a particularly tender critic of his Majesty when he was Prince who wrote:

> It is only due to H.R.H. to say that for constancy in friendship, loyalty to all those who have once served him, and generosity in many directions he has never been surpassed by any Heir-Apparent to the throne. All classes owe him a deep debt of gratitude for his zeal in the public cause. His labours in that cause have been ceaseless, while his relatively shallow purse has never been closed to the cry of distress. Those gentle twins of a noble heart—benignity and benevolence—have never deserted him. . . . Solicitous of the feelings of others, tolerant, even to misplaced complacency, and never arrogant, he has evinced many of those characteristics most admired of the people, and it was but in the nature of things that popularity should be the reward of such a Prince—a Prince, too, who uncomplainingly has taken upon himself many of the labours of his Sovereign mother, who, though in private conscientiously attending to the political affairs of the Crown, has in large measure left to her son the performance of the more demonstrative part of those high social duties, particularly the business of her supreme office.

The Prince of Wales at a supper-party on the stage of a theatre was a novel sight for the very few guests whom Irving had invited in May 1883; they were Bancroft, Fernandez, Toole, and Sala. I think it was a new experience for King Edward, who that evening had attended the performance of "Much Ado about Nothing." Scanning Mr. Brereton's attractive "Life,"[1] I gather that, as King and Queen, their Majesties witnessed "Dante" at the same theatre (1903). As Prince and Princess their first visit to the Lyceum was to see "Charles the First" (October 1872). In 1877 they witnessed "The Lyons Mail," of which the Prince said Irving's performance was "one of the best pieces of acting they had ever witnessed." In 1882 it was "Romeo and Juliet," in 1885 "Faust," in 1887 "The Bells" and "Raising the Wind" ("for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund"), and in 1887 "Olivia" ("by desire"). In April 1889, at Sandringham, "The Bells" and "The Merchant of Venice" were given, and for the first time Queen Victoria, who was visiting her son and the Princess, saw Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Sir Henry Irving died at Bradford on October 13, 1905, and was buried at Westminster Abbey. Queen Alexandra sent a wreath and wrote on a card, "With deepest regret—from the Queen. 'Into Thy hands, O Lord—into Thy hands,'" the last words spoken by Becket, "in which character," says Mr. Brereton, "Irving may be said to have died."

We are gravely assured by the Dictionary that "King Edward was not much of a dramatic critic." One of our best-known experts says:

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[1] "The Life of Henry Irving." By Austin Brereton. Longmans, 1908.

> Before the death of the Prince Consort there was no more enthusiastic playgoer than Queen Victoria, who particularly enjoyed farces and funny plays, and was, of course, an excellent audience. Thanks to the good offices of the Prince of Wales, *who knows more about plays and good acting than most men*, and has been the best friend to the players of this and all countries that they have ever had, the semi-Court theatricals at Balmoral, Windsor, Osborne, and Sandringham have been partially revived, thus enabling Queen Victoria to see the distinguished actors and actresses of what may be called the Henry Irving period of dramatic art.[1]

Most people will prefer Mr. Scott's opinion on this point.

Of seven marble busts of King Edward which were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1911 one (Mr. Albert Bruce-Joy's) was executed for Manchester University, and was unveiled by Sir William Mather less than a month after the King's death. Those who are disposed to underrate King Edward should keep Sir William Mather's happily-conceived address before them:

> This ceremony is invested with pathetic sadness inseparable from the thought of the death of our great King, whose image and likeness this marble bust so faithfully represents. The eminent

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[1] "The Drama of Yesterday and To-day." By Clement Scott. Macmillan & Co. Limited, 1899.

sculptor whose good fortune it was to interest the King in this piece of work as it grew under his skilful hand to become an object of the finest art, has earned the gratitude of the Governors and Council of our University. A well-known poet has said there are "sermons in stones," and if ever stone spoke to thoughtful men surely this piece of marble, portraying, as I think, not only the features but the spirit and character of King Edward VII., will speak through generations to come. It will remind them of his genial bearing to the poorest of his subjects, of his beneficence to and sympathy with the suffering; of his noble, dignified kingship; and his untiring efforts wisely directed in the cause of permanent peace among all nations. This speaking likeness of our lamented King—the last taken in life—will be to all of us who were privileged to feel the influence of his impressive personality a precious memento of his attributes. The students of the University will in future generations find in this bust the outward and visible signs of the King whose reign was a benediction not only to the British Empire but to the whole world.

What lesson can the universities of this country derive from the life of King Edward the Peacemaker? Surely it should inspire them to incorporate in the curricula of their colleges the teaching of peace and goodwill among nations as the fairest fruits of all knowledge from science, art, literature, philosophy, and religion. A Chair of International Laws and Arbitration should be established in all universities for the purpose of imparting historical lessons to the rising generations, showing the futility as well as the barbarism of wars, and the paramount and vital necessity of international laws and tribunals to settle all disputes by reason, knowledge, conciliation, and justice. May the University of Manchester take the lead in causing the spirit of King Edward to reign for ever in the hearts and minds of all nations !

The Vice-Chancellor termed the bust "a wonderful work of art, a marvellously faithful likeness of a King who won the affections of his people as no Sovereign in the world's history had done before." The King took the greatest interest in the bust as it progressed, and warmly praised it when it was completed. His Majesty and Queen Alexandra knew who had commissioned Mr. Bruce-Joy to execute it, but to the public the name of the loyal donor of the bust to the University of Manchester has never, by his own request, been divulged.

CHAPTER III

THE IRON FIST

Kings too tame are despicably good.—DRYDEN.

"I WILL have no scandals!"

It is the King who speaks. Speaks! He thunders! The velvet glove is pulled off almost savagely, and the Iron Fist is revealed in all its strength. With the Iron Fist he bangs the table.

"I will have no scandals! I will never come to Dublin again! I will give nothing!" (meaning no "honours").[1]

Lord Aberdeen listens patiently. He is prepared for an outburst of indignation, but not for this flow of passion, this unrestrained torrent of anger. It is not his fault.

Never before had the King been seen in such a rage. He was needlessly furious with Lord Aberdeen. He would not allow the Lord-Lieutenant's escort to accompany himself and the Queen to Leopardstown. It was his first visit to Ireland during Lord Aberdeen's Viceroyalty. What chagrin!

It was most unfortunate that another occurrence had greatly upset King Edward. While he was at the Viceregal Lodge with the Lord Lieutenant, his favourite Irish terrier, "Pat," had suddenly died. ("Pat's" successor in the King's favour was "Cæsar.")

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[1] Queen Victoria had been lavish in her distribution of "honours," and bestowed a baronetcy on a Dublin fish importer.

Some Colonel Blood had been at work, and the Regalia had vanished. Only this.

"They 'went away' once before, but were brought back," said a Castle official (now deceased).

The arrival of the King and Queen at Kingstown in July 1907 coincided with the announcement that day that His Majesty had granted a free pardon to Colonel Arthur Alfred Lynch, who had been elected Nationalist member for Galway in 1902, and was sentenced to death on January 23, 1903, for high treason, having fought on the Boer side during the South African war. His sentence had been commuted to penal servitude for life, but he was released on licence in January 1904.

On July 6, 1907, four days before the King and Queen landed at Kingstown, Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King of Arms, told his secretary, Mr. Burtchaell, that "a dreadful thing had happened. The Regalia of the Order of St. Patrick—the Crown Jewels—had been taken out of the strong room and taken away."

The 29th of July 1905, the fifth year of King Edward's reign, is the date of the Statutes of the Order of Saint Patrick—Statutes which were appointed by virtue of Letters Patent passed by

His Majesty dealing with the Order "and with the very custody of these jewels."[1] By the 27th Statute it is ordained "that our Ulster King of Arms for the time being" (then Sir Arthur Vicars) "shall be the King of Arms Knight Attendant on the Order, and shall have the custody of the seal and of the archives of the Order and the jewelled insignia of the Grand Master." The words "jewelled insignia" of the Grand Master mean the jewels that were abstracted. Statute 12 thus defines them: "It is ordained that in pursuance of the Royal ordinance of our Royal predecessor King William the Fourth, bearing date the 7th of March 1831, the jewelled insignia of the Grand Master made by order of his said late Majesty for the use of the Grand Master of the Most Illustrious Order, of which a description is hereunto annexed and which are Crown Jewels, shall be handed over by each Lord-Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland, Grand Master of the said Most Illustrious Order, to his successor at such time as the Sword of State is delivered over, and shall be deposited by our Ulster King of Arms in the Chancery of the Order along with the other insignia of the Order."

"The other insignia of the Order" means the badges and collars worn by the Knights Companions, "and some of these collars, it is common knowledge, were part of the jewels abstracted on the occasion" (Solicitor-General). The jewels are to be deposited, along with the other insignia of the Order, in the Chancery of the Order. Clause 20 of the Statutes says: "It is further ordained that the said collars and badges shall be deposited for safe keeping in a steel safe in the strong room of the Chancery of the Order in the Office of Arms in Ireland until they are disposed of by the Grand Master."

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[1] The Solicitor-General, at the second sitting of the members of the Crown Jewels Commission (Ireland), in the Office of Arms, Dublin Castle, January 11, 1908.

In that way the Ulster King of Arms becomes their custodian.

With the official Blue Book[1] containing the evidence taken by the Commissioners before us, we can avail ourselves of the privilege of entering the Office of Arms and seeing the young gentlemen at work from 11 a.m. until 5.30 p.m.

Here is Mr. George Dames Burtchaell, member of the Irish Bar and secretary to Sir Arthur Vicars from 1893 downwards. (Sir A. V. was in that year appointed to the post of keeper of the valuables which were abstracted by the Blood of the period.[2] Whether Blood is Irish or English has yet to be made known to an anxious world.) We cannot see Mr. Blake, because he left the Office at the beginning of 1907. There is Miss Gibbon, "the lady who does the scrivenry and typewriting work" (Mr. Burtchaell's description), and there are, or were, Mr. Glencross, Mr. Pierce Mahony, junior, and "the other Heralds—

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[1] Crown Jewels Commission (Ireland). Report of the Viceregal Commission, 1908. Appendix to same Report: Minutes of Evidence. Both published in 1908.

[2] *Vide* the chapter "King Edward in Story."

Mr. Shackleton, Mr. Bennett Goldney, and Mr. Horlock," Stivey, the Office messenger, and Mrs. Farrell, an office cleaner. Messrs. Shackleton, Goldney, and Horlock were simultaneously appointed at the beginning of 1907. " Mr. Shackleton," said Mr. Burtchaell, " was very seldom here . . . The jewelled insignia were shown occasionally by Sir A. Vicars to friends of his own, or sometimes friends of my own, generally ladies that were shown the Office. . . . Stivey used to open the strong room and lock it up."

Six persons had keys which would enable them to open the outer door of the strong room at any time of the night—Mr. Burtchaell, Mr. Mahony. Mrs. Farrell, Stivey, Sir A. Vicars, and Detective Kerr. Nobody slept on the premises. On Saturday, July 6—the fatal day—Mr. Burtchaell first heard that the jewels were gone. " I was just preparing to go away," said Mr. Burtchaell, " about half-past three o'clock, when Sir A. Vicars came up and told me that a dreadful thing had happened. I thought when he told me at first that it was something that had happened to the King about his visit to this country, and then he told me that the safe had been opened and that the collars and jewels had been all taken out and taken away I said it was a dreadful thing, and he told me to say nothing at all about it. . . . Sir A. Vicars asked me whether I remembered if he had shown the jewels to Dr. Finney, and I said he had not, to my knowledge. Then he asked me had he shown them to Mr. Hodgson, and I said I believed he had. . . . He said that burglars had broken into the Office. Some time after we had come down Sir A. Vicars said he (the burglar) was at the strong room also."

One day—five or six months before the jewels had vanished from the lynx-eyed officials—"a strange gentleman arrived at the Office." Mrs. Farrell, the charwoman, said:

> He came in here and opened the door, and he said to me, like, "It's all right," or something like that, and I looked at him, and the sun was in my sight, and he, like, stopped there, at the end of the desk, and I did not like it. I did not know whether he was a gentleman connected with the Office or not, and he apparently came down to this end as if to write a note, and he then went out again, and he nodded to me, and I thought he was some gentleman connected with the Office, and then I came to see if there was a note on that table, and there was no note. . . . That was before any of the officials arrived. There was nobody but myself about. He must have had a key. When I was passing the strong room door (Saturday, July 6, the day of the discovery of the theft), I saw the door partly open.

Mr. William Stivey, a messenger, was asked by Sir A. Vicars if he would carry a key of the strong room. "He had four keys and he liked me to have one." This mark of confidence was accorded to Stivey upon his entering the Castle service. "There was no reason for my carrying a key except that Sir A. Vicars wanted me to carry one." On the Wednesday before the Saturday (July 6) Stivey told Sir A. Vicars what the charwoman had said—that she had found the hall door unlocked; and Sir Arthur said, "Is that so?" or "Did she?" and Stivey replied, "Yes." Sir Arthur said nothing more. He did not tell Stivey to go and inform the police of (in the Solicitor-General's words) "that remarkable fact" that Mrs. Farrell had said she "had found the strong room door open." On the Saturday, Stivey said to Sir A. Vicars:

> "Sir Arthur, the last time you were at the safe you could not have locked the door." "Oh," said Sir Arthur, "I must have done." "Well," said Stivey, "I find that the safe door is unlocked." "Oh," he said, "you didn't. What do you mean?" "So Sir Arthur came down with me, and then I was able to show him the exact state in which I found the lock when I came to it. Sir Arthur himself opened the safe door, and the first thing he said was, 'The key is in the lock.' He said, 'I wonder if they are all right?' meaning, I suppose, the Crown Jewels. With that he opened that case, and then he opened this, and went down on one knee and said, 'My God, they are gone; the jewels are gone,' and he said that he wondered if anything else was gone, and put his hand on a box which had contained a collar, and he said, 'Lord Cork's collar gone.' And then he said, 'Anything else?' and he removed all of these collar boxes, and finding them empty as he opened them he remarked in

each case, 'This gone!' and 'This gone!' and at last he discovered a case of jewels which belonged to his family, private property, and he found that that was gone also. 'Oh,' he said, 'my mother's diamonds gone also!' He made no further remark."

When Detective Kerr went into Sir A. Vicars' room on the day of the discovery, Sir Arthur said: "Kerr, the jewels are all gone. Some of the smart boys that have been over here for the King's visit made a clean sweep of them."

Who stole the jewels? The evidence taken by the Commission did not tell us.

On April 1, 1908, in the House of Commons, Mr. Birrell (Secretary for Ireland) contradicted indignantly a widespread rumour, which had appeared in print, connecting Lord Haddo, son of the Viceroy, with the theft. "The robbery," said Mr. Birrell, "occurred between June 11 and July 6, 1907, and Lord Haddo had lived in Scotland, without intermission, from March 7 until December 7."

Once more the mystery, which is really not much of a mystery, came under Parliamentary review on February 13, 1913, when Captain Faber asked the Chief Secretary "whether anything had transpired to throw light on the subject of the theft of the Dublin Crown Jewels, and whether either now or at any time since the robbery information relating to the crime had been available which, for the sake of shielding any individual, had not been used?"

Mr. Birrell: Nothing whatever has been discovered to throw any light on the mystery of the theft of the Crown Jewels, nor is there any evidence whatever in existence at the present moment which would justify the arrest of any person. The story which some one must have invented out of spite that any one is being shielded from prosecution is simply a lie, and I am sorry to have to add that it has lately been revived in connection with the name of Lord Haddo. The introduction of his Lordship's name into the matter is a particularly cruel outrage, for, as already stated, he was not in Ireland for months before the robbery, he had no connection with the Office of Arms, and was only inside that Office once in his life.

Mr. Ginnell: On what grounds, except Inspector Kane's report, did the Chief Secretary ask Lord Haddo to say that he was absent from Dublin at the time?

Mr. Birrell: I inquired about the movements of Lord Haddo because, I regret to say, in some infamous newspaper in this country his name was connected with the theft.

Mr. Ginnell: Why was not Lord Haddo produced before the Commission?

No answer was given.

Earl Winterton asked "who were the persons holding official positions entitling them to have access, or acting as clerks or secretaries to those entitled to have access to the jewels at the time immediately preceding the theft, how many of those persons had subsequently resigned their offices, and what reasons were given in each case?"

Mr. Birrell: The only person entitled to have access to the Crown Jewels was Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King of Arms. The persons employed in the Office of Arms immediately preceding the theft were Mr. Burtchaell, secretary to Sir Arthur Vicars; Mr. Horlock, clerk, and Miss Gibbon, typist. These persons were in the personal employment of Sir A. Vicars, and their employment ceased on his removal from office. Mr. Burtchaell was subsequently placed in charge of the Office, and has since been appointed Athlone Pursuivant. The officials attached to the Office at the time were Mr. Mahony, Cork Herald; Mr. Shackleton, Dublin Herald; and Mr. Goldney, Athlone Pursuivant. In October 1907 it was decided, with the approval of the Crown, that the Office of Arms, Dublin Castle, should be reconstructed. This involved the retirement of the Dublin Herald and the Athlone Pursuivant, who were notified accordingly, and resigned office. Mr. Mahony, the Cork Herald, resigned in 1910, assigning no reason for doing so.

Mr. Ginnell: How is it that during the last five years the right hon. gentleman has not been able to get anybody in Ireland to believe his version of this story?

No answer was given.

Had the Dublin police, a few days, or a few weeks, or a few months, after the robbery, gathered sufficient information to warrant a prosecution of a suspected person or persons? If so, why did they not move? There was a reason, a very good reason. It may be found in the opening words of this chapter: "I will not have any scandals!"

The robbery, the loss of the jewels, was bad enough, but a prosecution, successful or unsuccessful, would have been a calamity, the effects of which would have been felt for years. Why? Because it might have necessitated the publication of evidence having no bearing upon the crime, but a direct bearing upon the reputations of persons not in any way implicated in the robbery of the jewels. Thus the innocent might have suffered by the mere dragging in and publication of their names side by side with those of very undesirable individuals.

Casual introductions are often followed by something more than temporary unpleasantness, and so it might have proved had this case of the theft from the Castle been taken into a criminal court. Dublin Castle is a Royal Palace. The Viceregal Court is only second in importance to the Sovereign's own Court, although the former has been often described, in Parliament and in the Press, as a sorry imitation of the latter. The Castle and its ceremonies, although not lacking in brilliancy and picturesqueness, have been derided even by the Irish themselves. From 1870, if not earlier, down to the accession of the late King, successive Governments have been urged to abolish the Viceroyalty as it now exists, and to replace the Lord-Lieutenant by a Royal Prince.

Five-and-twenty years ago (in 1888) a Royal Prince, the Prince of Wales, declared his willingness to "go to Ireland." The Princess was equally willing. Had they been allowed to go we might have been spared the Home Rule pother—some of it certainly, perhaps all.

In May 1889 a correspondent of the (Paris) "New York Herald" had an interview with a friend of the Prince of Wales.

"What is the truth about the Prince's attitude on the Irish question ?" asked the reporter.

"I am not at liberty to repeat conversations," was the reply, "but I sincerely believe—in fact, I know—that had the Prince of Wales been sent to Ireland years ago to administer its affairs the long series of troubles over there would never have happened. We should never have heard of the outrages that have distracted the Irish people. He would not only have been a successful administrator, but he would have made the country as prosperous as any on the globe. The people would have been happy, and the Prince would have been beloved by them. It is unfortunate that such a state of affairs could not have been brought about. The Prince is a man of a comprehensive mind, great tact, a genial temper, and good business qualifications."

At the critics' view of the Royal Academy (1889) I met a representative of the principal Press Agency, who remarked proprio motu, "We have extensively quoted your articles on the Prince of Wales and the Irish Viceroyalty. We knew the information which you published was absolutely true, or we should not have helped to give it the wide publicity which it has now obtained."

King Edward's first acquaintance with the Green Isle dates from 1849, when he and his eldest sister, the late Empress Frederick of

Germany, and two other of the Royal children, accompanied their parents to Ireland. In the previous year, the memorable '48, the country was seething with disaffection, yet, from the moment of landing until their departure, the Queen and Prince Albert were the objects of the most enthusiastic demonstrations. A squadron escorted the Royal party to the Cove of Cork, which, in honour of the occasion, was named "Queenstown." The sight of the Sovereign's young family aroused the people to a loyal frenzy, and one fair Milesian, in the exuberance of her admiration, made this direct personal appeal to Her Majesty, "Oh, Queen dear, make one of your dear children Prince Patrick, and all Ireland will die for you!" An "interesting event" occurred in the following year, when the nouveau-né was christened Arthur Patrick Albert, while in later years, as another proof of her regard for the Sister Isle, Her Majesty created him Duke of Connaught.

In 1861 Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort paid their second visit to Ireland, the Prince of Wales being then engaged in the performance of his military duties at the Curragh Camp. The Royal hosts were Lord Castlerosse and Mr. Herbert of Muckross. The beauties of Killarney were all new to the Queen, who revelled in this Irish wonderland. When the Queen and her Consort drove to the Curragh to see the Prince of Wales, the weather was very stormy, and Prince Albert, like everybody else, was drenched to the skin. Later that autumn the Prince Consort caught another chill at the review by the Queen of the Eton College Volunteer Rifle Corps at Windsor, and his fatal illness dated from that day.

Hurried, or, to use a popular phrase, "rushed," legislation is generally to be deprecated, as incomplete and in some respects scamped.[1] Considerate it may be to some interests, but unmindful of others; and in our very complex civilisation and unsystematic system of polity constitutional changes and reforms require long and serious consideration ere they can be successfully launched into working existence. So probably thought in 1889 our prudent and pensive Premier[2] about the ticklish question, the maintenance or abolition of the Viceroyalty in Ireland, raised by the difficulty of finding a suitable successor to Lord Londonderry, who merely accepted the onerous office for a certain term to assist the Government, and only held office at considerable sacrifice of his own interests till proper provision could be made for the succession.

That Lord Salisbury, with his intimate knowledge of the history of Ireland in the past as in the present, and in the possession of all the facts bearing upon the case, should not have been even in advance of public opinion in seeing that the Court and Castle at Dublin are an archaic anachronism, whose raison d'être has been supplanted by steam and electricity; that the holder of the Sword of State is to a certain extent in a false position, representing his Sovereign as Lord-

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[1] M. O'Connor Morris (1889).

[2] Lord Salisbury.

Deputy while he is really and practically the nominee of a Party; and that all practical power and the machinery of government have drifted mole sua, or by gubernatorial gravitation, so to speak, into the hands of his Chief Secretary—this must have been evident to all candid minds, as well as the fact that the Premier gave due weight to the considerations urged for supplanting "the unreal mockery," the Milesian mirage of Royalty, by its actual and visible embodiment in the person of a Royal Prince, who at that time was the Heir-Apparent, and a real Court. But Lord Salisbury held much to the constitutional dogmas of "quieta non movere" and "festinare lente," while he saw the great advantage of maturing or, in Beaconsfieldian philosophy, "educating," the public mind for any great change which it might have been necessary to make by an ad interim arrangement which would have formed no obstacle to the due threshing out of the subject and gaining the alliance of the commonsense judgment of the people of the United Kingdom; for, curiously enough, the exponents of the opinion of one large section of interested Irishmen had expressed their decided antagonism to the abolition of the Viceregal office, although but a few years previously no Cato was ever more sententious in his utterances against the existence of Carthage than they were against Dublin Castle and Dublin Court, whose fate, they said, was to be that of "rats."

That Lord Salisbury should have found it difficult in 1889 to fill the post of Lord-Lieutenant was not surprising. The office was described by Bernal Osborne as a "gilded pillory," and the pillory is associated with infinitely more pelting now than it was seventy years ago, while, from one cause or another, it has become a most costly corvée. Some years since it would have been an easy matter to follow the cautious and careful Kimberley in the Castle, but the tenure of the Sword of State of such open-handed men as the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Londonderry, and Lord Spencer (who had not joined the "Salvation" squadron openly then) makes it extremely hard for any but rich men to undertake the post; and rich men have become rather rare among the classes who derive their revenues from agrarian sources. Nor can any save a somewhat pachydermatous patriot fill a post where, as in Lord Spencer's case, the most fearful accusations can be hurled at your private and public character with comparative impunity, and every action and expression be warped and misconstrued to your prejudice. History will do justice to the splendid public and private liberality of the Londonderry régime, to the gaiety and brilliancy of his Court, and to the support he accorded to the best interests of the country over which he presided. An Ulster landlord, his popularity in Ulster is unbounded, and but for the teachings of a violently and virulently hostile Press his presence would have been equally pleasing to masses and classes alike in the other provinces; but his courtesy title was "Castlereagh," and that, to National notions, was a deadly crime, though, for all that, in the Valhalla of illustrious Irishmen few will take a more conspicuous place than his ancestor—or rather relation—Castlereagh the Great: salvator imperii, conjointly with Arthur Wellesley, his countryman. Even Lord Londonderry's strenuous support of one of Ireland's great resources—horse breeding and horse culture—was made an article of impeachment, and "the people" were instructed to oppose his modest hunting excursions—not undertaken vi et armis, like those of that sporting satrap, Lord Spencer, whose pursuing progress involved a posse of police and a squadron of cavalry, plus detectives and aides-de-chasse galore.

I have already said that Lord Londonderry undertook the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland for a limited term in obedience to the dictates of patriotism and the promotion of the interests of his Party, which he and many more hold to be identical; but if Lord Londonderry consented to sacrifice his will and interests at the altar of duty, what shall we say of the far greater sacrifices which in 1889 Lord Zetland made for the cause so dear to himself and his friend the then Viceroy? Lord Londonderry owns an Irish estate and has a residence in the County Down. Lord Zetland had hardly a single tie to Ireland, save a few relations residing there; nor does he own an acre of its shamrocky soil. His estates lie in Yorkshire, Durham, and Northern Britain, and the due development of their resources—mineral, marine, pastoral, and agricultural—is enough to give active and constant employment to the most energetic mind and body; while the splendid picture by Hardy of Aske Castle and the Aske Hunt shows one scene of the seignorial style in which Lord Zetland provides, proprio sumptu, "the sport of Kings" for his neighbours and friends, as well as for the pursuing public, who are welcome to join his hounds if so be they will only observe the canons of the chase, known, if not read, by all of the foxhunting guild. From all these sporting sodalities—from firstrate hunting and splendid shooting of every description—from scenes and societies where he is warmly welcomed and highly honoured, Lord Zetland started off at the trumpet-call of duty to face functions which, if not dangerous, are dispendious to a degree and disagreeable to a still further extent. The Press of party launched its missiles (bruta fulmina, however) at his head; the "Daily News" damned him with the faint praise that "nothing can be said against him," and urged that he was an utterly unknown man; and Lord Spencer, who had most unfortunately forgotten that silence is sometimes golden, called him "a young man from Yorkshire," forgetting that Lord Zetland, then in his ninth lustrum, was not many years younger than himself, while he had been infinitely more fortunate in his career, for Lord Zetland, since he attained his majority, had made troops of friends and hardly one enemy. In the "Blues" he was most popular; as in the Queen's Household. In Yorkshire his is a name to conjure with, and the voters of Richmond, where he is best known, returned him to Parliament till his uncle's death promoted him to the Upper House, and then his brother filled his place in the Commons for many years. The splenetic scribe to whom I have already referred called Lord Zetland, inter alia, a "titled tool." Lord Zetland, who was neither ambitious nor self-sufficient, proved an effective lever in aiding the pacification and amelioration of Ireland, while he did not attempt, like one or two I wot of, the rash feat of solving the Irish question d'emblée, or off his own bat, without proper connaissance de cause; but those who have faith in heredity readily acknowledged that Lord Zetland might well be expected to inherit statesmanlike gifts from a long line of statesmen forbears, nor, pace the "Daily News," was his hereditary wealth any barrier to his success in Ireland; for, if the average Hibernian be occasionally lukewarm in his love to his Sovereign, he has certainly no strong antipathy to her image and superscription on a golden token. "Essayez" is the family motto; the essay was a thorough success.

Lord Zetland, who is related to the Talbots and Fitzwilliams in Eastern Ireland, had previously added largely to the long list of his friends by a couple of visits to the Viceregal Lodge, when he hunted several times with the Meath Hounds, and was very fortunate in skimming the cream of the season on three several occasions; for although his Lordship is heavily handicapped in the hunting-field by short sight, yet with the aid of glasses he managed somehow to keep in the first flight and to hold his own with the best of the natives. Even in these days of polemical and political discord, of Parliament Acts and Marconi scandals, sportsmanlike proclivities and straight riding have not wholly lost their spell in Ireland, nor can Irishmen forget the gallant struggle between Russborough and Voltigeur over the Town Moor, for valour inspires respect. Neither is a taste for the turf any disadvantage to a Viceroy of Ireland, for none was ever more popular than that turfite Lord Normanby. Au reste, Lady Zetland, a sister of Lady Newport and Lady Grosvenor, fully and deservedly shared in her husband's popularity, and kept up the stately success of charming châtelaines, or Vice-Queens, most worthily; and the advent of Laurence Dundas in the land of the "Larries" proved not only a great social success, but also "Auspicium melioris œvi."[1]

A few years ago the Reform Club was shaken to its foundations by the report that Lord Aberdeen had resolved to abdicate and leave the Viceregal functions to be performed by some other of Mr. Asquith's friends. There was not an atom of foundation for the canard, as the noble Lord promptly declared, to the great relief of the Party.[2] The rumour reminded one of the speculations indulged in in the May and June of 1889, when Lord Salisbury found more difficulty than he had bargained for in choosing a successor to the Marquis of Londonderry, prince of Lord-Lieutenants. The choice ultimately fell upon Lord Zetland, who was created a Marquis three years later.

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[1] M. O'Connor Morris (1889).

[2] Lord Aberdeen publicly contradicted a similar statement in March 1913.

Previous to the appointment of Lord Zetland there had been much discussion anent the maintenance or the abolition of the Viceroyalty. Weighty arguments were adduced in favour of abolishing what, it was contended, had become "the Milesian mirage of Royalty," and substituting for "the unreal mockery" its visible embodiment in the person of a Royal Prince and a real Court. Those who advocated this view certainly had the courage of their opinions, for they did not conceal their wish to see the position of Viceroy filled by the Prince of Wales—King Edward.

After going carefully through the pages of "Burke," and finding nobody willing, and at the same time qualified, to go to Ireland, nominally as Lord-Lieutenant, but really as locum tenens for the Prince of Wales, Lord Salisbury, just when he had come to the end of the alphabet, much puzzled, hit upon "a jolly young Yorkshireman," named Lord Zetland, who was willing to do his best if sent across the Channel. So he was sent to the Castle as "the Prince's" warming-pan. The post was filled by Lord Zetland with great distinction and success from 1889 until 1892, and he proved himself a worthy successor of Lord

Londonderry, whose régime is still remembered for its exceptional brilliancy. Lord Zetland's predecessor in the title, as sportsmen will not need to be reminded, was his uncle, the popular "Tom Dundas," who obtained world-wide fame as the owner of Voltigeur, the winner of both the Derby and the St. Leger. Lord Clonmell's mot touching the Viceroyalty is too clever to be omitted. He told Lord Cloncurry, in one of the last letters he ever wrote, that he (Clonmell) would rather be a chimney-sweeper than be connected with the Irish Government. I have heard other peers—notably the late Earl of Charlemont—say much the same thing in slightly different words.

CHAPTER IV

RENAISSANCE OF THE MONARCHY

"The constitutional and hereditary Monarchy that we happily possess is not an outworn relic of the past, as some shallow, theory-ridden minds suppose. It is their theories that are outworn, and out of tune both with the facts and with the deeper instincts of the people. The Monarchy is a living thing which has grown with the nation, changed with it, and adapted itself to the new conditions brought about by new deeds, new ideas, and the whole process of change which no living thing escapes. It has not the place it once had, but it has become far more important in a different way. It is the central ganglion which extends its fibres through all the limbs and organs of the body politic, and holds them together as a living organism." [1]

From 1862 onwards there were complaints (1) of the invisibility of the Sovereign, and (2) of the lack of the externals of Royalty. Where, it was asked, were "the shows of yesteryear"? It was a drab Court; trade was suffering. "We are not getting enough for our money." Radical speakers and writers, with a fine display of indignation, taunted the Queen with her parsimony, and accused her of hoarding the money with which the taxpayers supplied her. She had invested £1,000,000 in ground-rents in the City. It was useless for Sir Henry Ponsonby to deny this fable. "The Queen buries herself in the Highlands; we see nothing of her." This, unfortunately, was true; and the most was made of it by the cavillers and carpers. The Queen was unpopular—no doubt of it. "She ought to abdicate." "She does not even open Parliament."

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[1] The "Times," January 3, 1911.

In February 1889 three facts naturally presented themselves for consideration by those whose thoughts were not exclusively occupied with social frivolities. I summed them up thus:

"(1) Parliament is to be opened by Royal Commission instead of by the Sovereign; (2) the Queen leaves England for the southernmost point of the South of France, on a day as yet unfixed, in the first week of the coming month; and (3) the Prince of Wales, dreading the Ides (or, at least, the winds) of March, has betaken himself to Cannes, there to enjoy himself under the blue sky of the South and by the blue waters of the Mediterranean. I shall not, I presume, be accused of disloyalty if I say, as the leading journals have said so often, that the Queen makes a great mistake in refusing to take the opportunity afforded her session after session of showing herself to her loyal subjects on the one day in the year when the thoughts of all are drawn towards the High Court of Parliament. It used to be said by the Radical Press that Her Majesty would not open Parliament in person as long as Mr. Gladstone was in office; that was very much like passing from the sublime to the ridiculous. For some reason impossible to penetrate, the Queen has a rooted aversion to enacting the principal part at the ceremonies attendant on the opening of Parliament, and thus, in the eyes of the People, the occasion is shorn of its brilliancy and loses more than half the interest which ought to attach to it. The apathy with which the masses receive the stereotyped announcement that Parliament will be opened by commission is not a cheering sign of the times—far from it. The indifference is too evidently sincere not to cause a feeling of apprehension for the future; and, this being so, it is deeply to be regretted that the Heir-Apparent has not this year been deputed to represent the Sovereign to-morrow at Westminster.

"Now, putting other considerations aside, what is one result of the Queen's persistent abstention from the ceremonies incidental to the opening of the two Houses of the Legislature? Why, that the Sovereign—it must be unconsciously—plays into the hands of the Radicals and the discontented portions of the community generally. 'Oh!' say the leaders of the would-be abolitionists of Royalty, 'here is Parliament opening again without the Queen, whom we allow £385,000 a year for keeping out of our sight! What is the use of Royalty if we never see anything of it?'

Of course this is a reductio ad absurdum; nevertheless it is the argument adduced in hundreds of workmen's clubs by leather-lunged speakers, who find it the easiest matter in the world to take captive the minds of their hearers by means of this and other equally specious arguments. It cannot be denied, either, that such contentions possess a modicum of reason and commonsense. In all countries the people like to see that which they help to support; and it is therefore a thousand pities that the Queen cannot be brought to see how much pleasure would be afforded to the million were she to make it a rule to open Parliament in person."

Until his accession the Radical papers impressed their readers with the idea that the Heir-Apparent's attributes were solely those of a pleasure-loving Prince; and at the end of 1891 there was compiled a "Diary" showing the social engagements of the then Prince of Wales during that year. The marvel was that any one individual could have survived the physical fatigue resulting from so resolute and determined a performance of social duties, undertaken in order to prevent society from "falling into chaos and collapse." Multiply that one year by forty years, and the result might well "stagger humanity." Let the "Diary" speak for itself:

JANUARY

1.–Left Sandringham to shoot with Baron Hirsch at Wrotham Hall, Norfolk.

6.–Returned to Sandringham after five days' shooting with Baron Hirsch.

8.–Had Mr. Hare's theatrical company down to Sandringham to play.

12.–Arrived in London from Sandringham and dined with Colonel O. Montagu.

13.–Went to Newmarket for some shooting.

16.–Back to London; dined at the Amphitryon Club, and went to the Empire Theatre.

17.–Returned to Sandringham for shooting.

26.–Arrived in London.

28.–Returned to Sandringham.

31.–Arrived in London. Attended the opening of the English Opera House.

FEBRUARY

2.–Lunched with the Duke and Duchess of Fife. To the Opera Comique in the evening.

3.–To lunch with Count Kinsky. To the Haymarket Theatre in the evening.

4.–Presided at a meeting of the Naval Exhibition, and visited some picture galleries in the afternoon.

5.–Returned to Sandringham.

11.–Returned to London. To the Lyric Theatre in the evening.

12.–Dined with Lord Dudley at the Amphitryon Club.

13.–To the Court Theatre in the evening.

14.–To the Lyceum in the evening.

15.–(Sunday) Gave a dinner to several actors at the Marlborough Club.

17.–To Sandown Park Races, and in the evening to a ball at Covent Garden.

18.–To the Opera Comique in the evening.

19.–St. James's Theatre.

23.–Lyceum Theatre.

24.–To a dinner at the Amphitryon Club.

25.–Drury Lane Theatre.

27.–Sandown Park.

28.–Gave a dinner at Marlborough House, and witnessed Mrs. Langtry's new play.

MARCH

1.–Sunday at Windsor.

2.–Returned to London, and dined with Lord Carrington.

3.–To the Horse Show, and dined with Mr. Walter Gilbey.

4.–Smoking Concert at the Amateur Orchestral Society.

5.–The Horse Show, and in the evening to Lyceum.

6.–Sandown Park, and in the evening to St. James's Theatre.

7.–Sandown Park.

9.–St. James's Theatre.

10.–Gave a wedding-day dinner at Marlborough House.

14.–Dined at the Athenæum Club.

15.–(Sunday) To lunch with the King of the Belgians.

18.–Gave a dinner at Marlborough House to the King of the Belgians.

19.–Dined with Baron Ferdinand Rothschild.

23.–Went to Sandringham for the Easter holidays.

31.–Came to London for the day, and dined with several friends at the Marlborough Club.

APRIL

1.–Back to Sandringham for the rest of the Easter holidays.

6.–Came to London from Sandringham.

7.–Epsom Races.

8.–Epsom, and to the Princess's Theatre.

9.–Sandown Park. Dined with the Benchers of the Middle Temple.

10.–Sandown. Dined with Lord Calthorpe.

11.–Sandown, and back in the evening to Sandringham.

13.–West Norfolk Steeplechases.

14.–Newmarket till Thursday.

15.–Newmarket.

16.–Newmarket, and back to London. Prince of Wales's Theatre.

21.–Covent Garden Opera.

22.–Dined with the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough to "send off" Lord Randolph Churchill.

24.–Naval Exhibition.

25.–To Kingsclere to see his horses, and in the evening to the Opera.

26.–(Sunday) Dined at the Garrick Club to meet Mr. Toole.

27.–Covent Garden Theatre.

28.–Newmarket for the Two Thousand week.

29.–Newmarket.

30.–Newmarket.

May

1.–Newmarket, and back to London. The Opera.

2.–Opened the Naval Exhibition and attended the dinner of the Royal Academy.

4.–Dined with the Duchess of Manchester.

6.–Dined with the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

8.–Kempton Park. Opera at Covent Garden.

9.–Kempton. Covent Garden Theatre.

10.–(Sunday) Dined with Mr. Arthur Sassoon.

11.–To Mr. Sims Reeves's farewell concert at the Albert Hall and afterwards to Lady Rothschild's ball.

12.–To Messrs. Graves's Picture Gallery, and in the evening to the Opera.

13.–Suffering from influenza.

14.–Court Theatre.

15.–Gave a luncheon at Marlborough House, and drove out in the afternoon.

16.–Covent Garden Opera.

17.–To lunch with the Duke of Fife, and to see his new-born grandchild.

18.–Horse Show at Islington.

19.–To lunch with the Queen at Windsor, and to the Opera in the evening.

20.–Dined with Mr. Rose at the Amphitryon Club.

21.–Prince of Wales's Theatre.

23.–Dinner of the 1st Life Guards.

25.–Dinner of the Grenadier Guards' Club.

26.–Epsom.

27.–To Epsom for the Derby, and gave the usual dinner to the Jockey Club.

28.–Epsom. Dinner of the 10th Hussars.

29.–Epsom.

30.–Dined with Lord Salisbury, to celebrate the Queen's birthday.

JUNE

1.–Attended the Cumming-Wilson action.

2.–Gave evidence in the action; to the Opera in the evening.

3.–Attended the action in the morning; Military Tournament in the afternoon; ball at Buckingham Palace in the evening.

4.–To the Law Courts in the morning. Dined with Colonel Montagu.

5.–At the Law Courts. Later held a Levee.

8.–Ascot for the race week, after attending the Courts.

9, 10, 11, and 12.–Ascot.

13.–To a cricket match at Windsor and a water party at Virginia Water.

14.–To a military church service at Windsor and lunch with the 2nd Life Guards.

15.–Back to London. Royalty Theatre in the evening.

16.–To the Duke and Duchess of Teck's silver wedding fête and afterwards to the Opera.

17.–State concert.

18.–Dined with the Duke of Cambridge.

19.–Sandown Park. Dined with Lady Brooke.

20.–To Eastbourne to lunch with Lord Hartington, and back to dine and sleep at Windsor.

21.–(Sunday) Returned to London. Evening party at Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's.

22.–Miss Ponsonby's wedding. Dined with the Russian Ambassador.

23.–On a visit to Lord Fitzwilliam for the Doncaster Show.

24.–To the Show at Doncaster, and lunched there.

25.–Back to London and to the State concert.

26.–Dined with Lord and Lady Londonderry.

28.–Opera and Mrs. Stanhope's reception.

29.–Dined with the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.

30.–Newmarket.

JULY

1.–Newmarket.

2.–Newmarket, and then to Sandringham.

3.–Attended the sale of his farm stock, and back to London for the Duchess of Portland's ball.

4.–Met the German Emperor at Port Victoria, and accompanied him to Windsor.

4 to 8.–At Windsor Castle for the wedding festivities of his niece.

8.–Came to London, dined at Buckingham Palace, and attended the State representation at the Opera.

9.–Lunched with Lord Londonderry, gave a garden party at Marlborough House, and to concert at Albert Hall.

10.–To lunch at the Guildhall. Dined with the Duke of Cambridge, and to State ball.

11.–Lunched at the German Embassy. Attended Volunteer Review at Wimbledon, and dined at the Crystal Palace.

12.–To Hatfield, on a visit to Lord Salisbury.

13.–Returned to London, dined with Lady Dudley, and saw the German Emperor off for Scotland.

14, 15, and 16.–At Newmarket.

17.–Returned to London. To the Savoy Theatre in the evening, and to the Duchess of Westminster's ball.

18.–To the wedding of the Hon. Julia Stonor, and afterwards to Waddesdon on a visit to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild.

20.–Back to London, and to the Countess Cadogan's dinner and ball.

22.–To dinner and ball at Lord Alington's.

23.–Gave a dinner at Marlborough House to the Prince of Naples.

24.–To a dinner and ball at Madame de Falbe's.

25.–To Luton Hoo on a Saturday to Monday visit to Madame de Falbe.

27.–To Goodwood, on a visit to the Duke of Richmond, for the races.

28, 29, 30, and 31.–At Goodwood.

AUGUST

1.–Left Goodwood for Cowes.

4.–To the dinner of the Royal Yacht Squadron at the Cowes Club.

4 to 10.–At Cowes for the regatta week.

10.–To London for the opening of the Health Congress, and to dine with Sir Andrew Clark.

13.–Back to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

14.–Returned to London and attended the Shaftesbury Theatre.

15.–To Paris by the Club train.

16.–(Sunday) Left Paris for Homburg.

17.–Stopped at Frankfort, and thence to Homburg for three weeks.

SEPTEMBER

9.–Returned to London.

10.–To the Comedy Theatre in the evening.

11.–Left London for Sandringham.

14.–Returned to London and attended Lord Dudley's wedding, and to the Avenue Theatre in the evening.

15.–Left for Scotland.

OCTOBER

8.–After three weeks in Scotland, returned to London.

9.–Savoy Theatre.

10.–To Sandringham from Saturday to Monday.

12.–To Newmarket for a day's shooting.

13.–At the races for four days, till the 16th.

16.–Returned to London after the races. Criterion Theatre.

17.–Opera Comique.

19.–Lunched at the Veterinary College, Camden Town. Italian Opera.

20.–Left London on a visit to Lord Cadogan in Suffolk.

25.–Returned to London, and dined at the Naval Exhibition.

27.–Left London to shoot near Newmarket, and then on to Newmarket for the races.

30.–After four days' racing at Newmarket, left for Easton Lodge on a visit to Lord and Lady Brooke.

31.–Over to Elsenham to see Mr. Walter Gilbey's horses.

NOVEMBER

2.–Left Easton Lodge for Sandringham, to see what damage the fire had done. Back to London. Gaiety Theatre.

3.–Dined with the Duke of Fife. Comedy Theatre.

4.–To Windsor for pheasant-shooting, and to Covent Garden Opera in the evening.

5.–Shaftesbury Theatre.

6.–Shooting at Windsor. Terry's Theatre in the evening.

7.–To Sandringham, where he entertained a birthday party.

9.–Celebrated his fiftieth birthday at Sandringham.

13.–After a week at Sandringham, returned to London.

14.–In London.

15.–Dined with Mr. Christopher Sykes.

16 to 18.–Detained at Marlborough House by his son's illness.

19.–To Goupil's picture galleries. Dined at Amphitryon Club.

21.–To the wedding and breakfast of Lady Sarah Spencer Churchill with Mr. Wilson.

23.–Victoria Picture Gallery. Lunched with Lady Dorothy Nevill.

24.–Left London for Luton to shoot with M. de Falbe.

28.–Returned to London, and dined with Mr. Alfred de Rothschild.

29.–Dined with the Duchess of Manchester.

30.–Shooting in Windsor Park. Dined at the Amphitryon.

December

1.–Gave a luncheon at Marlborough House for the Princess of Wales's birthday, and dined with the Duke of Cambridge.

2.–St. James's Theatre.

3.–Newmarket for three days' shooting.

5.–Returned to London. Royal Italian Opera.

7.–To the Cattle Show, and gave a family luncheon party at Marlborough House for his eldest son's betrothal.

8.–To the wedding of Prince Pless and Miss Cornwallis West; Savoy Theatre in the afternoon; dined with Mr. Henry Petre.

9.–School of Music Concert, and dinner of Civil Servants at the Hotel Metropole.

10.–To Sevenoaks for shooting with Sir H. James.

11.–Avenue Theatre.
12.–Shaftesbury Theatre.
14.–On a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle.
15.–To Welbeck Abbey on a visit to the Duke of Portland.
18.–After three days' shooting at Welbeck, returned to London.
19.–Dined with Lord and Lady Brooke.
21.–St. James's Theatre.
22.–Stock Exchange Smoking Concert, Princes' Hall, Piccadilly.
23.–Criterion Theatre.

This record of the ornamental work done by the Prince of Wales in one well-remembered year was intended to discredit him in the eyes of the public. It was published by the "Weekly Dispatch," then owned by Mrs. Ashton Dilke, sister-in-law of Sir Charles, to whose valuable "notebooks" Sir Sidney Lee has told us he was privileged to have access when preparing his monumental Memoir. This choice morsel of information was sent in all good faith by the Editor of the Dictionary to the "Daily Telegraph," which adduced it as an additional proof of the Dictionary's gaucheries.

The effect of the publication of the Diary was the reverse of what its compilers had anticipated. The classes addressed by Mrs. Dilke's paper were mostly traders, great and small—London tradespeople and their hundreds of thousands of "hands" in particular. All these, and all in a similar position in the country, knew that the more the Prince Leader of Society went about the better it was for trade—trade as represented by themselves. And they regarded the Diary, not as an indictment of the Prince of Wales, but as an index of the good he was doing by spending money on rational pleasures and causing others to spend it on entertaining himself and the friends of both hosts and guests. The Prince, always cheery and debonair, was keeping things going on behalf of the Queen, of whom Dr. Norman Macleod, speaking at Glasgow in 1871, said:

> I have never seen her in better spirits and stronger in mind than she is at present. At the same time I am far from saying that she has recovered her strength so as to be able to do more than she is doing; indeed I am certain that the Queen has done all that her nervous energy permits her to do. . . . It is a cruel and cowardly injustice the manner in which Her Majesty is often criticised when she cannot make any reply, but must endure in silence.

This might have been said with equal justice of the Prince in 1891.

Mr. Disraeli, also in 1871, testified to the Queen's habits of strict attention to all public business that claimed her supervision, although, he said, she was "physically incompetent for the discharge of mere ceremonial duties."

She delegated those duties to the Prince of Wales. How scrupulously he performed them the Diary shows, although only partly. Can any one believe that the Queen did not appreciate the efforts of the Prince (and the Princess) to replace her by discharging the "ceremonial duties" for which, in Disraeli's words, she was "physically incompetent"? To put it plainly, from his marriage in 1863 until the Queen's death in 1901 the Monarchical situation was saved over and over again by the activities of the Prince of Wales and the fascination of his consort.

We were told that the Prince had often wished to find relief in politics from the "sentry-go" of exhibition openings, hospital foundation-layings, and the like; and a writer who on some previous occasions had not laid himself open to the charge of flattery sagaciously remarked:

> From time to time the Prince struggled against the soul-deadening routine of his Royal existence, but when he ventured to make a way for himself he was politely but firmly thrust back. The visit to India was one welcome break in the dreary round, and his appointment as one of the Royal Commissioners on the Housing of the Poor was another. How on earth her Majesty's Ministers ever mustered up courage sufficient to permit the Heir-Apparent to touch, be it only with so much as one of his finger-tips, the responsible duties and burdens of citizenship remains to this day a mystery. Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister, which may account for it, and it deserves to be noted as a welcome and bold innovation, which, if it had been followed up, might have redeemed everything. Unfortunately, it was not followed up. The Prince attended all the sittings,

went "slumming" in the East End, invited the Commissioners to Sandringham, and in short did his first commission excellently well. But never again was he permitted to share in anything serious.

At the time referred to, the Labour Commission was to the fore, and it was known that all pertaining to the labour question, the housing of the poor, and similar questions had always occupied the closest attention of the Heir-Apparent:

It is an open secret that the Prince of Wales was very anxious to serve on the Labour Commission. He had served on the Commission on the Housing of the Poor, and he saw no reason why he should not be a member of the Commission which owed its existence to Sir John Gorst. But for reasons of State the Ministers of the Crown snubbed the Prince, and excluded him in the same arbitrary fashion as they excluded women from the list of their Commissioners. It is easy to see many good reasons why a prudent Prime Minister might deem it undesirable to sandwich the Prince between Mr. Livesey and Tom Mann. But it is equally easy to see that if the Prince had occupied a seat on the Commission it would have brought him into close contact with the stern realities of existence among the poor, and would have given him opportunities of which he would have been able to avail himself to use his undoubted abilities in the service of the nation.

An ideal position for the Prince would have been that of Viceroy of Ireland, which (the Princess concurring) he was willing and ready to accept. Was it the Queen who blocked the way?

The good time was long coming; but it came, and the periodical "openings" of Parliament by the King brought home to the people the great truth that Monarchical decadence had given place to Monarchical vitality—a vitality which remains unimpaired, and is being greatly strengthened by the Fifth of the Georges.

It was a sumptuous pageant which, in the last reign, successive springs brought before our gaze—a pageant such as we cannot feast our eyes upon in any other of the world's capitals: a pageant of gold and purple, of ermine and plumes, of richly-caparisoned horses, of bravely-clad servitors, of officials in tabards, of all the panoply of State. That long cortège of the Sovereigns wending its way to Old Westminster to speed the Lords and Commons on their laborious task—what a grandiose panorama! We crane our necks to watch its passage once again, for there is always about it something fresh and quaint—something which we do not remember to have seen last year, or the year before, or a score of years ago. The State coach was "drawn by eight cream-coloured horses"—oh, that delightful old cliché, how often have we not read it! The chroniclers revel in describing it all, as well they may. The artist limns it as deftly as of yore, and that modern creation, the snapshotter, glides through the serried ranks of citizens, and guards of honour, and files of mounted police, and constables on foot, exulting, doubtless, in the triumph of the unobtrusive little box of tricks over the antiquated pencil and notebook, held with numbed fingers, while often the snowflakes are falling or the clouds are discharging their deluges. And so one picture passes.

Then the panorama shows us Victoria Tower, where the " setting down " is performed. With slow steps, and stately, goes the King, fresh from Paris—as cheerful of face, as radiant, as debonair as we were wont to see him ere he had " come to forty year." The incarnation of humour, which he cannot disguise under the mask of decorous gravity—such is our Royal Master, Edward the Seventh. And in the Royal Lady have we not the incarnation of grace and the quintessence of beauty? Even so. . . . Here are the Great Officers of State, proudly conducting the Sovereigns up the staircase to the Robing Room, into which no curious eyes may peer. There pass before our dazzled vision the Pursuivants, Heralds, Equerries-in-Waiting, Gentlemen Ushers, Grooms-in-Waiting, Gentleman Usher to the Robes, Comptroller and Treasurer of the Royal Household, the King's Private Secretary, Keeper of the Privy Purse, Norroy King of Arms, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Garter Principal King of Arms, Earl Marshal, and Lord Great Chamberlain.

Comes the Sword of State—mighty emblem of power!—borne in front of the Sovereign by a Peer, as a rule a member of the Government; and then a gay cohort—Lady of the Bedchamber,

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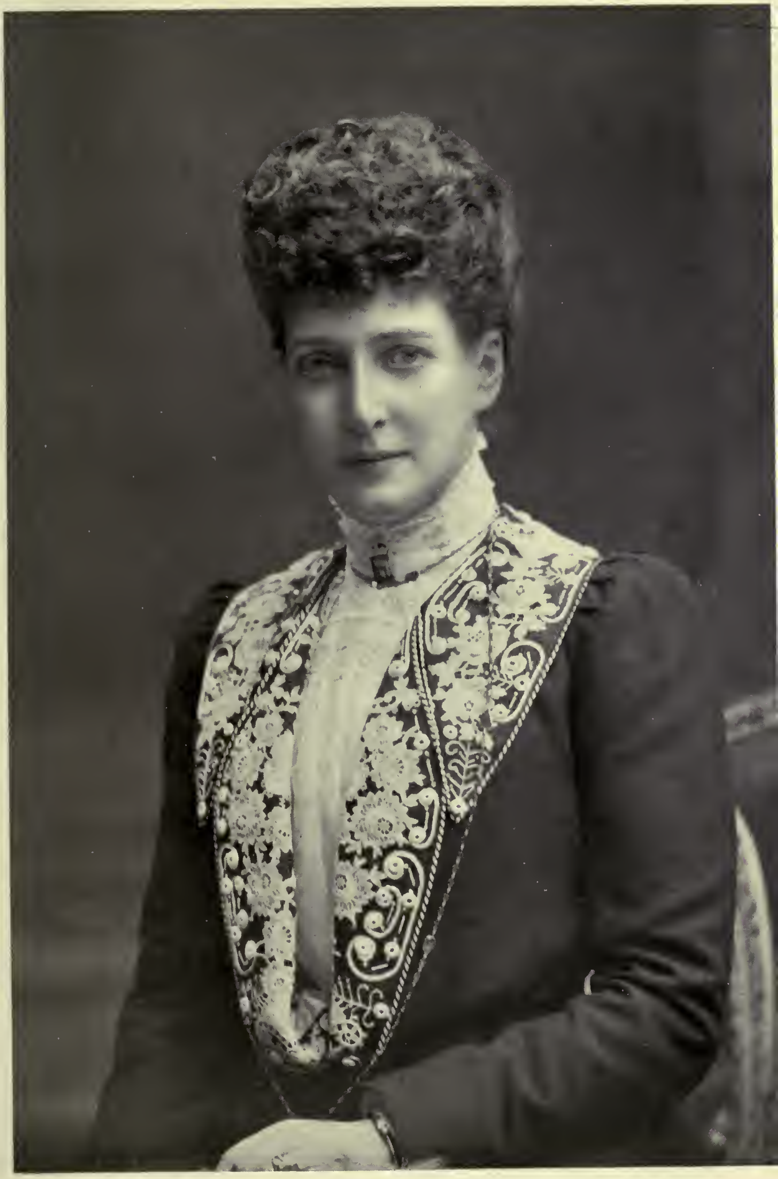

Photo] [*Lafayette.*

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Mistress of the Robes, Woman of the Bedchamber, Master of the Horse, Lord Steward, Lord-in-Waiting to the King, Queen's Lord Chamberlain, Pages of Honour, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, Gold Stick, Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, Gentleman Usher of the Sword of State, Field Officer in Brigade Waiting, Silver Stick in Waiting; and the splendid procession closes with the appearance of the Officers of the Yeomen of the Guard, that historic guard known to all and sundry of the lieges as the Beefeaters.

The blare of trumpets stirs the blood and quickens the imagination the while the Imperial cortège passes, with measured tread and slow, through the Royal Gallery, crowded, but not uncomfortably, by eight hundred favoured mortals; then traverses the Prince's Chamber, and so into the great gilded Chamber of the Peers, where the mellow light falls upon beautiful women, resplendent garb, and jewels, and plumes. Ambassadors and Ministers mingle among Right Reverend prelates, and, between the Ministerial and the Opposition benches, lo! "the Judges all ranged, a terrible show!" They cast furtive glances around, and murmur in low tones to one another, do these lights of the Law, and who shall say what grim jokes they crack amidst all this glitter and gorgeousness, if but to relieve the tedium of the long wait? Peeresses and their daughters—any number of them—make a bright picture; here and there some splendidly-apparelled grandes dames find the spectacle a trifle tiring, for they have seen it so often that the gilt has vanished from the gingerbread.

Now on the throne the King has taken his place. Now Alexandra Regina is in her chair of State, to her consort's left. On the steps the Cap of Maintenance is borne by this Peer, the Sword of State by that one. Edward the King, through the Lord Great Chamberlain, commands Black Rod to summon the faithful Commons to attend him in the House of Peers. There is a wait. We know what is happening. As the portentous news reaches the members of the Lower House (where they are doing nothing in particular) the doors are hastily closed and locked. Black Rod delivers the legendary three taps at the portal, which summons operates as an "open sesame." . . . He advances to the Table with a profound obeisance, twice repeated, and, sometimes boldly, sometimes with no inconsiderable trepidation, speaks his little speech: "Mr. Speaker, —The King commands this honourable House to attend His Majesty immediately in the House of Peers."

And then? Deign to look yet once again on the painted strip of canvas, and you will observe the rush of the Commons to the "other place," the hush which comes over all, the regal form standing, and the reading, in resonant, clear tones, of the King's Speech. It is all over. The glittering pageant becomes a dissolving view; and the rest is—newspaper!

Once more! Once more music is in the air and sunshine in the sky, and the great doors of the Palace of Westminster are thrown open for the representation of the great national drama of Parliament. And once again (January 1908) we are in the Mall, shorn of much of its leafy glory, but beautified and modernised, transformed by the Ruler's wand into the grandest boulevard in Europe. It is Processional Road now, and under the white-flecked blue canopy, in a blaze of winter sunshine, King and Queen pass between two living walls. They have come forth, once more, to open Parliament. Hold high your babes, ye mothers, for their eyes to fall upon the fairest of womankind, the mightiest of men—Alexandra Queen and Edward King, Seventh of his name.—

> Rex est qui metuit nihil;
> Rex est qui cupit nihil—

a King who fears nothing, a King who desires nothing. Seneca's words might well be graven on his shield. And so they pass in the gold chariot, and the red and the white plumes nod, and the steel weapons flash, and the rosetted Yeomen, with their halberds, proud of mien, close round the Sovereigns. Much to be envied are all who see this superb picture for the first time. It lingers in the cells of memory like a beautiful dream.

Now we are in the Palace of St. Stephen itself, and the gorgeous spectacle dazzles us to-day as it stupefied us by its colour in the years that are gone—the years when the Sovereign's appearances were sadly fitful. The corridors are ablaze with uniforms; Peeresses in sweeping trains, bejewelled, radiant (some) in beauty; here is a Pursuivant, there a Herald; here are Lords-in-Waiting, Court officials of every grade; Field-Marshals and Generals, Lord Chancellor's secretaries, jostling Peers in scarlet robes and ermine collars; the Archbishops, in scarlet and capes of ermine; Judges, some in scarlet and white, others in black and gold; and Ambassadors and Ministers, in gold and in silver embroidered coats: like the glittering pieces of a kaleidoscope, shaken up by children's tiny hands. You gaze upon it with bewildered look, until a feeling of vertigo creeps insensibly over you and reduces your thinking powers to nothingness. You are glad to see a grey stone wall before you for a change!

Fortunate for you should you be placed in one of the galleries, for then you will see a sight not to be paralleled in any Parliament House in the world. This is not to say that at Rome, and Madrid, and Vienna, and St. Petersburg there are no scenes of splendour—far from it. But here, at Westminster, there is about this historic function a certain solidity which makes it unique. Call this insular, call it chauvinistic, call it anything you will; but there it is, and none know it better than those who have witnessed all the spectacles which the capitals furnish year in year out. There is King Edward himself to symbolise it: a living picture of power, and gravity, and grace, and—I dare to say it—stolidity. None could better play the part. He enters the Chamber leading the peerless Lady by the hand. Bareheaded, he advances through a multi-coloured human hedge in his crimson velvet gold-laced robe and flowing ermine mantle, the white-plumed Field-Marshal's hat in his left hand. Anon the robe is thrown back, revealing the scarlet uniform and the Garter ribbon. Queen Alexandra is a vision of splendour; the corsage glittering with the jewelled insignia of her Orders; the swan-like neck decked with pearls —a rope of them. The Gentleman Usher to the Robes performs his function, and then we hear the King say, in a tone at once dignified and familiar, "My Lords, pray be seated," and those near enough to catch the inflection note the trill of the r's.

The imposing figure immediately to the Sovereign's right is that of the Lord Chancellor,[1] whom one remembers in and about the Temple long years before he had dreams of the Woolsack, when, as yet, briefs were not too plentiful, and when the daily lunch—coffee, roll, and butter, sixpence—was at "Groom's." Now he is bravely clad in a Baron's robes, and on his head is the Chancellor's whity-grey wig. There, close alongside the Sovereigns, is Lord Crewe, with the Imperial Crown of gold and diamonds, the "cap" of dull purple. There, Lord Winchester holds the crimson-purple Cap of Maintenance, on a short staff. The Earl Marshal stands at the foot of the Throne—a sympathetic personality; the one man who scorns gloves.

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[1] Lord Loreburn, who was succeeded by Lord Haldane.

CHAPTER V

THE "FIRST GENTLEMAN" ABROAD

Circumstances have imposed upon the Prince of Wales the crushing duties of a Sovereign, and he has carried them out with honour and devotion. More than one institution owes its existence to the interest taken in it by the first gentleman in England.[1]

Life is composed of duties, and in the due, punctual, and truthful performance of those duties the true Christian, the true soldier, and the true gentleman is recognised. To the servants and those below you you will always be courteous and kind, remembering that, by having engaged to serve you in return for certain money payments, they have not surrendered the dignity which belongs to them as brother men and Christians.[2]

The King goes touring about, about,
With his comely face and his jovial smile;
You hear the Foreigners' soulful shout,
"O, linger with us a while, a while,
If only a little while!
A King of warrant, a King, a King!
We'll give him welcome if he'll but come,
For he's the Monarch to make things hum—
The King, the runabout King!"

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[1] Mr. Gladstone.

[2] Memorandum written by Queen Victoria for the Prince of Wales on his seventeenth birthday (1858), quoted by Lord Portsmouth at the unveiling of a statue to King Edward, at Tiverton, Devon, May 23, 1912.

So he goes to Paris—he gladly goes;
  They joy to see him; he likes them, too.
Wherever he travels the money flows,
  And he bids all a How-d'ye-do, d'ye do?
  He bids them a How-d'ye-do?
A King of warrant, a King, a King!
He knew his Paris this long ago—
Tell me, sirs, what he *doesn't* know,
The King, the runabout King!

To Biarritz now; make way, make way!
  Oh, the furbishing up before he appears!
The men bow low, and the fiddles play,
  And the ladies beam, the dears, the dears!
  The native and foreign dears!
A King of warrant, a King, a King!
"Where is the motor-car? Bring it out—
His Majesty's coming," you hear them shout—
The King, the runabout King!

The good ship's waiting across the sea:
  Toulon! Toulon! is the cry this morn.
"The Queen is calling for me, for me!"
  And Biarritz looks forlorn, forlorn—
  No wonder it looks forlorn!
A King of warrant, a King, a King!
He says to the captain, "Full steam ahead
For Cartagena." They're painting it red
For the King, the runabout King!

"Where next, where next?" And they make reply,
  "To Malta, an' it please you, Sire."
"Well, hurry along, tho' the sea runs high,
  For such is Our desire, desire,
  Tho' the waves mount higher and higher!"
A King of warrant, a King, a King!
How all Melita doth laugh and skip—
Hear them giving a hip, hip, hip
For the King, the runabout King!

A call comes up from the Royal saloon,
  "Weigh the anchor—for Naples steer;
Send a 'wireless' saying we're coming soon—
  Are those the big guns I hear, I hear?
  We surely can't be so near!"
A King of warrant, a potent King—
See Victor Emmanuel grip his hand,
While all around at attention stand
To greet the runabout King.

So, "Kölnische Zeitung," stow your gab;
  "Rundschau" and "Tageblatt," lie you down;
Pin-prick you may, but you shall not stab
  The wearer of Britain's Crown, our Crown—
  We're proud of our ancient Crown.
A King of warrant, a King, a King!
List to the shoutings of lusty throats,
From far Land's End unto John o' Groats,
For our King, our runabout King!—E. L.

In the summer of 1897 I was at Marienbad for a course of the waters.[1] The place was then very small compared with what it used to be, although from quite early in the nineteenth century the little spa had been visited by sovereigns, princes, the high nobility, and the élite of the world of literature, including Goethe, who went there three times at the beginning of the twenties of the nineteenth century. Other great men repaired to the healing waters, which, combined with the air of the pine-forests, gave them renewed health and vigour. It was at Marienbad that Wagner, torn by the conflicts everywhere going on around him, sought shelter. Here, tradition says, he wrote the "Flying Dutchman," or "Tann-

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[1] A. Levetus.

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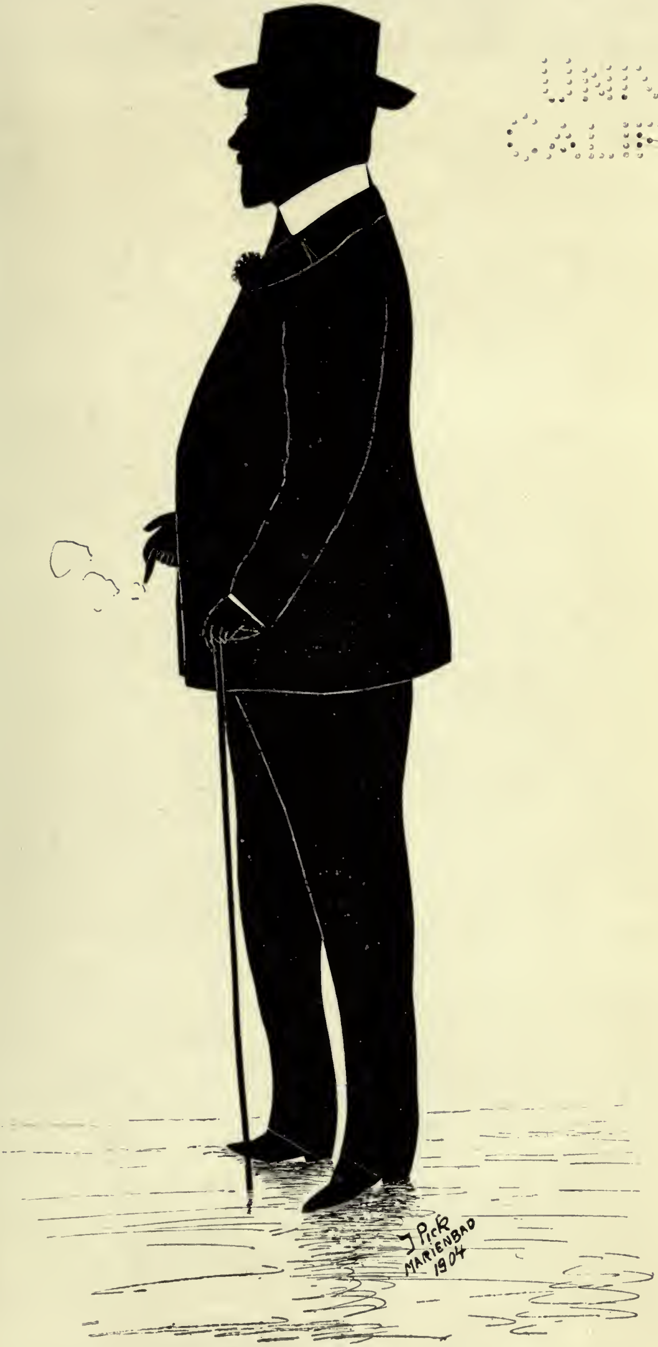

J Pick
MARIENBAD
1904

King Edward after his Cure at Marienbad in 1904.
From a hitherto unpublished sketch.

häuser"—one is not sure which—but no doubt he did compose something there, and the house still remains to tell us where he lived, while "Goethe Haus" reminds us of the visits of this universal genius. Many English people frequented the place. Every day during his brief summer holiday, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and others were seen sipping their waters on the promenade or wandering in the charming woods.

The season 1897 was an eventful one. The Archduke Ludwig Victor had been here, and the excitement caused by his visit had not subsided when it was noised about that a great English personage was coming, and that rooms had been taken at the Hotel Klinger for him and his suite: a great English lord, so it was said: and this fact was confirmed by a lady of my acquaintance who was obliged to give up her rooms, which were required for this personage. Just then the English papers were guessing where the Prince of Wales was going that year; it was certain he was not going to Homburg. I put two and two together, and concluded that the mysterious personage who was about to reside at the Hotel Klinger must be the Prince of Wales. And later I knew that "Lord Renfrew" was indeed coming.

The Prince came, I think, on August 11. By that time, everybody in Marienbad knew all about it. The visitors lined the streets to watch his arrival; the photographers, amateur and professional, were eager to secure snapshots, but few were taken because the authorities were in possession of the coigns of vantage. Who would be his doctor? The Prince naturally went to Dr. Ott, father of the present doctor, who was, I think, his physician, after the second visit, the senior having retired.

The Prince passed his days as did the other guests. In the early morning he wandered up and down the promenade, listening to the music and sipping his water. He then either took his bath or wandered through the woods, breakfasting at one or other of the cafés situated in the woods, which are so great a feature of Marienbad. He was soon the best-known man in Marienbad, and won the esteem of everybody with whom he came into contact. He distributed his favours equally. There was hardly a café or restaurant which he did not patronise at least once. He went freely among the people, and passed as easily through the throng as the humblest of us. All had got accustomed to his presence, and curiosity was stilled. He did much shopping, buying hats at Pistl's, deep-red roses from the old women, embroideries and fine linen at Fischl's, the rendezvous for years of all the notable folk of every nation who visited Marienbad.

The renowned General the Marquis de Galliffet was a frequent visitor for very many years, and had often expressed a wish to die in Marienbad. Probably it was this hero of the cavalry charges at Sedan who persuaded the Prince of Wales to take the Marienbad waters. But they were never there together.

The Prince amused himself in many ways; for shooting he was invited by Prince Richard Metternich, then the head of the house, and his wife, Princess Mélanie Metternich-Winneburg, herself an excellent shot. Their seat was at Königswart, a four hours' ramble through the woods; but, naturally, the Prince drove. Here he was a very frequent guest, and the Prince's friends were asked to meet him. Princess Titi, only daughter of the late Prince, is a very fine violinist, and there was much beautiful music. The only son, now the reigning Prince, Dr. Clemens Metternich, and his father, Prince Richard, often visited our Prince at the Hotel Klinger, and accompanied him on his drives. The Metternichs had an English governess, Miss Neville, who had been with Princess Titi many years. The Prince, with his usual courtesy, paid some little attention to the old lady.

A beautiful story, and a true one, shows how real a gentleman he was. One afternoon it was decided that the whole party—Prince and Princess Metternich, Princess Titi, Prince Clemens, and all the other guests—should be photographed in a group on the lawn before Schloss Königswart. One or two pictures had been taken when the Prince of Wales noticed that Miss Neville was absent. He requested his hostess to send for her, and so it happens that Miss Neville forms one of the group of an excellent photograph.

"Every Sunday His Royal Highness attends the English Church"—so it was said in 1897; but I know he did not. Naturally the good English people thought he ought to have shut himself up there for a short time, instead of taking his walk in the woods. In later years he went to church every Sunday.

The visitors venerated the Prince, and still more the King; many of them, after he had left Fischl's shop, went in on some pretext or other, asked on which chair he had sat, and made their "reverences" before it. It would have vexed him had this reached his ears. "Kowtowing to an empty chair! How ridiculous!" he would have said.

It was his geniality which won all hearts. I remember how surprised everybody was to hear that, when he said adieu to Marienbad that first time, he shook hands with even the humblest of those who had served him—a gracious act, till then unknown in Austria, but since happily followed. With this Prince everything was so natural; that is what all felt. He made excursions to Karlsbad, Franzensbad, the Premonstratensian Monastery at Tepl, and other places. The whole of Marienbad belongs to that Monastery, and the mineral sources are under the Abbot's own management. There is a wonderful library there, with many rare manuscripts, which greatly interested the Prince. During his many visits he was a frequent guest at the Monastery, and with the Abbot and some of the monks he chatted continually. His evenings were spent at the theatre, at concerts, or in walks through the woods.

The second time the Prince of Wales visited Marienbad was during the Boer war. He could not conceal his anxiety, which adversely influenced his cure. News was brought every day, and people realised that he thought seriously about politics and matters of state. In previous years the trivialities and the bêtises published in the English papers about the future Sovereign were commented upon, and unfortunately believed, by Continental peoples, who, contrary to the English, prided themselves on their knowledge of foreign tongues, and read the English papers. It was that form of gossip which made so many believe that when he ascended the throne he would be a roi fainéant, or something like one. And I remember somebody telling me that history would repeat itself and we should have another Richard II. People had got into a light manner of speaking about the Prince of Wales which was extremely annoying to one who believed that, given the chance, he would prove his greatness. But the Boer war presented the Prince in another and a better aspect to those who had hitherto judged him only from externals.

Marienbad has become famous through King Edward. After his first visit he always stayed at the Hotel Weimar, which is situated on the highest point, and commands the whole town. It is, moreover, in that part which first rose, and from the beginning was patronised by the chief visitors. The Goethe Haus is next door to it; the Richard Wagner Haus but a few steps away. Then the

Hotel Weimar had nothing to distinguish it from other small hotels in Marienbad ; now it is a vast establishment, replete, as the advertisements say, "with every luxury." The King's apartments are still kept as they were in those days when he paid his annual visit. The hôtelier has kept all in order, and so it is to remain.

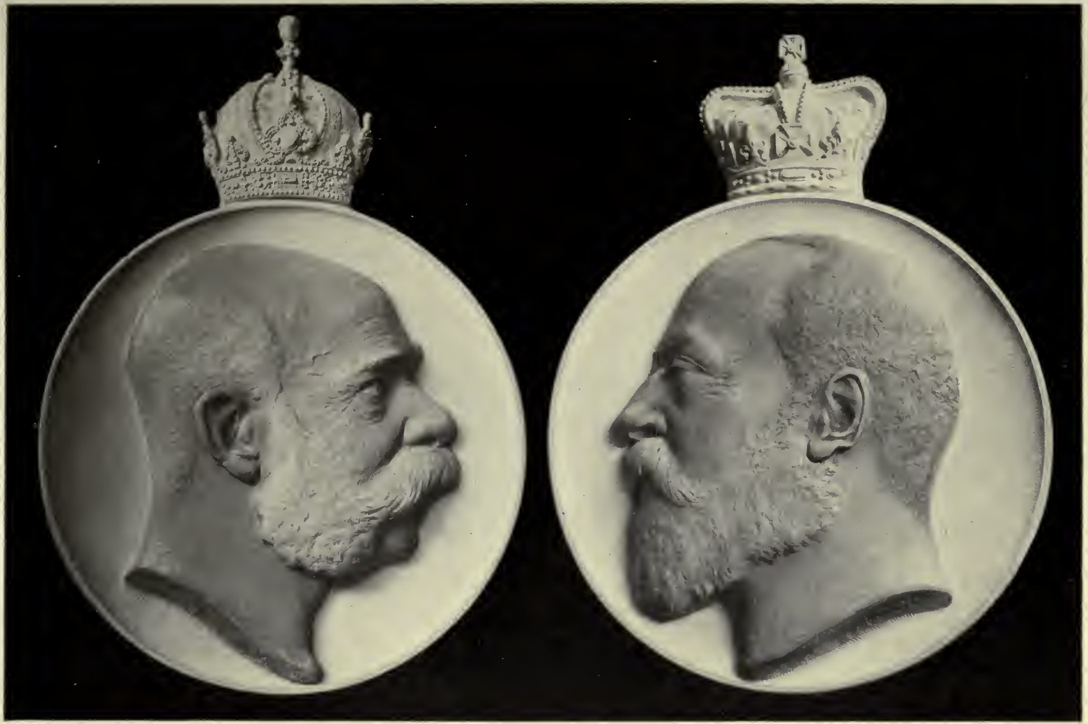
But not only has the Hotel Weimar grown, but the whole of Marienbad; it is very different from the tiny spa, buried in a nest of wooded hills, as I first knew it twenty years ago. No doubt Marienbad would have grown even without the King's visit ; but his visits have lengthened the season, which formerly ended early in August, but now extends to September. His visits, moreover, made Marienbad known all over the world, and brought visitors from every part. Marienbad has, then, every reason to be grateful to King Edward. He, too, was grateful to Marienbad, and expressed his intention to go there every year as long as he lived. It was on the King's initiative that the golf links were laid out, and during his stay he was to be seen there every afternoon. He was also often at the lawn-tennis matches, and always gave a prize. The theatre has assumed quite another aspect since the Prince of Wales first visited it in August 1897. It, too, has an extended season. At first the usual performances were given ; later a "star" was engaged, but the King was too great a lover of the German drama to be content with inferior pieces. As soon as this was known, some of the best plays were given, and when the Director found how great an admirer of Wagner His Majesty was he gave performances such as had never before been seen in this little theatre. More than once it resembled a miniature Covent Garden—the ladies in beautiful toilettes, and wearing their treasures of jewels; the men in uniforms. I recall such a scene one night when the great singers came over from Bayreuth to perform before the King acts from his favourite Wagnerian opera. The house was a veritable théâtre paré.

Marienbad's memorial to King Edward, under the colonnade, is a marble bust in relief, by the sculptor Hujer. During His Majesty's life a small promenade was made parallel to the great colonnade. It is adorned with a double plinth, bearing on its face large bronze medallions of King Edward and Kaiser Franz Josef, the work of the Vienna sculptor, Gustav Gurschner, to commemorate the visit of the Emperor to the King. That meeting will go down to posterity in the history of Marienbad. The Emperor had only been there once before—the year he ascended the throne of Austria. He was then accompanied by his brothers, Ferdinand Maximilian (who later became Emperor of Mexico) and Karl Ludwig.

It was on Thursday, August 16, 1904, that the historical interview took place. King Edward wore his unform of an Austrian marshal, with the ribbon of the Order of St. Stefan. He awaited the Emperor on the platform of the little station. With him were the Duke of Teck, Sir Horace

Plunkett, Ambassador at Vienna; Count Mensdorff, Austrian Ambassador then, as now, in London; Count Coudenhove, Major-General Sir Stanley Clarke, Captain (now Sir Frederick) Ponsonby, Mr. Johnstone and Mr. G. Rennee, First and Second Secretaries to the English Embassy in Vienna; Count Trautmannsdorf, Prince Metternich and his son, Prince Dr. Clemens Metternich; General Königswart, Wenzel, Freiherr Holz von Dobaz, Geheimrat F.M.L. Heiligenkreuz, Carl Erwin, Count Nostitz-Rieneck, Carl Max Count Zedtwitz, Count Berchem, Prince Jaroslaw Lobkowitz, Count Bruno Zedtwitz, and many other Austrian and Hungarian notables. The Emperor wore his uniform of an English admiral. The two Monarchs embraced and then shook hands with the members of the suite and the others.

The Emperor remained twenty-four hours, returning to Ischl for August 18, where he always spends his birthday. King Edward gave a dinner at the Hotel Weimar to the Emperor, inviting the Duke of Teck, Count Paar, General der Cavallerie; Colonel Ramel-Dietrichstein, Hofrat Dr. Kerzl, Count Coudenhove, Count Mensdorff, a favourite at our Court; Bezirkshauptmann Pezzelin, Prälat Gilbert Helmer, Sir Schomberg McDonnell, the Hon. Sidney Greville, the Hon. Allan Johnstone, the Burgomaster, Dr. Nadler; Dr. Ernest Ott, Mr. Rennee, Major-General Sir Stanley Clarke, and Captain Ponsonby. King Edward drew up the menu, taking care to order the dishes which the Emperor preferred.



Photo] [*Schramm, Vienna.*

BRONZE RELIEF OF H.I.M. FRANZ JOSEF AND H.M. KING EDWARD VII.
(In King Edward's Walk, Marienbad.)
Reproduced by special permission of the eminent Vienna sculptor, Gustav Gurschner.

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Before the meal the Austrian National Hymn was played. After dinner came the English Anthem. In the evening, Marienbad was illuminated, and Emperor and King wandered about the streets chatting.

The Emperor stopped at the Villa "Luginsland," which was bequeathed to the town of Marienbad by Mr. Max Klinger, brother of the owner of the "Klinger" when the Prince of Wales stayed there, on condition that it was to be used only for royal guests and nobles. The Emperor was the first of these sojourners.

Marienbad has to thank King Edward for the visit of the King of Greece in August 1903, when the brothers-in-law spent a very happy time together.

In 1906, the Prince (now King) of Bulgaria paid a visit to King Edward at Marienbad; and again a dinner was given by the King in his apartments at the Hotel Weimar, when the following were present:—Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the Duc d'Orléans, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, General Sir Stanley Clarke, Sir Edward Goschen, General Markow, Sir Sidney Greville, Major Ponsonby, Mr. Ernest Scott, of the Vienna Embassy; Abbot Helmer, the Burgomaster, Dr. Dietl. Bezirkshauptmann Pezzelin, Dr. Ernest Ott, Corvettenkapitän Frankl, and the Marquis de Soveral.

In 1907 another grand dinner was given by the King to the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrowitz, the Prince and Princess of Oldenburg, the Duke of Teck, and others. After dinner the whole party wandered in the woods till they came to the Egerlander Café. On their way they stopped at the open-air atelier of Mr. G. Pick, the well-known silhouette-cutter, who visits Marienbad every year, and who had frequently cut out portraits of the King, the first time when he was Prince of Wales. The whole party were now silhouetted by Pick.

Events were much the same as those noted during all the visits of the King. They did not change; only the people who happened to be there gave the place another face. All with whom the King came into contact say he was a Man first, and then a King. But he was always a King in the charm and geniality of his manner. There was something so unaffected about him, particularly in his intercourse with those of the lower ranks of life, that everybody worshipped him.

In 1899, when the Prince of Wales was for the second time at Marienbad, pneumatic tyres were very uncommon. When the Prince arrived not a carriage possessed them, and he could not go for his drive in the woods. A man called Paprika Schlesinger (since dead), who had boot shops in different parts of Austria, including Marienbad, was very anxious to lend the Prince his carriage, which had pneumatic tyres. As he did not know how to distinguish the Royal visitors from others, he came to me in a great hurry and asked me which was the Prince of Wales. I pointed him out, but no sooner had I uttered the words, "the Prince of Wales," than Schlesinger dashed off, stopped before the Prince, and, with a low bow, offered the use of his carriage. The Prince accepted gladly. A day or two afterwards, at Karlsbad, I saw a photograph in Paprika Schlesinger's shop window, labelled: "On this day the Prince of Wales drove in this carriage."

As the King was walking on the Podhorn he saw a veteran, with whom he entered into conversation. The old soldier, who did not know to whom he was speaking, explained the view and the points of interest. The King asked him about the year "sixty-six," when the veteran had fought at Königgratz. After a time they parted, cordially shaking hands, and the King invited him to breakfast next day at the "Weimar." The old man came, was received as an honoured guest, had breakfast, and was presented with a new ribbon for his medal and something more substantial.

One day the King, accompanied by his dog, went to visit Mrs. Standish in her lodgings at the Goldener Falke. Madame Du Bos was expected that day, and a large cake had been prepared, cut in slices, but placed together in form. The rooms of these two ladies opened on the same balcony, and the windows were open. While his master was talking to Mrs. Standish the venturesome dog had a look round. Presently a bell rang, cries were heard, "Der hund ist schlecht" ("The dog is ill. What is the matter with him? He is choking"), and all was bustle and excitement till they found that a piece of cake was missing. The King's dog must have stolen it, and the crumbs had stuck in his throat. It was a painful moment for the King and all concerned—not forgetting the dog.

The first time King Edward went boar-hunting he was the guest of the Archduke Rudolph. The famous artist, Pausinger, a great favourite of the Archduke, accompanied them, and painted a picture of the Prince of Wales and the Austrian Archduke hunting in the Slavonian primeval oak forests. Pausinger told me this charming story. It is inédit, and shows that Edward VII. was not only a King, but, in Vambéry's phrase, a Man—one with a heart of gold. In the villages near the scene of the boar-hunt the people were unaware that their Crown Prince was in the woods; of the Prince of Wales they had never heard. After the sport a basket of provisions, brought with them by the two Princes, was opened in the presence of several villagers. Among them was a young girl, looking very cold and pinched. Our Prince noticed her wan figure, and, before taking bite or sup himself, gave her some sherry from his flask and a handful of his sandwiches. Then, refilling the cup, he drank from it without rinsing it out. If, as a sardonic Frenchman once wrote, "kings and valets are made from the refuse clay of creation," Edward VII. certainly did not come within that category.

In order to do honour to King Edward when he reached Ischl the young girls spending the summer there wore the national costume still affected by the natives of the Salzkammergut, and, provided with baskets of flowers, formed an espalier, through which the Emperor and King walked to the carriages waiting for them outside the station. Their path was strewn with flowers. The espalier was a long one, for the women of the place and their daughters were there, all displaying the English and Austrian colours. There was also a gathering of British girls and a few Australians. The latter caused much discussion in the "Neue Freie Presse." Naturally the English correspondents noted the presence of the Australians, the young girls of the party being in Ischl national costume. But the correspondents did not know the difference between Australians and Austrians. It was the Australian girls who made an English flag in honour of the King, and carried it proudly aloft. The actual facts were these: Some Australians (friends of mine) were staying in Aussee, a beautiful place near Ischl, about two hours' railway journey, and we made up our minds to see the King. The most enthusiastic of us all was an old lady from Melbourne, Mrs. Watson, who had seen King Edward more than fifty years previously, and naturally wished to see him again. She had gone to Australia more than half a century before, and had never returned to England. She is now (1913) living in London. As soon as we knew that the King was to be there, we scoured all the shops for material to make the flags which we carried. They were large ones, so that the King could not fail to see them. I am sure that, had he known an old lady was there from Australia, he would, in the greatness of his heart, have spoken to her. Mrs. Watson came to Vienna with her daughter and grandchildren, as her granddaughter was to study the violin under Professor Rosé. Her name is Leila Doubleday, and she has since made a name as a violinist in London, Vienna, Berlin, and other cities. The other Australians present included Miss Maude Mary Puddy, a student of Professor Leschetisky; and she too has made a reputation as a pianist.

At Ischl the Emperor and King Edward drove about without escort. I saw them several times one day. On the way to Ischl the train stopped at Gmünden, so that the King might pay a short visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland (Queen Alexandra's sister Thyra).

In Vienna the Ambassador and Ambassadress, Sir Francis and Lady Plunket, gave a lunch for the King, who gave an audience to Miss Baillie, then Lady Superintendent of the Victoria Home for British Governesses, which was founded to celebrate the golden jubilee of Queen Victoria. It was under the patronage of the Empress Elizabeth, and on her death the Emperor's younger daughter, the Archduchess Valerie, became its patroness. King Edward inquired into everything concerning the home and its work, and promised to tell the Queen about it. This he did, the result being that she also became a patroness of the home, to which the King gave a donation. Miss Baillie told me His Majesty was most kind; he went forward to meet her as she entered the room, shook hands, and put her at her ease at once—just like him. A short time afterwards the Prince and Princess of Wales came. King Edward must have said something to them about the home, for they expressed a wish to see Miss Baillie, and she was only too glad to be sent for by them.

The British residents presented the King with a cassette of red Morocoo leather, with views of Vienna, done in water-colours let into the leather. I believe it was to hold his cigars.

Those who were familiar with the Côte d'Azur when Queen Victoria was wont to visit it from time to time will recall the frequent presence of "the Prince" at the battles of flowers on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice and on the Croisette at Cannes; and at the Cercle de la Méditerranée; in fact, everywhere along the Riviera. He moved about in the crowd at Carnival time, threw flowers like everybody else from a brake heaped high with blossoms, or drew from a bag handfuls of multi-coloured scraps of paper, and scattered them right and left. To the cosmopolitan crowd "the Prince" was "part of the show."

I often met His Majesty at Nice at private gatherings, when it was my privilege to see him with mutual friends.[1] That was when he was still Prince. I stayed a week with a foreign prince and his charming wife, both of whom were great favourites with all the colonie élégante of the Littoral. They owned a villa—a magnificent dwelling—on the hills at Cannes, amidst the orange trees and myrtles. The Prince of Wales came every day to see my friends, the Prince and Princess, and our days passed in this fashion. Until noon we all remained in our rooms—beautiful rooms they were, too ; fitted with all the luxurious English comforts. Just about twelve o'clock we descended to the salon, and here the Prince of Wales would come to join us. Then we went into the salle à manger to breakfast. Immediately afterwards we started on a long carriage-drive into the country. At five o'clock came tea, which was sometimes served at the Princess's model farm in the environs of Cannes. At other times we strolled to the golf-links and ate strawberries. Between six and seven all returned to the villa and dressed for the eight o'clock dinner. The dinner, in English fashion, was prolonged by a slow sipping of various liqueurs, placed by the servants on the table after the removal of the cloth. We saw then that the table was covered in moire rouge, with a lace border. The evening was given over to conversation.

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[1] Alexis Mérikoff, Paris "Figaro." (By permission.)

King Edward was a charming talker, full of humour and wit, au courant of everything. Sometimes we played poker, or bridge—the latter just then coming into vogue. We used to sit up very late, for in those days the King was un noctambule impénitent ; and towards three or four, when everybody began to look rather tired—especially the ladies—we retired, only the Prince remaining alert and gay, without a trace of fatigue.

Sometimes, instead of déjeuner at the villa, we started off, at ten or eleven o'clock, in a carriage, for some picturesque spot, and breakfasted in the shadow of the orange trees, while the grasshoppers chirruped merrily. One of these picnics lingers in my memory, for everything was perfection—the number and the composition of the guests, the weather, the place, and the menu—the latter not to be disdained! The party comprised five men and five ladies. At half-past ten we started from the villa in five carriages—two in each vehicle. As the hotel where the Prince of Wales was stopping was on our road we all halted there to take him up. He was ready and waiting for us. He wore a dark-grey suit, a soft felt hat of the same colour, and grey shoes (daim gris). His reputation for elegance was certainly well deserved. He never looked as if he were "got up" for the occasion, yet it had the effect of supreme refinement. It was he who set the fashion, yet he was never à la mode. That morning, for instance, he wore a collar with "wings," although at the moment turndown collars were the rule. The only lively note in his sober garb was the blue scarf, tied in a sailor's knot. With that easy manner which was so characteristic, he came up to the carriages, and said he was obliged to keep us waiting for a moment; "an important personage had not completed his toilette" (this was said with a meaning smile). We understood; he referred to his favourite dog, Peter.

Peter was indeed an important personage; he was fort coquet. He knew that he had to look very nice when he was going out with elegant company. He was a delicious bulldog, black as coal, with a coat as sleek as velvet. He had three beauty marks on his left jaw, and extraordinarily mobile ears, illustrating the various moods of a dog at once spoilt and intelligent. At the moment his ears denoted impatience. He was listening to everything—to the horses champing their bits and pawing the ground with their hoofs, and to the voices of the party. After his tub he was frictioned with eau-de-Cologne; then, seated in a chair, he held out first one paw, then the other, while the servant who had charge of him brushed his paws and cut his nails! Meantime the horses were getting impatient. Peter loved horses, and did not like to keep them waiting; and he turned his black muzzle to the valet as if he would say, "Well, where is my collar? Be quick with it!" A collar was shown to him, but he turned away from it disgusted. Was it possible that any one could offer him such a collar under the circumstances? A white varnished collar with gold plaque to wear at a lunch in the country! Deplorable want of taste! With a bound Peter jumped from the chair and made for the place where all his collars were ranged. He selected one with his humid jaws, a collar of fawn-coloured leather, bordered with squirrel's fur. A la bonne heure! Now he was "in the note," and he came frisking along to rejoin us. Politely he said "Bon jour" to everybody — then stretched himself at his master's feet.

It was glorious weather. Those who have not lived in those morning hours in Provence do not know the beauty of the world. What are words amidst such scenes? Of what avail are descriptions? We pass, first, between walls covered with scarlet geraniums and pale blue plumbagos; from the terraces droop roses—Maréchal Niels and La France; and then there are the mimosas and the olive trees. The walls disappeared, and we were in the open country, amongst the almond and orange trees. In the carriages everybody was talking. The Prince of Wales said, "Often as I have been here I never tire of this glorious country. It is always new to me—every time I discover some new beauty."

Now we were in the wood which skirts the Siagne, the little stream in the environs of Cannes, where it was arranged that we should lunch; and amidst the trees we saw the white tablecloths and the sparkling glasses. At this spectacle everybody remembered that it was the luncheon-hour, and that the open air gives one a tremendous appetite. The servants had arranged everything most artistically. The table was not far from the stream. All the chairs were on the same side of the table, facing the water. We were in the shadow of the planes and the pines.

All subjects were talked about, and we were never tired of admiring the surprising youthfulness of the Prince of Wales. He was quite as vigorous mentally as physically.

Suddenly there came the sound of a guitar, and a tenor voice was heard singing "O sole mio." Some wandering musicians, with the extraordinary flair of their kind, had followed us on foot—that was why they had not appeared when we were lunching. You hear them everywhere on the Littoral; they are in harmony with the country. They carry about a little of its sun, and it is that sun which makes their eyes so bright and their voices so vibrating.

In this wise the time flew by, and the deep violet shadows were creeping up as we started on the return homewards. The fading light enveloped all Nature in its melancholy majesty, and we all felt its influence.

In front of his hotel Edward VII. left us. We said "Au revoir" gaily. Peter careered about gleefully, as though not sorry to get back.

CHAPTER VI

ROYAL CHILDREN'S MONEY-BOXES

In the sixties and the seventies, and in 1889, a dead set was made against the Monarchy by the extreme Radicals. The most active, and certainly the most talented, of the grumblers during the first portions of the period indicated were Mr. Joseph Chamberlain,[1] Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Bradlaugh. The names of others it is needless to mention. There were two main pretexts for the hubbub: Queen Victoria's seclusion and the cost of maintaining the Monarchy. When opportunity arose brickbats were thrown in the direction of the Prince of Wales, who took them without flinching. In 1889–91 the most hostile critics of the Prince of Wales's Children Bill were Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Stead. The question at issue was the "Royal Grants," in which the future King Edward was greatly interested.

In 1889 Mr. Stead[2] was telling us, in the then Radical "Pall Mall Gazette," that we had "too little Monarchy for our money." The "Times" obliged him with a lead by "shaking its head solemnly" and admitting that "the debate which will begin to-day" [on the Royal Grants] "threatens to excite a startling amount of disturbance both within and without the lines of party demarcation." Thus stimulated, the Pall Mall Gazetteer, in his "fearless old fashion," pontificated in this fashion :

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[1] By 1889 Mr. Chamberlain had become "plus Royaliste que le Roi," and was accusing his former supporters of being "the Nihilists of English politics." Nihilists! It amused the Prince, who remembered that only six years before "Joe" had been the Tories' bogy-man.

[2] In consideration of his services to the Monarchy, Mr. Stead in 1891 was graciously permitted to pose as the apologist of the Prince of Wales.

> The public does not complain that it has too much Monarchy, but rather that it has too little Monarchy for its money. Roughly speaking, the demand that the new allowances should be met out of "grandmother's million" is at bottom based upon the popular conviction that the Queen has not altogether acted fairly with her subjects. We gave her a salary on the distinct understanding that she would do the thing in style, and keep up the Royal pageant with the splendour dear to the popular heart. She has drawn her pay with the regularity of any official, but she has failed to keep up the style. The public therefore feels that she is pretty much in the position of a commercial traveller receiving travelling allowance at first-class fare, and who goes third class in order that he may pocket the difference. That is not a fair thing to do by your employer, and John Bull has not been over well pleased by the way in which Her Majesty, who has been salaried as a Queen, has lived as the matron of a drab Republic. But although he did not like it he put up with it without serious protest. The Prince of Wales made shift to serve as a substitute for his absentee mother, and every one hoped that in some way or other

she had made it up to him and that he was not left to do her work at his own charges. Now, however, that it is proposed to add £36,000 a year to the Prince's allowance, because the expenses which he has incurred in filling the Queen's place render it impossible for him to provide adequately for his own children, a very unpleasant feeling prevails which finds much more vigorous expression in private than anything that the newspapers are likely to print. Broadly stated, the popular feeling is that as the Queen has not seen fit to do the work she contracted to perform, but has put the money allowed for it into her own pocket, it is from that capacious receptacle that all new grants to grandchildren should be drawn. We admit fully that the Queen has done the solid, useful part of her work admirably. It is the firework side of the Royal job that she has scamped. It may fairly be objected that the pageantry of the Monarchy is not of much importance, being merely a matter of gilded gingerbread, or even worse, and that the nation is better when it has none of the pomp and glitter of Royal spectacles. That may be the case, but, if so, the nation ought not to go on paying for that which is properly denied it. As we have gone on paying in full, and more than in full, all the money required for the gilded gingerbread of monarchical state, while we have not had the Show for our money, we feel, now a fresh demand is made for Royal grants, that our opportunity has arrived for expressing our dissatisfaction with the way in which we have been treated. We paid for silk and satin and got instead linsey-woolsey, which may be better material, but is certainly not so dear. As the other party has saved a million out of the difference it is only fair that she should provide for her grandchildren without making any further demands on the taxpayer.

The Conservative party was in power, and when, in the House of Commons, it was proposed to go into Committee to consider the message from the Queen with reference to the allowance to be made to Prince Albert Victor of Wales and the Princess Victoria of Wales, Mr. W. H. Smith pointed out that Her Majesty's Ministers alone were responsible for the consequences of any advice which they might have given to the Crown. Commenting upon the Report presented to the House, Mr. Smith said it showed that the annual sum paid to the Crown in 1837 amounted to £227,000. It was now £152,000. They were proud of the fact that no application had been made to Parliament for the payment of any debt incurred on the Civil List during the reign of Her Majesty. He was sure Mr. Gladstone would agree with the doctrine which he laid down—namely, that it was never the duty of the Crown or of the Prince of Wales to make provision for his own family. Her Majesty had directed that no claims should be pressed in respect to the issue of her younger sons and daughters. Mr. Smith, amid derisive cheers from the Radicals, protested against dragging the sacred institutions of the country into the arena of political discussion. Therefore he hoped there would be no embittered controversy on the point at issue. It was possible that he might be exposed to blame from his own side of the House because he did not contest the suggestion of Mr. Gladstone that the allowance of the Prince of Wales should be reduced from £40,000 to £36,000. He did so because he thought the support of Mr. Gladstone would be more important to the Prince of Wales than the few thousands difference.

Mr. Labouchere moved that "an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, respectfully setting forth that, in the opinion of this House, the funds now at the disposal of Her Majesty and of the other members of her family are adequate, without further demands upon the taxpayers, to enable suitable provision to be made for Her Majesty's grandchildren, and that such provision might, if it be desired, be increased, with the approval of Her Majesty, by the withdrawal of many salaries in Class 2 of the Civil List, and by other economies in Classes 2 and 3, and this without trenching upon the honour and dignity of the Crown, and without inconvenience to Her Majesty." Mr. Smith's policy was like the charge of Balaclava —very noble, but by no means consistent with the practice of the House. Mr. Smith on every occasion endeavoured to make himself the scapegoat of the Government, and made himself alone responsible for many acts. What must be made perfectly clear now was that the Government was responsible for every word spoken and every act done by Mr. Smith. Mr. Labouchere declined to be a party to the proposed grants, and taunted Ministers with having acted with indecency in this matter. They had gone into Committee with a definite programme of their own; they then consented to accept a portion of the sum originally fixed by themselves, and had permitted an amount of chaffering and bargaining that tended more than any action that might be openly taken against these grants to lower the respect which ought to be entertained for Her Majesty and the Royal Family. His contention was that there ought to be sufficient funds available for the purposes in question (he had indicated their sources) without necessitating any appeal to the taxpayers of the country.

While Mr. Labouchere respectfully disagreed with Mr. Gladstone, he could not forget that his moral ascendancy on the Committee saved the country a sum of £33,000 per annum. Mr. Morley [1] was much in the position of a traveller who had to travel a road infested with brigands. He felt himself bound to pay blackmail, in order to secure himself immunity from future attacks from these brigands. Seeing, however, that this immunity had not been secured, he had no doubt that Mr. Morley would vote for his amendment. Mr. Labouchere quoted from a speech made by Lord Brougham in 1837 on the right of the Crown to the Duchy of Lancaster and the Duchy of Cornwall. Up to the reign of George III. Parliament never voted one shilling for either the children or the grandchildren of any monarch. This custom came in in the reign of George III. He did not look back with any particular respect to the reign of George III. To his thinking it was a period of exuberant servility. After enumerating a number of items in Classes 2 and 3 of the Civil List he totalled up the various sums paid to Her Majesty, which might be described as pin money, and reached a total of £136,000 per annum. There must be a considerable sum of money saved annually, and he was sorry he could not disclose the sum saved by Her Majesty and communicated to the Committee under the pledge of secrecy.

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[1] The present Lord Morley.

The House of Commons had to decide between these two propositions :

THE CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT'S SCHEME

To Prince Albert Victor	£10,000
To Prince George	8,000
To the three Princesses	9,000
	£27,000

Extra on marriage :

Prince Albert Victor	£15,000
Prince George	7,000
The Princesses	1,200
	£50,200

MR. GLADSTONE'S SCHEME

To the Prince of Wales, as trustee for his children, an extra allowance of	£36,000

Mr. Gladstone's proposal was adopted, to the intense dissatisfaction of the Radicals,

Although Mr. Labouchere was, as we have seen, a merciless critic of Royalty when it became a question of dowries, King Edward was so tolerant a man that he bore the often humorous attacks of "Labby" and the more incisive assaults of Bradlaugh with equanimity. Labouchere's flouts and jeers were not too seriously taken, and the Prince could afford to smile at them. With Bradlaugh it was different, and the Heir-Apparent was not slow to recognise the vindictive force of the Atheist's blows. A third antagonist was "Reynolds's Newspaper," a paper carefully read by Queen Victoria's eldest son from his early manhood until his death. King Edward lived long enough to see "Reynolds's" change its note. In a negative way it became friendly; towards the end of the last reign it developed into a Government organ, and one of its brightest lights[1] was not too proud to accept a knighthood. King Edward bestowed the accolade—not, I think, without a smile—but it was reserved for King George to admit the member for the Kirkcaldy Burghs to the Privy Council. Sir Sidney Lee is also a Georgian knight, but not yet a P.C. Had Labouchere lived to read that King Edward "was unable to sustain a long conversation," he would have laughed the perpetrator of such a tarradiddle to scorn. In the presence of bores the King took refuge in brilliant silence; where the company was congenial he was very talkative, yet not monopolising the conversation. Mr. Gladstone—a thick-and-thin admirer of the Prince and a devotee from the outset at the shrine of the Princess—would have endorsed this.

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[1] Sir Henry Dalziel, M.P., P.C.

CHAPTER VII

CALUMNIATING KING EDWARD

Injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,
And not to be forgotten.[1]

"MON DIEU! qu'il est difficile d'écrire l'histoire!"

This heart-cry was wrung from that past-master in the art of the chronique, M. Jules Claretie, after an experience of nearly half a century, and it will find a responsive echo among those many talented writers who, to the advantage of the public, are delving in the mines of great or little history. No one knows better than the erudite director of the Théâtre Français the pitfalls which await those whose historical domain is classed as the biographical; but he would be the first to admit that the occasion sometimes arises when the task of the biographer is of the pleasantest, as my effort to show the world the real King Edward has been. "It is easy to triumph in a just cause," says Cicero; and my triumph has been of the easiest. I had merely to "tell truth and shame the Devil."

"*I am certain that you have done your utmost*

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[1] Massinger, "The Duke of Milan."

to mitigate the bad and false impression caused by that article,[1] *and to place our beloved King's character and career in its true and proper light before the public.*"

This is a generous tribute, gilded with truth and the right to speak. It sets the seal of approval upon all I have written about King Edward. I want no other testimonial.

The Dictionary's Memoir has caused a "bad and false impression." The author has told us that he was aided in his task by some who (so he has written) were on "intimate terms" with King Edward, and consequently, we must suppose, with Queen Alexandra and King George. Naturally the "informers" desire to preserve their anonymity. "Willing to wound" and not "afraid to strike," they are unwilling and afraid to reveal their identity in 1913 as they were in 1912.

What Bismarck said to Busch is not inapplicable to the eavesdroppers: "You drew conclusions from occasional utterances which you jotted down under the tablecloth."

The whole question has occupied the attention of the British and Colonial Press, and to a certain extent the American papers have also discussed it—some with knowledge, some without. And it is in no vainglorious or recriminatory spirit that I now, for the information of the readers of this volume, recall the events of September and

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[1] The "Dictionary of National Biography's" Memoir of Edward VII.

October 1912. My only desire is to show those who may not have followed the controversy how the slighted reputation of King Edward was restored by the Press when the truth and nothing but the truth was put before it by Professor Arminius Vambéry, Comte d'Haussonville, and myself.

The "New York Times" remarked:

> The astonishing thing is that there has not been a great outburst of popular indignation against a Memoir which is destructive of a cherished popular trust and approval. Perhaps the outburst will come later, when a knowledge is disseminated of the things that have been said and written about King Edward by men who have read the "Dictionary of National Biography." Mr. Legge's survey of the life of Edward VII. furnishes a very good and much-needed antidote to the disparaging biography of the King written for the Dictionary by Sir Sidney Lee.

Of the Dictionary's Memoir of Edward VII. the "Athenæum" (June 15, 1912) said: "It also embodies a very carefully considered view of the King's character, *based on information supplied by those about him.*" The "Athenæum" is a serious paper, formerly owned by Sir Charles Dilke,[1] and it would hardly have brought lightly such a charge—for a charge it is—against those composing the Royal entourage: the words "those about King Edward" can have no other meaning, unless the "Athenæum" intended to imply that Sir Sidney Lee's "view of the King's character" was "based on information supplied" to him by the domestic servants of the Palace. The "Daily Telegraph's" denunciation of the Memoir appeared on June 7—the "Athenæum's" statement on June 15. There was ample time for the weekly paper to inquire of Sir S. Lee or of the publishers of the Dictionary as to the precise sources from whence the former derived his information. Did the "Athenæum" so inquire, and if so was it told, as a matter of fact, that Sir S. Lee wrote the Memoir "*on information supplied by those about*" King Edward? Sir S. Lee was quick to reply to the "Telegraph's" severe strictures. Why did he not inform the "Athenæum" that its statement was incorrect, if it were so? If it were true, we have a clue to the identity of the "informers." But even so it does not, of course, necessarily follow that they are all living: for their own peace of mind I hope they are not.

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[1] Sir Sidney Lee has told us, in the "Daily Telegraph" (June 8, 1912), that he had access to Sir Charles Dilke's diaries.

It must have been known to "the authorities" that the article in this "standard work of reference," as the "Dictionary of National Biography" is called, and in most respects doubtless is (this I cheerfully concede), was being prepared for publication in June 1912. Judging by statements in the newspapers it was intended to lead the public to believe that the Editor of the Dictionary had written his Memoir from information supplied to him by persons in authority. The "Daily Mail"

(June 6) said: " Sir Sidney Lee has had access to *private and official sources of information* that enable him to illuminate some recent passages in history." He " illuminated " them with a vengeance! On October 28 the "Daily Mail's" " Englishman " slaughtered Sir Sidney Lee and stamped upon his Memoir. Readers of my article published in the " Fortnightly Review " in October will remember Sir S. Lee's reply to the question asked him by the " Daily Chronicle's " interviewer —whether the Memoir was " approved of by those nearest to the late King " ; and they will recall Sir Sidney's enigmatical words: " You must not ask me that question, for I cannot answer it."

On June 6 the papers were full of that Memoir of Edward VII. All the depreciatory " titbits " were printed by the journals. The writers whose duty it was to " notice," not to " review " (which is another matter), the Dictionary knew what would titillate their readers' palates—the passages which unblushingly proclaimed King Edward to be a mediocrity. The papers did not then question the accuracy of the Dictionary. The preliminary puffing paragraphs hinting at the sources of information tapped by the receptive, but not too perceptive, writer of the Memoir of our King—" pauvre Sire ! " to quote the eminent French critic, M. Gérard Harry —were accepted as guarantees that all that was contained in the Dictionary was absolutely accurate. And when, on June 7, the " Daily Telegraph " denounced the "gaucheries," Sir Sidney Lee, in his letter of justification prominently published by the "Telegraph," persisted in affirming that it was "all true."

That being so, what was the obvious duty of "the authorities"? It was this: to get an absolute denial of the "belittlings" of King Edward inserted in the newspapers. Why was this course not adopted? Why was the matter not brought before Parliament?[1]

On June 7, simultaneously with the "Telegraph's" just tomahawking of the Dictionary's misconceptions, a letter penned by the writer of these lines appeared in the "Daily Mail." It was very plain-spoken. Yet no official or semi-official denial of the Dictionary's assertions, deductions, misconceptions, blunders, or "gaucheries"—call them by any name you will—was sent to the newspapers. All was silence—the silence of the Windsor grave. "Say nothing about it! Cover it up! It will soon be forgotten!" Poor King!

Far different was it in 1854, when King Edward's father and mother were the subjects of newspaper attacks, as recorded in the Greville Memoirs. Then Mr. Gladstone came forward in print as the champion of Queen Victoria and her Consort, and ultimately the subject was discussed in Parliament. In 1912 the Dictionary's "belittlings" of King Edward were contemptuously ignored by those who were in a position to give them an authoritative public contradiction, and it was left to others to expose them.

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[1] In June 1913, to "clear" two Ministers of the Crown, the whole legislative machinery was set in motion.

Greville tells us thus pointedly what occurred in his time:

> January 15, 1854.—I have never yet noticed the extraordinary run there has been for some weeks past against the Court, more particularly the Prince [Consort], which is now exciting general attention and has undoubtedly produced a considerable effect throughout the country. It began a few weeks ago in the Press, particularly in the "Daily News" and the "Morning Advertiser," but chiefly in the latter, and was immediately taken up by the Tory papers, the "Morning Herald" and the "Standard," and for some time past they have poured forth article after article, and letter after letter, full of the bitterest abuse and all sorts of lies. The "Morning Advertiser" has sometimes had five or six articles on the same day all attacking and maligning Prince Albert. Many of these [attacks] are very vague, but the charges against him are principally to this effect—that he has been in the habit of meddling improperly in public affairs, and has used his influence to promote objects of his own and the interests of his own family at the expense of the interests of this country; that he is German and not English in his sentiments and principles; that he corresponds with foreign Princes and with British Ministers abroad without the knowledge of the Government; and that he thwarts the foreign policy of the Ministers when it does not coincide with his own ideas and purposes. He is particularly accused of having exerted his influence over this Government to prevent the

course which they ought to have done with regard to Turkey, and of having a strong bias towards Austria and Russia and against France.

Then it is said that he is always present when the Queen receives her Ministers, which is unconstitutional, and that all the papers pass through his hands or under his eyes. He is accused of interfering with all the Departments of Government, more particularly with the Horse Guards, and specifically with the recent transactions and disagreements in that office, which led to the retirement of General Brown, the Adjutant-General. Then he and the Queen are accused of having got up an intrigue with Foreign Powers, Austria, particularly, for getting Palmerston out of office last year; that she first hampered him in the Foreign Office by insisting on seeing his despatches before he sent them off, and then that she compelled John Russell to dismiss him on the ground of disrespectful conduct to herself, when the real reason was condescension to the wishes of Austria, with which Power the Prince had intimately connected himself.

Charges of this sort, mixed up with smaller collateral ones, have been repeated day after day with the utmost virulence and insolence by both the Radical and the Tory journals. For some time they made very little impression and the Queen and Prince were not at all disturbed by them; but the long continuance of these savage libels, and the effect which their continued refutation has evidently produced throughout the country, have turned their indifference into extreme annoyance. I must say I never remember anything more atrocious or unjust. Delane (Editor of the "Times") went to Aberdeen (Prime Minister), and told him that immense mischief had been done, and that he ought to know that the effect produced was very great and general, and offered (if it was thought desirable) to take up the cudgels in defence of the Court. Aberdeen consulted the Prince, and they were of opinion that it was better not to put forth any defence, or rebut such charges in the Press, *but to wait until Parliament meets, and take an opportunity to rebut the charges there*. . .

January 16. The attacks on the Prince go on with redoubled violence, and the most absurd lies are put forth and readily believed. It is very difficult to know what to do, *but the best thing will be a discussion in the House of Commons, if possible in both Houses*. It is now said that Sir Robert Peel is going to raise one.

January 21.—The Press has been infamous, and I have little doubt that there is plenty of libellous matter to be found in some of the articles, if it should be deemed advisable for the Attorney-General to take it up.

January 25.—I wrote a letter in the "Times" (signed "Juvenal"), showing up the lies of the "Morning Advertiser," and how utterly unworthy of credit such a paper is. I find Palmerston and Aberdeen have come to an understanding as to what shall be said in the way of explanation, which is a good thing. It will not be much, and they will tell the same story.

The whole subject *was* brought before Parliament:

February 1.—Parliament met yesterday . . . In the Lords Derby made a slashing speech, but very imprudent, and played into Aberdeen's hands, who availed himself of it very well, and made a very good answer. Derby afforded him a very good opportunity of vindicating the Prince, which he did very effectively, and then Derby followed him and joined in the vindication. Derby was put into a great rage by Aberdeen's speech, and could not resist attacking *me* (whom he saw behind the Throne). He attacked my letter, (signed C) in which I had pitched into the Tories for their attacks on the Prince. I saw his people turn round and look towards me, but I did not care a fig, and was rather pleased to see how what I wrote had galled them and struck home. In the Commons the Government was still more triumphant. The Opposition were disorganised and feeble . . . John Russell made a very good speech, and took the bull by the horns about the Prince, entered at once on the subject, and delivered an energetic vindication of and eulogium on him in his best style. It was excellent, and between his speech and Aberdeen's and all those who chimed in, that abomination may be considered to be destroyed altogether, and we shall probably hear no more of it.

February 2.—The run upon the Prince was carried on equally by the "Morning Herald" and the "Morning Advertiser" till ten days of the meeting of Parliament, when the former was stopped; the latter never ceased. I have heard it surmised more than once that these attacks proceeded from Paris and were paid for by the Emperor Louis Napoleon, but I never could believe it. The other day I met M. Alexandre Thomas at dinner at Marble Hill, and we came to town together. He told me he had no doubt the abuse of the Prince was the work of the Emperor and paid for by him. . . . I cannot help partaking in the opinion that the whole thing has been got up, managed, and paid for by Louis Napoleon, Walewski (French Ambassador), and another person here.

Mr. Gladstone wrote an elaborate article in the "Morning Chronicle" (Jan. 16, 1854) warmly defending the Court against attacks that had clouded the popularity of the Prince Consort. They came to little more than that the Prince attended meetings of the Privy Council; that he was present when the Queen gave an audience to a Minister; that he thwarted Ministerial counsels and gave them an un-English character; that in corresponding with relatives abroad he used English influence apart from the Queen's advisers. Mr. Gladstone had no great "difficulty" in showing how little this was worth, either as fact supported by evidence or as principle supported by the fitness of things.

What Mr. Gladstone did in 1854 we "had no great difficulty" in doing in 1912—not much "difficulty" in showing how little the "belittlings" of King Edward were "worth, either as fact supported by evidence or as principle supported by the fitness of things."

In 1789 there were newspaper attacks on the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Cumberland.

Mr. John Walter, the founder (January 1, 1785) of the "Times," died in November 1812, in the seventy-fourth year of his age; and on November 16, 1912, that paper commemorated his death in an article remarkable for its admirable candour and regard for truth :

> Walter (we read) was just the man to get into conflict with the law of those days by nothing worse than an outspoken independence. In 1789 the "Times" appears to have said that the rejoicing of the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Cumberland at the King's recovery was insincere. For this Walter was prosecuted for a libel by the Duke of York, and he was this time condemned to pay a fine of £50, to undergo a year's imprisonment in Newgate, to stand in the pillory for an hour, and to give recognisances for good behaviour for seven years. During his imprisonment he was again convicted of a libel not merely on two of the same Royal Dukes, but on the Prince of Wales as well. Of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York the "Times" had said that they had incurred the just disapprobation of the King; of the Duke of Clarence, that he had returned home from his command afloat without the authority of the Admiralty. A fine of £100 was inflicted for each of these offences, and for the former Walter was also sentenced to a second term of a year's imprisonment, to follow on the expiry of the sentence he was at the time undergoing. But before the second term had expired the King's pardon was granted to him at the instance of the Prince of Wales. Walter stated subsequently, in a letter to Lord Kenyon which is extant, that this libel was directly inspired by the Treasury, from which he was accustomed, as an independent supporter of the Government, to receive private communications for publication; but that when, at the instance of the Prince of Wales, he was prosecuted at the suit of the Treasury

for a Treasury offence he was left in the lurch by the Department, and made to bear the whole punishment of fine and imprisonment himself; for he disdained to implicate his betrayers, or even to apply for compensation. It is possible that the Prince of Wales, who had no love for the Government, and was not without impulses of generosity in his earlier years, had some inkling of this, and for that reason procured Walter's pardon from the King.

The devoted friend and undaunted champion of the "Peacemaker of Europe," Arminius Vambéry, wrote to me from Budapest University: "Court people generally shun publicity, and silence or close curtains are much more valuable in their eyes than the highest praise or encomiums." I am in full accord with him. I honour this illustrious savant for what he has written, and I believe all our people are likewise thankful to him.

June 7, 1912, is a "date." Three events happened: (1) the "Daily Telegraph's" famous article appeared, (2) my remonstrance was printed in the "Daily Mail," and (3) M. Ernest Judet improved the occasion by circulating among the thousands of his "Éclair" readers the most outrageous diatribe against a dead man, who was also a King, that ever befouled a newspaper: an article avowedly based upon the extracts from the Dictionary's Memoir of Edward VII., which had appeared in the English papers only the previous day.[1]

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[1] A full translation of the article may be read in my book. On October 24, 1912, the "Times" characterised the "Éclair" as an "obscure" paper. That was untrue, for that journal is quoted almost daily by the "Figaro" (1913), and very frequently by the London daily papers (Reuter's telegrams).

I come to the next act of the tragedy of King Edward.

On September 24, 1912, the papers once more returned to the subject of "King Edward," on account of an article in the "Fortnightly Review." The honour and the character and reputation of a great King were at stake. The British Press generously admitted that it had been misled, and that Edward the Seventh *was* in truth the potent Sovereign the world had thought him to be, and not the mediocrity, the "roi fainéant," the dullard, of the "informers."

I fully realised the responsibility I was incurring in daring to pronounce an adverse verdict upon the work of the Editor of the Dictionary, who, I feel certain, took all possible pains to ensure accuracy, and who would have produced a wholly satisfactory Memoir had he submitted it for revision to some competent person; Lord Glenesk having, alas! passed away in the plenitude of his unrivalled powers. The Memoir was an outrage because of its glaring errors of fact and its insularity. And here I cannot refrain from expressing surprise that its author should have accepted as truths what most men of his capacity and scholarship would have detected as errors and eavesdroppings. Scholarship does not always make the complete Editor. There are, however, exceptions; Sir Edwin Arnold was one, and I could name others, happily still among us, who are brilliant scholars and equally brilliant editors. But, as a rule, the men who are the most capable editors and can claim to be rarely wrong are those who have gone through the Sturm und Drang of journalism. These, happily for the public well-being, are fairly numerous.

The moment the "Fortnightly" article, "King Edward VII.: His Character and Personality," was circulated, the papers seemed to be genuinely anxious to make the real facts about the King known. They printed columns of extracts from that article, with most attractive "headings." The "Times" had its commendatory note (October 1):

> Although not directly connected with present-day politics, Mr. Edward Legge's article in the "Fortnightly" on "King Edward VII.: His Character and Personality" will be widely discussed. It shows some knowledge of facts not generally known, but over and beyond this it is interesting because of its uncompromising criticism of several of the statements and deductions contained in Sir Sidney Lee's monograph on the late King in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

What did this mean?

"I mentioned at the time that King Edward's circle felt themselves outraged by Sir Sidney Lee's Memoir. A very exalted lady has now gone so far as to ask for a public apology from the author."[1]

This statement was not contradicted by Sir S. Lee, or by any one on behalf of "the very exalted lady." But the "Nineteenth Century—and After" published in the following month (December 1912) an article by Sir S. Lee entitled "At a Journey's End," an exposition of the whole art of the biographer. Some might have discerned in that essay an oblique reply to Professor Vambéry's and my criticisms in the "Fortnightly Review" and in "King Edward in his True Colours."

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[1] "Manchester Guardian," November 20, 1912 (reproduced on the same day by the "Pall Mall Gazette," which termed it "a piquant item").

Professor Vambéry, after reading Sir S. Lee's article, wrote to me :

"The author of the caustic criticism [in the Dictionary's Memoir of King Edward VII.] which we thought it our duty to oppose seems to have taken refuge in the Latin saying, 'Contemptu multa servantur.'[1] Such, at least, can be read between the lines of the article published in the 'Nineteenth Century—and After,' under the title of 'At a Journey's End.'"

I cull some impressive sentences from that article :

> Where suppression is required useful auxiliary guidance is offered by Cicero's wise dictum that when you are debarred from saying all that is true you must say nothing that is false or that conveys a false impression. The contemporary biographer who works on these lines will not fall into serious error.

This is admirably put ; but has Sir Sidney Lee lived up to it in his Memoir of Edward VII. ? He has told the Dictionary's clientèle that King

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[1] "Regard with contempt those who attack you and do not trouble to answer their criticisms."

Edward was "no reader of books. He could not concentrate his mind upon them." Does that, or does it not, "convey a false impression"? Professor Vambéry terms the statement "the greatest possible calumny." One who was for many years intimately associated with our late Sovereign, and who is still a prominent courtier, wrote to me: "It is, of course, absurd to say that King Edward did not read books."

Another close friend of King Edward complained of the "belittling" character of the Memoir.

That fiery Paris publicist, M. Ernest Judet, acclaimed the author of the Dictionary's Memoir as "this honest writer," and published in his widely-circulated journal, the "Éclair," a vitriolic article, extracts from which were given in the "Fortnightly Review" and are to be found at greater length in "King Edward in his True Colours." The translation of M. Judet's article shocked, as it was certain to shock, English readers. I reproduced it for the express purpose of showing the mischief which the Dictionary's Memoir was, and is, capable of doing.

Sir Sidney Lee wrote in the "Nineteenth Century":

> National biography which hopes for a long life should respect the needs of the future student, and every precaution should be taken against the risk of misleading him.

An excellent precept. I am sure Sir S. Lee took every "precaution against the risk of misleading the future student." None the less the student is to be pitied who believes the Dictionary's rash assertion that King Edward "was no reader of books."

We read on—

> The biographer's historic sense is bound at times to qualify in the light of his researches the contemporary estimate of a career.

This principle is adopted in the Memoir with the result that those (if there still be any) who pin their faith to the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" must believe that the eminent men of all countries and the Press of the whole world talked nonsense, and worse than nonsense, when, in May 1910, they eulogised the King's diplomatic skill, and spoke of him as the "Peacemaker," "a title," says Sir S. Lee in his Memoir, "which is symbolically just, but is misleading if it be taken to imply any personal control of diplomacy." Moreover, the Editor of the Dictionary would have us believe that it was merely "some French journalists" who "bestowed on the King the title of 'le Roi Pacificateur'!" Did, then, the whole world—British and Colonial statesmen and the British, Colonial, Continental, and American Press included—take their cue from "some French journalists," and thenceforward refer to our departed Sovereign as the "Peacemaker" without pausing to ask themselves whether the title was only "symbolically just"? Let the reader turn to the book on Edward VII., and to the newspapers of June 24, 25, 26, and 27, 1913,[1] and he will find overwhelming testimony as to the accuracy of the title. That accuracy has never been, and never will be, questioned outside the narrow and unenviable circle of the "belittlers."

"Every serious biographer," writes Sir S. Lee, "prays for 'the happy talent' with which Cowper credited Johnson of 'correcting the popular opinion upon all occasions where it is erroneous.' . . . A man's public achievements are the man's gift to the world, and are at the world's service to be described and valued by efficient biography in a spirit of becoming charity, but at the same time in a spirit of liberty and historic truthfulness."

In a defamatory article in the "Éclair" (June 7, 1912),[2] M. Ernest Judet, in his panegyric of the author of the Dictionary's Memoir of Edward VII., wrote:

> The English spoil us. They themselves bring us successively all the proofs of the mystification of which we were nearly the victims, thanks to the thoughtlessness and the trickery of a Delcassé. Let us recall the brilliant eulogies of M. Poincaré in front of the monument at Cannes,[3] and the triumphant gratitude of the tradesfolk and the

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[1] The "Poincaré" week.

[2] *Vide* the "Fortnightly Review" (October 1912) and "King Edward in his True Colours."

[3] April 13, 1912.

tourists of the Côte d'Azur when M. Poincaré evoked amidst applause King Edward's "keen good sense, his spirituelle bonhomie, instinctive diplomacy, and the supreme art of adaptation, which were the characteristics of his genius" (italicised in the original). What did not M. Poincaré add to justify his enthusiasm? M. Poincaré's panegyric was altogether unrestrained when it passed to the intervention of Edward VII. in the preparatory work and the consummation of the entente cordiale. *What a disconcerting contrast it presents with the English writer's Memoir, so disenchanting, so mortifying for the bluff which has kept a whole generation under the influence of its delusions!* It requires the tenacious credulity and the stubbornness of the woman who wants to be beaten to question the rectifications and the details of that with which the sudden frankness of our neighbours across the Channel gratifies us, although tardily.

To acquaint the British public with the outrage perpetrated on King Edward by the French writer was, I was told, "playing into the hands of the King's enemies"! I took a different view; for, after all, M. Judet was only gloating over the Dictionary's "showing-up" of the late Sovereign's fictitious faiblesses; and, as a French patriot, he was within his right in expressing his candid opinion of Edward VII., for he honestly believed in the fidelity of the portrait painted of him by the Editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," "in a spirit of becoming charity."

And on this point these reflections of the author of "Religio Medici" ("Enquiries into vulgar and common errors ") may be read with profit, for what the learned physician published in 1646 holds good in 1913:[1]

> Now, as there are many great wits to be condemned who have neglected the increment of arts and the sedulous pursuit of knowledge, so there are not a few very much to be pitied whose industry being not attended with natural parts, they have sweat to little purpose, and rolled the stone in vain. Which chiefly proceedeth from natural incapacity and genial indisposition, at least, to those particulars whereunto they apply their endeavours. And this is one reason why, though universities be full of men, they are oftentimes empty of learning; why, as there are some men do much without learning, so others but little with it, and few that attain to any measure of it. For many heads, that undertake it, were never squared nor timber'd for it.
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> *A third cause of common errors is the credulity of men; that is, an easy assent to what is obtruded, or a believing, at first ear, what is delivered by others.* This is a weakness in the understanding, without examination assenting unto things, which, from their natures and causes, do carry no persuasion; *whereby men often swallow falsities for truths, dubiosities for certainties, feasibilities for possibilities, and things impossible as possibilities themselves.* Which, though a weakness of the intellect and most discoverable in vulgar heads, yet hath it sometime fallen upon wiser brains and great advancers of truth.
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> A fourth cause of error is a supinity, or neglect of enquiry, even of matters whereby we doubt;

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[1] "Pseudodoxia Epidemica." By Sir Thomas Browne. London: H. G. Bohn, 1846.

rather believing than going to see, or doubting with ease and gratis than believing with difficulty or purchase.

The "Times"[1] made this frank admission: "Sir Sidney Lee and his contributors have compiled a sterling three-volumes supplement to the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' *which contains much sound and some disputable matter. Sir Sidney's Life of King Edward in that supplement has been hotly discussed.*"

On October 24 the "Times," in its notice of "King Edward in his True Colours," extolled the chapters by Comte d'Haussonville and Professor Vambéry, the latter of whom roundly asserted that the Dictionary's Memoir calumniated King Edward in the passage declaring that the King was no reader of "books—could not concentrate his mind upon them." Of Sir Sidney Lee and myself the "Times" said: "Both disputants are right."

On June 6 the "Times," reviewing the Dictionary's Memoir, had covered Sir Sidney Lee with glory; and had failed to discover anything "disputable" in it.

For thirty-five years the late Sir Richard Holmes was librarian at Windsor Castle, and so had charge of what he declared to be one of the finest collections of books in the world. Sir Richard considered King Edward one of the best-informed men in the world:

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[1] December 31, 1912 ("Review of the Year").

I recollect one evening when Professor Vambéry, the great authority on Eastern Europe, and an old friend of mine, was visiting him at Windsor. His Majesty sent for me to join them, and for an hour or two they discussed the problems of that region. I listened, and, as I listened, I marvelled that the King should be able to hold his own in talk with a world-wide authority upon his own particular subject. He had a wonderfully retentive memory. It has been said of him often that he never forgot faces. I think it is equally accurate to say that he scarcely ever forgot facts.

He was proud of the fine library at Windsor, and would make a point of taking Royal visitors over it himself. He would have been there much oftener if it had not been so far away from the Royal apartments. There was nearly a mile to walk! It was this distance which made him decide to take the collection of miniatures away from the library and to put them where they could be more easily seen by his guests. This was only one of the many changes he had to make at Windsor. When he came to the throne he inherited two residences, Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, where everything had been left exactly as it was in the Prince Consort's time. Queen Victoria never had anything altered. She did not like anything upon which Prince Albert had looked to be moved.

Many books from the Prince Consort's collection at Buckingham Palace were sent to Sandringham, where *King Edward took the greatest interest in his library.* He was pleased to consult me in connection with it. *He was anxious to make it a feature of the house.* Of course, he did not try to rival national collections, but *as a private library the one at Sandringham stands very high.* Some of his entourage were inclined to consider it an

> extravagance, but the King would not hear of objections. *He was determined to make it as complete as possible.*[1]

The Dictionary's accusation that King Edward was "no reader of books" is met also in very positive terms by the writer of a criticism of Sir Henry Burdett's "Prince, Princess, and People" in the "Quarterly Review" as far back as 1889. An extract from this article is given in the chapters on "The Attributes of King Edward," so it is only necessary to say here that the Quarterly Reviewer emphasises the King's "*very considerable knowledge of art, science, and literature.*"

The mischievous effect of the Dictionary's Memoir has been already illustrated by reference to the article published in the Paris "Éclair." That Memoir is also responsible for the extraordinary change it wrought upon Mr. Keir Hardie. That gentleman, addressing a meeting of Socialists at the Prince's Theatre, Preston, on Sunday, May 8, 1910, expressed his sense of the national loss in these graceful terms:

> Needless to say I associate myself with what has fallen from our Chairman concerning the death of King Edward. One's opinions of the Throne as an Institution need not necessarily bias our judgment against its occupant. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." I say with perfect sincerity that since the late King Edward ascended the Throne he has added both dignity and lustre to

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[1] "Daily Mail," May 21, 1910.

his great position, and I can only express the hope that his successor may follow worthily in his father's steps.

Exactly two years later the Dictionary's Memoir appears, and, after reading it, Mr. Hardie changes his loyal tone and unreservedly accepts the Memoir as giving a true portrait of the King!

The Merthyr "Pioneer" of June 22, 1912, published a review of the Memoir, headed "King Edward and Others. By J. Keir Hardie, M.P." The London papers devoted only a few lines to this eulogy of Sir Sidney Lee. I will be more generous, but only for the purpose of showing how entirely the iconoclastic Royalty-hater and the eminent author of the Memoir are now in accord.

First, however, I must note that in a little volume entitled "The Golden Book of King Edward VII.," I find this further confirmation of the authoritative statements contained in the "Fortnightly Review" and in my work, and bearing out the views of Sir Richard Holmes:

> As for King Edward's literary tastes, which are evinced in the Royal library at Sandringham, it is evident that his chief interest was in the history of his country, and especially of his own time. *He bought every work he could hear of dealing with the public or private administration of the Eastern Empire, with the history of the Crimean War, with Colonial history, and reports of the Indian Mutiny.* The collection generally is that of a man of business whose interests are many and diverse.

Like M. Judet, Mr. Keir Hardie, a man of undoubted ability, unfortunately misdirected, welcomes the Dictionary's Memoir as an exposure of King Edward's incapacity and weaknesses. Throughout his long article reviewing its deplorable assertions and innuendos, Mr. Hardie ridicules the King, finding his justification for doing so in the gaucheries contained in the Dictionary. Here is convincing proof, if any were needed, that the Dictionary has delivered Queen Alexandra's consort into the hands of the Socialistic and Monarchy-hating enemy. The few papers which have done their best to shield Sir Sidney Lee from my criticisms and from the heavy batteries of the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Daily Mail" may make the best they can of Mr. Hardie's championship and eulogies of that gentleman.

Mr. Hardie, after assuring us that Queen Victoria's "mental make-up and whole attitude was [illegible] of the petty bourgeois or lower-middle class," proceeds:

> Then came King Edward, who, during his short reign, was raised to the highest pinnacle of fame for his efforts in the cause of international peace. During the last two or three years of his life it was as "Edward the Peacemaker" that he was best known. *Now we know that the title was wholly fictitious, and that whilst he was supposed to be labouring abroad for his country's good he was simply enjoying himself as a very amiable, pleasure-loving man of the world, who was bored by politics and had not the capacity to understand foreign relationships. The nation is indebted to Sir Sidney*

Lee for putting us in possession of some of the outstanding facts of the life of King Edward. Those who wish to read them at length will find them embodied in the last issued volume of the "National Dictionary of Biography."

Mr. Hardie, who had referred to the King so generously in 1910, now revels in the depreciatory passages which disfigure the Memoir :

In the early years of the nineteenth century the slightest incident would have toppled the Monarchy in this country over and established a Republic. It is only during the past twenty-five years that this feeling has almost died out, and it was a common prediction about the time of the Mordaunt scandal that Christian England would never tolerate the Prince of Wales ascending the throne.

Even as King Edward VII. he took but a languid interest in politics. Every night when Parliament is sitting the Prime Minister sends an official note of the business of the day to the Sovereign. Queen Victoria, even to the end, read this carefully and criticised and made comments upon its contents. It is doubtful whether Edward ever read the documents although they were typewritten for his special benefit. If he did read them, he made no comments. . . . His love of pleasure remained his ruling passion. He liked the excitement of the turf, from which, by the way, he made a very large income. He liked the frivolity of Continental watering-places. During those periods when treaties were being made with France and other Powers he, happening to be enjoying himself abroad at the same time, was credited with being their real author, whereas it is really doubtful whether he even knew of their existence. Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P., used to wax frantic at the King going about negotiating treaties behind the backs of his responsible ministers. We now know how groundless were his fears. He certainly took no active part in the negotiations. "*He cannot,*" *says Sir Sidney Lee,* "*be credited with broad diplomatic views or the faculty for tactical negotiation. . . . To his unguarded utterances no real weight attached either at home or abroad.*" Thus, whilst he was supposed to be labouring in the interests of peace, he was in the full "enjoyment of life under foreign skies quite unencumbered by the burden of diplomatic anxieties." It was with difficulty that he would be induced to meet the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman even at a private dinner. The Budget, he thought, was laying burdens upon land and property, and caused him much "searching of heart," and Sir Sidney Lee finally sums him up in these words: "*No originating political faculty can be assigned him. . . . King Edward cannot be credited with the greatness that comes of statesmanship and makes for the moulding of history.*"

I have given only a few extracts from Mr. Keir Hardie's article, containing most of the points in the Dictionary's Memoir which tell against the King. What a handle for the Socialists! They will be testimonialising the Editor of the Dictionary one of these days, for he has furnished them with material which, although some of it is, as the "Times" admits, "disputable," they would be more than human not to utilise. "*The late King Edward was clearly a man of very amiable disposition, but limited intellect.*"

Inspired by the helpful Dictionary, Mr. Hardie made a few concluding remarks which showed how deeply his heart had been stirred by the Memoir:

> The man [King Edward] never had a chance in life. That, however, has nothing to do with the fact that because he was born to be a king the nation was supposed to worship him as though he had been a god. In these modern days there is nothing for a king to do except to aid in the work of hoodwinking the common people. The rôle assigned him is that of *leading mime in the pantomime* in which the great unthinking multitude is kept amused while it is being imposed upon, and there is no reason to suppose that the present occupier of the throne in any way differs from either his grandmother or his father. He, like them, is of under stature, and has never given any indication of more than very ordinary intelligence. I know of nothing quite so revolting as his marriage. It will be remembered that his brother, the Duke of Clarence, was engaged to be married to the Princess Mary; he was seized with illness, and died. In the course of a few months the betrothed of the deceased prince was transferred to his brother, and ultimately married him. The thing was a public scandal, and no man of any character would have submitted to it.
>
> There is nothing kingly about either the office or person of the modern king. He is no longer a leader or a ruler. He does not lead forth the hosts in war, nor does he hold turbulent barons in awe. A king is an anachronism in these days, and is only kept in being as a valuable asset of the ruling class. As such no self-respecting workman can have either act or part in any official welcome.

These, then, are Mr. Hardie's opinions as expressed in his review of Sir Sidney Lee's Memoir of Edward VII. If Mr. Hardie is reproached for what he has written he may fairly retort that in what he has said about that Sovereign he has only echoed the "Dictionary of National Biography," which he evidently, and rightly, regards as something for which the Socialists, whose ranks are daily swelling, have every reason to be grateful. He possibly considers Sir Sidney Lee to be on the same plane as himself and his brother Socialists and would-be wreckers of the Monarchy. This may not be precisely what Sir Sidney Lee anticipated; but there is the position, and it is for him, if he can, to disentangle himself from it.

Some few of Sir Sidney Lee's admirers have been unintentionally the means of increasing the popularity of "King Edward in his True Colours" by denouncing me for my criticism of the writer of the Memoir of Edward VII. I may say with Congreve: "I was conscious where a true critic might have put me on my defence. I was prepared for the attack . . . but I have not heard anything said sufficient to provoke an answer."[1]

As it is said that King Edward's memory is to be still further insulted by the issue of a cheap edition of the Dictionary's Memoir, it is desirable that all King George's subjects—particularly those in the colonies—should realise the tendency of that Memoir and the deplorable effects it may possibly produce unless the antidote to the bane is placed before them. One of many such antidotes was provided by the "Daily Mail," which, in a review [1] of the Dictionary's Memoir, endorsed every point of the criticism of that Memoir contained in "King Edward in his True Colours" and previously in the "Fortnightly Review," a very striking proof of the precise similarity of thought between two minds, and a proof also that the writer ("An Englishman") of the "Mail's" scathing denunciation of the Dictionary's Memoir had had the advantage of perusing my volume before penning his article. All that is printed in a daily newspaper is necessarily ephemeral—read to-day and forgotten to-morrow. For the reason which I have given I am perpetuating parts of the "Mail's" article, which is as creditable to its author as to the popular journal in which it was published:

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[1] "Epistle Dedicatory" to the Right Hon. Charles Montague.

> When Sir Sidney Lee's article first appeared it was received with an almost unbroken chorus of praise. Here, we were told, is a perfect specimen of biography, just, true, and courageous. *The passage of a few months has already corrected the favourable verdict. To read the biography at leisure is to discover a bias to which the "Dictionary of Biography" has always been proclaimed a stranger.*
>
> Sir Sidney is careful to tell us that in preparing his article he "*has had the benefit of much private information.*" *He does not tell us whence the information came or by whom it was imparted. It is impossible, therefore, to put a high value upon it.* Before we accept his authorities we must know what

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[1] October 26, 1912.

they are and cross-examine them (so to say) in the light of their prejudice. The unsupported statement of A to B is tittle-tattle, and no more. *The untested judgment of an unnamed critic in so difficult a matter as the character of a king is not worth more than the echo of the voice that spoke it.* Nor can we take much comfort in the statement that Sir Sidney Lee was privileged to consult the unpublished papers of Sir Charles Dilke.

Whatever was the process of the biography, its result is to belittle the character and judgment of Edward VII. You rise from a reading of it with a sense of amiable incompetence. In small things, as in great, Edward VII. seems to have failed lamentably. Queen Victoria hesitated to ask his advice, we are told, because " she deprecated the discussion of national secrets over country house dinner tables." From which owner of private information, I wonder, was this priceless gem of tact obtained? Even at bridge, " though he played regularly and successfully, he developed a moderate skill." This is a cryptic saying. . . . Worse still, *when tried by the standard of the schoolroom, our late King is given no marks at all.* His " dramatic criticism " was much at fault, and this is not the worst. " He lacked the intellectual equipment of a thinker, and showed on occasion an unwillingness to exert his mental powers. *He was no reader of books.*" *Again we demand some sort of authority for these absolute statements. The mere word of a biographer is insufficient. Before we accepted it we should want the evidence of a dozen witnesses supported by signed and attested documents.* And if it be true, is it not wholly irrelevant? Why should a king be a dramatic critic or a reader of books? His life is given to affairs and far more difficult pursuits than " intellectual thinking."

After all, they profit most by books who can do most without them.

In politics, foreign and domestic, Sir Sidney Lee allows Edward VII. no ability. . . . As at home, so abroad, he could do nothing right. The impression was encouraged that he "was exerting abroad diplomatic powers which, under the Constitution, belonged to Ministers alone."

It was an impression only. *For, if we may believe Sir Sidney Lee, Edward VII. achieved very little in the counsels of Europe.* "No originating political faculty can be assigned to him." "He was a peacemaker not through the exercise of any diplomatic initiative." The French journalists who called him "le Roi Pacificateur" were "mere rhetoricians." "The title," says Sir Sidney, "is symbolically just, but is misleading if it be taken to imply any personal control of diplomacy." *Time, I believe, will prove the injustice of these words.*

Of the entente cordiale it may be said that Edward VII. was actually and visibly the creator. . . . *But even if all the miscellaneous information collected here and there by Sir Sidney Lee had the merit of truth, which few would admit, it would still have been a monstrous error in tact to publish it.* We are far too near the death of Edward VII. and the public controversies which attended it to form a definite estimate of his character and genius. Above all, *being a king, he deserved the tribute of discretion.*[1]

Further confirmation of the accuracy of my views of the Dictionary's Memoir of King Edward was furnished by the London Press as recently as June 24, 1913, the day of the arrival of M. Poincaré. In a leading article on that event the "Times" said: "When M. Fallières was our guest [1908], the friendship of which King Edward and M. Loubet *sowed the seed* had proved that it was too deep-rooted for any storms to shake."

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[1] Sir Sidney Lee did not reply to the "Daily Mail's" criticism, although he had replied to the "Daily Telegraph's" denunciatory leading article in June 1912, and by so doing brought upon himself further censure.

The "Daily Mail's" leading article on the same day contained these words: "The Entente, *which owed its birth to the late King Edward's memorable mission to Paris* just ten years ago, has since proved its strength and value in a hundred ways."

The principal Republican journal, the Paris "Temps" (June 29, 1913), has again declared that King Edward was one of the two authors of the entente: "Sachons rendre grâce aux auteurs du rapprochement de 1904, *le Roi Édouard VII. et M. Delcassé.*"

What does Sir Sidney Lee say of the King and the Entente? He says this: "No direct responsibility for its initiation or conclusion belonged to him [the King]. . . . The King had no conception of any readjustment of the balance of European power." And to this opinion he sticks. The opinions of the "Times" and of the "Daily Mail" are, I suppose, as naught to him. As for M. Poincaré, he is, doubtless, in Sir Sidney Lee's eyes, a negligible quantity. Nevertheless we will see what the President said on this particular point at the Guildhall on June 25. M. Poincaré's words (reported in the papers on June 26) were these: "In 1904 an understanding was reached which put an end to all differences in the relations between England and France, and not one of my compatriots has forgotten *the impulse which was given on that decisive occasion by His Majesty King Edward VII. to the creation of a concord which has survived him*."

And in his "Message to the British Nation" (published in the papers on June 26) M. Poincaré said: "The visit I have come to pay to His Majesty King George affords me a unique opportunity of testifying to the unanimous sentiments of the French nation towards *the son of the Glorious Sovereign under whose auspices the fruitful friendship between Great Britain and France was established*."

"Monsieur Poincaré is as clear-headed and wholehearted a believer in what he called yesterday 'the fraternal confidence and commonweal of the two peoples' as was *the King who took the first step ten years since to make such relations possible*." ("Daily Telegraph," June 26.)

The extracts here given are alone sufficient to discredit the Dictionary's Memoir; but the papers which printed these articles and circulated them in the dawn perish at sunset. Enshrined within the covers of a book they remain as living witnesses.

This letter, signed "W.," and headed "King Edward and the Entente," appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette" on June 7, 1912, the day on which my first criticism of the Dictionary's Memoir was published in the "Daily Mail" and for which a very prominent member of the Court of to-day warmly thanked me in writing. "W.'s" letter, herewith given, is one more confirmation of my views of the "belittlings":

> That Sir Sidney Lee, in his biography of the late King, is inclined to underestimate the part played by His Majesty in the consolidation of the Entente will be denied by none of those English people who happened to be in Paris at the time the Sovereign paid his first State visit to the French capital. The Entente Cordiale was then in an embryonic stage, and, as far as the French nation at large was concerned, had practically no existence at all.
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> The dead silence, rendered all the more striking by the utterance here and there of an unmistakably British cheer, that greeted the Sovereign on the day of his entry; the huge force of police, evidently under strict orders to suppress any attempt at a hostile demonstration; the freezing attitude of the crowds, must have been as painful to the feelings of the King as they were to his subjects. "The whole thing is a fiasco," said a prominent French politician, one who had been most active in endeavouring to promote a better understanding between the two countries, as the Royal carriage disappeared behind the gates of the British Embassy.
>
> But before twenty-four hours had passed the magnetic personality of the King had worked a miracle. He had taken hold of the imagination of Paris. In a night the attitude of the crowd had changed from utter indifference to warm sympathy, which soon turned to positive enthusiasm. Those three or four days did more to clear away the misunderstandings of years than any political agreement. A few far-seeing statesmen gave the

Entente their support from its inception, but it remained with King Edward to conquer for it the sanction of Paris.

From a powerful leading article, "The Character of the King," published in the "Evening Standard" on October 19, 1912, I make a short extract:

> The fierce light that beats upon a throne is manipulated in these days by urbane stage-management. This management—if so we may describe the courtesy of civilised peoples—directs a rosy hue on a living King, but on his death changes the light to more lurid colours. Such has been the case with King Edward VII. Not long since Sir Sidney Lee threw a cold, clear, rather cruel light on King Edward. He showed us a monarch full of amiable qualities, whose capacity had been so stunted by injudicious education that when he came into his kingdom he knew little or nothing of its responsibilities. And *Sir Sidney Lee expended much ingenuity and honest endeavour in bringing out the mediocrity of King Edward so far as the arts of government and diplomacy were concerned.* His idea seemed to be that while the King lived an exaggerated notion had developed of his influence on the affairs of Europe. This notion Sir Sidney set himself to dissipate by means of the cold, clear, and rather cruel light of which we have spoken. *The King he exhibited on the biographical stage was one who did not deserve the reputation of diplomatic acuteness and energy with which he was credited.*

Then, proceeding to comment on "Monarchs and Men," by Herr Maximilian Harden, the writer says:

Another hand now takes possession of the illuminant. Herr Maximilian Harden, the famous German journalist, has written a book called "Monarchs and Men," and a translation has been published in England by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. A prominent place among his monarchs is given by Herr Harden to King Edward. Nobody could possibly recognise Herr Harden's monarch as Sir Sidney Lee's. The contrast is magnificent, and not without amusement. Whereas the English writer's view of his King was that he lacked at least half the cleverness he was supposed to have devoted to the maintenance of peace and power, the German writer would have us believe that Machiavelli was a duffer compared with the paragon of guile who was Edward VII. He does not expressly relate him to Machiavelli or the Machiavellian school. Indeed, there is a trifle too much of Bismarckian brutality in the picture for the parallel with the Italian to be complete. But, at any rate, the picture is as unlike the King Edward we thought we knew as was that of Sir Sidney Lee.

Let us follow Herr Harden in a few of the broader outlines of his analysis. It appears, then, that King Edward came to the throne without very much of a welcome. Towards the end of his mother's life angry voices had protested, wherever he came, that he had "speculated in gold mines, disturbed the waters of the Vaal with Rhodes, Milner, and Beit, taken part in the preparation for the Jameson raid, and used his influence to frustrate the inquiry into it." He was not dismayed by these rumours; "he was more irritated by the jeer that he had been 'made in Germany'." As this might be dangerous, he abjured his father's name, "since it recalled the small princes of Germany," and chose to be known as Edward, which " suggests to the Briton the king of the time of the barons' wars, who organised the government, sustained Magna Carta, and brought the principality of Wales under the law of England."

Furthermore, King Edward was " no soldier and no sailor; neither a blind assailant nor a vain seeker of fame; he was a royal merchant, with a shrewd, often majestic, intelligence, a thorough knowledge of men, and an inborn amiability." In this capacity he desired peace with Germany, and ensued it by keeping his Imperial nephew, of whom, by the way, Herr Harden speaks with a delightful, condescending freedom, under his thumb. One gets the impression of a terrible uncle and a nephew paralysed by weakness. The King read the Emperor's character as follows: " Active, but will do nothing." For years he maintained this view, pursuing " his personal policy as if it were sport." It took the place of the pastimes of his youth. " He took a right royal pleasure in the effect of his bluff, and paralysed German diplomacy in its most important negotiations by an artful wink, which meant 'Don't be intimidated; there is no intention whatever to appeal to the last resort of peoples and kings behind all his high-sounding words; my nephew, whom I know to the marrow of his bones, will not go to war." '

Two persons out of the millions of Great Britain and France maintain that the Memoir of Edward VII. contained in the " Dictionary of National Biography " is absolutely true in substance and in fact. One is M. Ernest Judet, editor of the " Éclair "; the other is Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P. With the first named I have fully dealt, and I have briefly noted the second's cascade of praise of the Memoir. Some journals, in their anxiety to support the Dictionary, have, as I have indicated, abused me for my efforts to preserve intact the reputation of King Edward; but not one paper has disproved, or even attempted to disprove, the facts adduced by Professor Vambéry, Comte d'Haussonville, and myself. The Press has, on the contrary, disseminated our hard facts all over the world. Sir Sidney Lee has not ventured publicly to traverse them.

In the streets we see little errand boys, in the "Metro" and the Tube and the tea-shops youths and girls, all poring over newspapers and periodicals, their eyes glued to the printed page. Among the millions of our London population there is not a girl or a boy over twelve who would not be scouted as an ignoramus were she or he unable to settle down to "a good read" of a book or periodical of some sort or other. Yet there was a King—a King of England—to whom, so we have been assured, the printed volume was almost as useless as if he had been deprived of the blessing of sight.

King Edward is not the only victim of the "Dictionary of National Biography." Miss Swinburne came forward, in the "Times" in April 1913, to complain of and deny some of the statements concerning her brother, the eminent poet (Algernon Charles), in the Memoir published in the Dictionary. Sir Sidney Lee and Mr. Edmund Gosse (the author of the Memoir) replied in the "Times" to Miss Swinburne's letter, and the correspondence on "Swinburne's Juvenilia" terminated on April 16 with this letter to the editor of the "Times" from the poet's distressed sister:

> I think you will agree with me that, under the circumstances, it would be fair to suggest to Sir Sidney Lee that the article should be withdrawn from the "Dictionary of National Biography," *as it is inaccurate in so many important details.*—ISABEL SWINBURNE.—61 Onslow Square, S.W. April 15, 1913.

One would have supposed that Sir Sidney Lee would have made some sort of response to Miss Swinburne's mild appeal. But he neither replied to the lady in the "Times" nor to her privately. In a letter to the "Times" Sir S. Lee had previously admitted that no "proof" of Mr. Gosse's article had been sent to Miss Swinburne! She tells us she did not know what the Memoir of her brother contained until she saw it in the Dictionary itself.

One writer, and one only, was gallant and honest enough to fight Miss Swinburne's battle in the "Daily News and Leader" (April 15, 1913) and in "London Opinion" (April 26). That man was Mr. James Douglas, who has now denounced the Dictionary's Memoir of Swinburne as I have denounced its Memoir of King Edward, and as the "Daily Telegraph" denounced it on June 7, 1912.

Mr. Douglas's double exposure of the Dictionary in regard to Swinburne, and the assertion of the poet's sister that the Memoir is "inaccurate in so many important details" that she suggests its withdrawal from the volume, have an intimate bearing upon the Memoir of Edward VII.

In "London Opinion"[1] ("A Swinburne Sensation") Mr. Douglas wrote:

> The "Dictionary of National Biography" is becoming a quite notorious publication. If Sir Sidney Lee does not take care he will be offered a huge salary by Mr. Hearst to cross the Atlantic and edit the New York "American." As a rule we do not expect to find thrills and sensations in a staid and sober work of reference. It is said that Leslie Stephen, the first editor of the Dictionary, gave his contributors as their motto: "No flowers, by request." If Sir Sidney Lee has not rioted in flowers, he certainly seems to have wallowed in sensations. *The Memoir of King Edward has provoked a tempest of controversy.* And now the Memoir of Algernon Charles Swinburne has burst in the literary world like a bombshell. Many a news-editor in Fleet Street must have read it with pangs of despairing envy; for there in cold print were things that even the Yellow Press would have hesitated to publish.
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> But the Dictionary can rush in where journalists fear to tread. *It says things about King Edward that no newspaper would have ventured to suggest.* And the article on Swinburne is still more sensational. It was written by Mr. Edmund Gosse, one of Swinburne's oldest friends. Even if all the

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[1] This is a weekly journal, with a circulation verging upon half a million, edited by Mr. Lincoln Springfield, a man of ripe experience and many gifts.

statements were true it is hard to justify their publication so soon after the poet's death and while relatives are alive to whom such revelations would be the most refined form of torture. But Miss Swinburne shows, in her exposure in the "Times," that two statements made by Mr. Gosse are not true, and thus she has thrown upon all the other statements a shadow of suspicion.

It will be noted that Mr. Douglas says in "London Opinion": "The Dictionary of National Biography is becoming a quite notorious publication . . . The Memoir of King Edward has provoked a tempest of controversy . . . *The 'Dictionary' can rush in where journalists fear to tread. It says things about King Edward that no newspaper would have ventured to suggest.*"

In the opening chapter of "Vanity Fair" we are told some interesting things about Becky Sharp and the "Dixonary." Miss Sharp and Miss Amelia Sedley were leaving (in Mrs. Sedley's coach) Miss Pinkerton's Academy for young ladies on Chiswick Mall. Miss Sedley had been presented with a copy of "the Great Lexicographer's" standard work. Miss Jemima Pinkerton wished her sister, the head of the Academy, to give Becky one also, and she took a copy from the shelf for presentation to Miss Sharp, but Jemima was bidden to "replace the Dixonary in the closet and never take such a liberty in future." Despite this admonition, however, kind-hearted Jemima handed Miss Sharp a copy of the book, together with some sandwiches, as the coach was driving off.

Becky kept the sandwiches, but sent the Dixonary "flying over the pavement of the little garden, and sank back in the carriage in an easy frame of mind, saying, 'So much for the Dixonary, and thank God, I'm out of Chiswick.'"

After reading the Memoirs of King Edward and Algernon Charles Swinburne, some people, despite the "monumental" character of the work, may be disposed to treat Sir Sidney Lee's Dixonary as Becky treated the "Great Lexicographer's."

For sending threatening letters to King Edward when he was Prince of Wales more than one person was severely punished. The man Mylius was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for foully libelling King George. People "in society" had made Mylius's lies the topic of conversation years before that arch-villain printed and published them. The Memoir of Edward VII. was issued in the "Dictionary of National Biography" some five months or so after the conviction of Mylius. Probably only lawyers are aware that, at the trial of Dr. Shebbear for writing treasonable letters, that eminent judge, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, laid down the law that satires—merely satires—on dead Kings were punishable.[1]

Certain writers in the newspapers have displayed more anxiety to rescue Sir Sidney Lee from the pit into which he has fallen than to defend King Edward from the depreciations of the Dictionary. As these worthy persons were shielded by their anonymity I cannot say if any of them chance to be among the contributors to the Dictionary. The "informers," again, have possibly friends who might not be averse to vent their rage upon one or other of those who have exposed their treatment of the King, to whom in life they probably truckled like valets, to whom in death they are faithless among the faithful. "What people, what a set!"[1]

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[1] Horace Walpole's "Letters," vol. iii. p. 153.

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[1] Matthew Arnold.

CHAPTER VIII

LORD KNOLLYS

Conversing one day with an august personage, King Edward, then Prince, said: "There is a greater distance between my mother and myself than there is between the Queen and her humblest subject." It should be hardly necessary to say that these pregnant words were not intended to convey the impression that personal differences existed between the Heir-Apparent and Queen Victoria: it was the son's way of expressing the great altitude of the Sovereign as compared with the position of one who was only a probable Monarch. Of many striking sayings of King Edward which have filtered through to me I quote now only the above, and that merely for an illustrative purpose. What was the "distance between" the late Sovereign and the eminent man who relinquished the heavy burden of the Secretaryship on a memorable date—Queen Alexandra's Jubilee? I should say it could be gauged with a yard measure; perhaps even with a foot-rule. Many were honoured with the little confidences of King Edward, but he had only one confidant where State and purely personal affairs were concerned—the man, the friend, whom he made a Peer as some slight recognition of the service of a lifetime; a souvenir, as it were, from Sovereign to subject; a token of gratitude for unselfish devotion.

Lord Knollys may be justly proud of the fact that he filled for a longer period than any other man similarly placed the post of Secretary and (I do not hesitate to say it) adviser to Sovereigns. He saw everything, heard everything, and was consulted about everything for forty-two years. And, above all, he knew how to be silent. With the Secretaries of Sovereigns this is the quality most valued, as it is the rarest. The terrible secrets of the confessional have not been more jealously kept by the priests than the secrets of the Palace by Lord Knollys. In the course of forty years the feather-bed may have burst more than once, but those who would have picked up the feathers were stayed by the warning hand of the guardian, the soldier who never slept at his post.

If King Edward found his great consoler in times of stress—and there were some such—in his consort, there was one other who, with rare exceptions, was always at hand to soothe the wounded feelings of his Royal Master—the placid, imperturbable Secretary, whose calming powers and ability to "put matters right" were unrivalled. The King was not naturally of an irritable disposition; but occasionally his indignation at some unlooked-for occurrence was so great that it momentarily overmastered him, and then the persuasiveness and "sweet reasonableness" of Lord Knollys were effectual restoratives.

To a phenomenally acute mind is allied in Lord Knollys a highly-sensitive organisation oftener met with in the most intellectual women than in men steeped in the drudgery of a Court, overladen with a knowledge of the daily faits et gestes of a Sovereign, and called upon at a moment's notice to solve a difficulty or dispel a doubt. To these characteristics may be added yet one more—the quality of self-effacement; for this aide-de-camp of Kings is the most modest and retiring, as he is the suavest and most patient and tolerant, of men. I doubt if, even in the most trying circumstances, any one—man, woman, boy, or girl—ever heard him utter a hasty or an unkind word. But the gracious phrase came naturally to his lips as well as to his pen. A letter, in his firm business-like writing, which carries distinction with it, would not contain a superfluous word, while it was punctuated with the care of a littérateur. You hardly look for commas and semicolons in the letters of a King's Secretary; but you will find them in any missive signed "Knollys."

Here, then, one may be pardoned for saying, is the man more fitted than any other for the task of, I will not say writing, but editing, that "official" Life of King Edward about which we have been hearing so much—all inaccurate—of late. Although this would be a labour of love to him, and although he is still happily "quite the young man," vigorous in mind and alert in body, he might fairly (supposing him to have done so, which I do not assert) have excused himself from entering upon so onerous a work at seventy-six. However this may be, we may rest assured of this —that in the event of an authoritative and "documented" record of King Edward's reign (and not only his reign) being decided upon at no very distant date, Lord Knollys will lend a guiding hand, or, at least, illuminate it with his profound experience and exceptional knowledge of facts. He knows better than any one else how baseless are the recently-published statements that the materials for such a "Life" are "very scanty," that "all letters have been destroyed," and that there remains little more than a few memoranda jotted down by the King on stray scraps of paper. To crown these commérages came the announcement that Queen Alexandra had confided the preparation of the "Life" to the Hon. J. W. Fortescue; which I can certify to be untrue.

However much we might appreciate it, we must not look forward to Lord Knollys's own memoirs —not, at all events, for many a long year to come. King Edward's life was in many respects the life of his Secretary; yet the latter, were he ever in the mood to do so, could put on paper records of incidents and episodes which would not properly come within the rigid boundaries of a "Life" of our late Sovereign, although they would rekindle our interest in the history of the Empire since the Tenth of March 1863.

CHAPTER IX

WHEN EDWARD VII. WAS PRINCE AND GEORGE V. DUKE

WHAT a change it will be from Babylon and its Institute pageantry to Balmoral! But at least one person will welcome it, and that one is Her Majesty. Not a few members of the Royal Household were anxious to see how the Queen would get through the fatigues incidental to the Drawing-Room and the inauguration of the Imperial Institute, and there was a feeling of relief when both functions came to a brilliant end, leaving our gracious Lady but very little the worse for her exertions.[1]

Nobody is fonder of playing a little practical joke than Her Majesty. One of these bits of fun she perpetrated on the day of the Drawing-Room, when, after hastily changing her ceremonial garb, she went for a drive all round the least-known quarters of the West End, returning (and this is a fact, though none of the papers have mentioned it) through the slummy parts of Chelsea, to the amazement of the neighbourhood and the bewilderment of a solitary policeman here and there, who could hardly believe their eyes as they saw the Royal carriage dash past them. The manner in which the great function passed off pleased the Queen immensely, so that all concerned in the making of the multitudinous arrangements have been pluming themselves ever since. And first and foremost in the list is, of course, "my dear son," whose "day" it proved to be, without any reservation whatsoever. As the Prince of Wales would have had to bear the brunt of any breakdown, so he was accorded all the glory resulting from the perfect success of the business from first to last.

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[1] Diary: May 10, 11, 1893.

If the idea of retiring from the Sovereignty ever entered the head of the Queen, it must have been after the South Kensington ceremony, which proved that the Prince of Wales has a very clear perception of the duties of the Heir-Apparent. Her Majesty now sees clearly that she will have a most fitting and suitable successor in her eldest son, who, albeit he is in no hurry to assume the immense responsibilities attaching to the Crown, feels, to a greater extent than ever before, that, when the psychological moment arrives, he will have the support of the country generally.

The loyalty of the Nation is not at fever heat, but not very far below it; and one reason is that people—no matter what their politics may be—are not only most heartily sick of the Home Rule business, but angry to think that so much of the precious time of the leaders—and of the rank and file also—of both parties has been, and is being,

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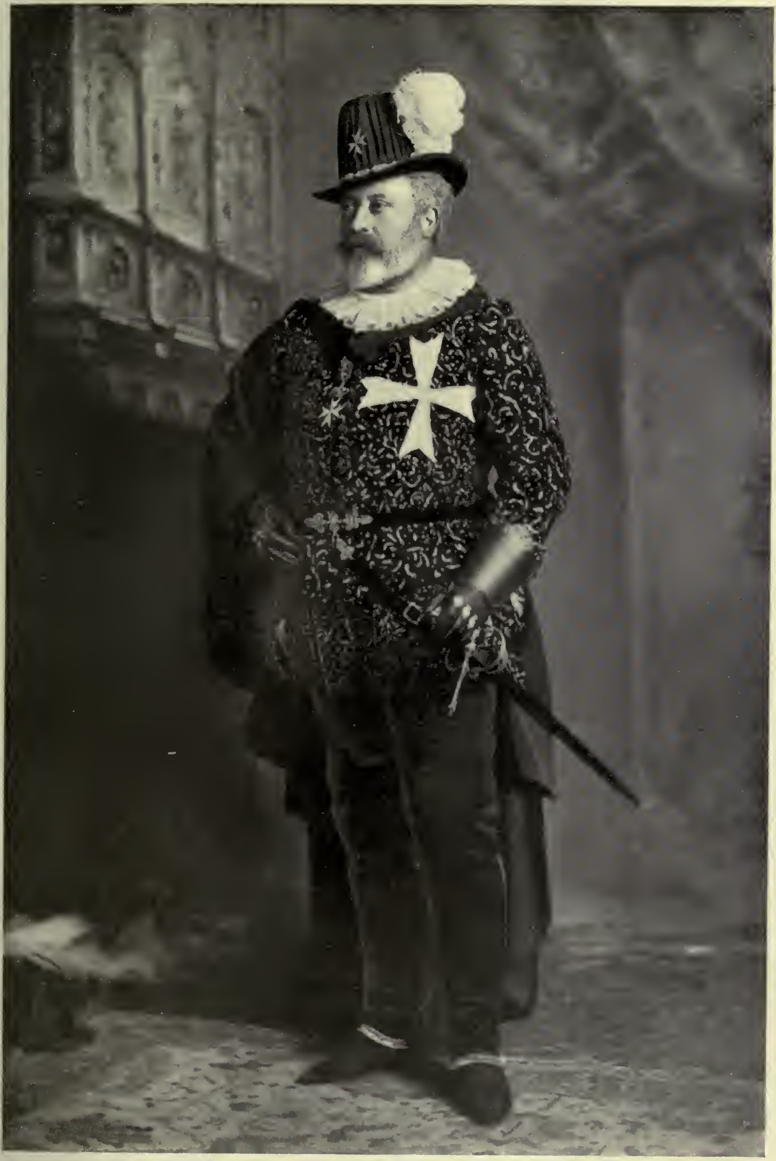

Photo] [*Lafayette.*

KING EDWARD AS GRANDMASTER OF THE KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM AND CHEVALIER OF MALTA. (The costume he wore at the famous Diamond Jubilee Ball at Devonshire House.)

wasted in the pursuit on the one hand of a chimera and on the other in the effort to resist the designs of the "Separatists." The general opinion is that the attempt to split up the United Kingdom has been of incalculable value in cementing the old attachment of the People to the Crown, and that the longer the insensate struggle is continued the better it will be for the Throne.

A few years ago many people viewed the possibility of the Prince's accession to supreme power with no little anxiety. That feeling of apprehensiveness now seems to have disappeared —if not wholly, to a considerable extent; while it is certain that the Queen has now attained her apogee, and that, were she to delegate her functions to the Prince of Wales as (let us say) Prince Regent, she would withdraw from the stage in the full blaze of popularity and triumph.

People think about these things but are too timorous to utter them, except under the seal of secrecy. No harm, however, can arise from their temperate discussion. A sentiment of pained indignation prevailed at the absence of the Princess of Wales; and everybody was asking the reason of her non-attendance at a ceremony only second in importance to that of Jubilee Day. People cannot understand this voluntary exile of the Princess at such an important period in the social history of the country; and they will not rest content with the somewhat feeble explanation that she is touring for her health's sake and change of scene. A painful impression has got abroad, and the non-participation of the Princess and her daughters in the exceptionally magnificent pageant caused much surprise.

There was another very general sentiment of astonishment when it was found that the Prime Minister was not present at the ceremony. Probably in no other country would a Queen's or King's First Minister—the one man primarily responsible for the business of the nation—have deemed it fitting, or decorous, or even civil, to have absented himself on such an occasion. In the evening "Mr. G." dined with Sir Arthur and Lady Hayter; so it was not indisposition which kept him away from South Kensington. What, then, was it?

The Royal dinner-party on Drawing-Room night was all gaiety and sparkle, and it was said that the talk was all about the fiançailles and the Institute. Her Majesty set the example for the toasting of the young couple (who were the hero and heroine of the evening) by raising her glass of champagne, and the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, the Duke of Teck, and all the other Royalties at the table were not slow to follow suit.

To say that May 10 was a second Jubilee Day would be a glaring exaggeration. It approached that ever-to-be-remembered occasion in some not unimportant respects, it is true; but there the simile must end. To the intense surprise of that tremendous concourse of spectators the Royal procession passed through the Park unaccompanied by a note of music. This was the one disappointing part of the display, and many were curious to know the reason why.

What would have been easier than to have stationed half a dozen bands at intervals along the route ? (It was said that there were two—somewhere.) Tens of thousands of people must have been standing in one position for four or five hours—many probably much longer. How grateful they would have been for the livening up which would have resulted from the performance of some appropriate music before the appearance and during the passage of the procession ! As it was, there was little or nothing to remove the ennui which even the most ardent loyalists must have experienced until the carriages containing the personages invited to the gathering began to rumble by. One had only to be in the crowd —mostly a well-dressed one—to perceive that lamentable ignorance prevailed concerning who was who. Twenty thousand invitations were sent out, inclusive of cards sold, so that he or she would indeed have been wise who could have named more than a very few of the personages as they drove more or less rapidly through the Park on their way to the Institute.

The turn-outs were exceedingly varied, a particularly dashing equipage being followed by a hansom or a "growler" which would have reflected more credit on Peckham than on Hyde Park or Piccadilly. There must have been much "Court-dress" hiring, judging by the numbers of men who made their appearance in that guise, some, at least, of whom are not generally known as courtiers.

The representatives of the foreign Powers made a brilliant " splash." They had the finest carriages (save, of course, the " Royals "), and the most magnificent of all was the German Ambassador's—a huge coach, the body in bright yellow, picked out with black (the " national " colours are opposed to those of Prussia, which are black and white). I suppose some of the Court " tabbies " of both sexes would have been shocked could they have seen his Excellency puffing a cigarette as his carriage, splendidly horsed, rolled along. For some reason or other, known only to the select few, there had been numerous changes in the programme; and even on the day itself it seemed doubtful who would actually figure in the more important parts of the procession. Some, at least, of the morning newspapers had not been kept very accurately informed as to who would accompany the Prince of Wales. The choppings and changings appear to have begun in the previous week. Only a minority were prepared for the announcement of the Royal betrothal, which was not received quite as enthusiastically as it might have been.

The Duke of York had accepted the invitation of the Treasurer and Benchers of the Middle Temple to dine " in hall " with them on Friday evening the 5th, and disappointment was caused by a letter from the Duke, at the last moment, begging to be excused from attending. This was considered rather rough on those who had intended to specially honour the young gentleman, and it will be some time ere the feeling of soreness will disappear. The Prince of Wales's apology for his son's absence was that the Duke "had only been engaged two days."

No little uncertainty consequently prevailed as to whether the recently-engaged couple would be in the procession. There was a feeling of pleasurable surprise, then, when, after an interminable wait, the Prince of Wales's carriage came into view, and it was seen that the two ladies facing the Heir-Apparent and his only son were the delightful Duchess of Teck and her daughter Princess "May." Their reception was hearty, without being boisterous, and both seemed highly gratified. The Duchess did not look particularly well in health, the result of a heavy cold from which she had been suffering for several days; while on the young Princess's face there was an indication of painful pleasure. Had she been wreathed in smiles she would have been something more than human, and nobody was surprised at the shadow which every now and again came over that sweet young face. "Poor girl!" murmured many a spectator, as the carriage went past at a snail's pace, and that was the general feeling.

The Duke of York has a little of that shyness which, until very recently, was the marked characteristic of his uncle Alfred; and he responded almost timidly to the hurrahs of the crowd. His beard does not become him particularly well, and (odd as it may sound) I heard more than one lady express her wish that the second of our sailor Princes would shave!

Considering the endless reports which have been put about concerning the health of the Prince of Wales, there was curiosity to see how the Heir-Apparent really looked. The croakers must have been very considerably surprised and (let us hope) agreeably disappointed, for H.R.H. was bubbling over with delight, and appeared to rather enjoy riding with his back to the horses, a position which I had not seen him occupy before. It takes a great deal to surprise the Prince, but I fancy he was amazed at the extent of the crowd and the warmth of his reception, which would have been infinitely more pronounced but for the fact that nobody expected to see him and the Royal coachman dos-à-dos.

Whenever a slight surcease in the acclamations enabled the Prince to say a few words to the Duchess and Princess May he did so, pointing out what seemed to strike him here and there, and also directing "George's" attention to the more remarkable features of the route. The young man, however, was decidedly distrait, perhaps because his right hand was well-nigh glued to his hat, in acknowledgment of the salutations which greeted him and his fair fiancée.

The Duchess of Edinburgh was in more smiling mood than I had seen her since her ante-marriage days, close upon twenty years before. People seemed more than surprised to see her—she is so rare a participant in our little ceremonies, which must appear to her of small account in comparison with those to which she was accustomed in her native land. She made her public entry into the Metropolis on a bitterly cold, snowy day, and looked half frozen and more than half disappointed at the woebegone aspect which London presented. It is often said that our people never took kindly to the only sister of the Tsar;[1] her friends (and she has many staunch and true ones) tell a very different tale, and have nothing but good to relate of her.

The Duke of Edinburgh, too, has had his time of unpopularity; but he could hardly have complained of his greeting, and his looks betokened his gratification. He was in as good spirits as his elder brother, and whenever he "spotted" a friend in the crowd he waved him or her a cordial salutation. One of the young Edinburgh ladies was as radiant as a granddaughter of an Empress-Queen, niece of an autocratic Tsar, and sister of a future Sovereign can ever be.

Thousands seemed to be unaware that the handsome "Connaughts" were in the show. Prince Henry of Battenberg was an unknown quantity to the bulk of the spectators, but Prince Christian came in for a fair share of plaudits, and looked very little changed by the gun accident at Osborne. The crowd cheered the Commander-in-Chief—Cambridge's Duke; and wondered who the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, one of the smartest-looking men in the procession, might be. One figure was looked for in vain. "She ought to have been there," said everybody, but as a matter of fact the adorable Princess of Wales was at Brindisi while the Imperial Institute was being inaugurated. Her daughters have been with her during the tour. Despite this fact, however, a reporter discerned the two young ladies "in one carriage, looking, as they always look, graceful and good-tempered."

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[1] Alexander III.

By common consent the comeliest figure was that of Princess Beatrice, who, with Princess Christian, accompanied Her Majesty. Prince Henry of Battenberg's consort's popularity, indeed, increases, and no wonder, for she has always been gentle, sympathetic, and unobtrusive. The Queen has become charmingly venerable of aspect, and her white hair was more conspicuous than ever. Her white sunshade, fringed with black lace, relieved the gloom of her robe, all black, save the white guipure lace with which the satin cape was edged and the white aigrette in the Chantilly lace bonnet. The gown was ornamented with cut jet, which glistened in the sun, but Her Majesty had eschewed everything in the shape of orders and decorations — a fact which provoked no little surprise. Her sombre raiment made the dresses of the two Princesses the gayer by comparison; and the ladies all along the route and at the Institute were loud in their eulogies of the heliotrope and gold robe worn by Princess Christian and the terra-cotta gown of Princess Beatrice.

The gold filigree bonnet of the latter also came in for admiration.

Despite the cream-coloured ponies, with their purple and gold trappings, and the rich liveries of the Royal servants who walked by their side, and the sheen of the Life Guards' uniforms, the element of the picturesque would have been lacking but for the presence of the Indians and the Colonials. The Queen's bodyguard was unique, and the crowd feasted their eyes on the blue uniform of the Canadian artillerymen, the dazzling and gorgeous garb of the Bengal, Madras, and Hyderabad Lancers, and the Poonah Horse. But this was not all, for there were those Central India Horsemen to give additional colour to the pageant; and the Australian Lancers, in their brown tunics, trousers of the same hue, buff boots, and brown Tyrolese sombreros, with cock's feathers. Very few in number were these Colonials, but the recollection of their presence will not fade soon. This, then, was the artistic part of the pageant. The tawny Indians, swathed in silks of all colours; the swarthy volunteers from New South Wales, with their free-and-easy bearing; and the Canadian gunners, formed the most attractive items of the show. Probably not one in a thousand spectators had had any idea of the radiant spectacle which they were about to witness; and this accounted for the spontaneous bursts of applause all along the line as the Royal escort made its appearance.

The perfect training of these Indian and Colonial warriors was good to see. The cheering which greeted them from first to last—the fusillade of applause, which began at Buckingham Palace and was maintained until the Institute was reached, did not move them. The Indians were splendidly impassive, the Australians and Canadians gloriously stolid. There was nothing theatrical about this part of the pageant; it was all magnificently real. A better-tempered crowd I have rarely, if ever, seen; yet the fierce glare of the sun and the frequently overpowering heat were quite sufficient to have made people testy and disagreeable. Those tens of thousands who lined the Ladies' Mile had by far the best of it, although, as the Queen passed at high noon, the trees offered little, if any, protection from the sun, and the ladies were in many instances compelled by the vox populi to close their parasols.

Most remarkable was the number of women and children in the crowd. Thousands of the fair sex were to be seen, unescorted, apparently determined to be " in it," or perish in the attempt; while everywhere you met with the rising generation, as anxious as their elders to get a front place. Artful people were those who drove into the Park about the breakfast hour, and had their carriages drawn up in the open space between the Serpentine end of the Row and fronting " the Mile." The horses were sent away, and goodness only knows how they were ever found and brought back again; but there were the rows of carriages, and their owners picnicking on and in them, as if it were a Derby Day, and the scene Epsom Downs instead of Hyde Park.

Every householder along the best parts of the route seemed to have invited all his or her friends to "see the show and have lunch," and the hospitality was boundless. The French Embassy and the other great mansions at Albert Gate were crowded, the balconies were draped with royal crimson, and the ladies came out in the newest and most brilliant costumes—pink and green being the colours most in favour. The huge building in which the Hyde Park Club is located formed a rallying-place for a vast number of élégantes, and in the gardens of all the houses at Albert Gate tents, pavilions, and platforms had been erected. Very gay were the luncheons which followed the passage of the Royalties, and it was not until the evening was well advanced that the festivities came to an end. Very few thefts were reported, nobody having been so unfortunate as Mr. Herbert Gladstone. The confiscatory principles which the "G.O.M." has sanctioned and applauded of late years met with a practical application in the case of "my son Herbert." That guileless and paternally-handicapped youth was watching the Royal procession when some light-fingered professor of Gladstonian principles relieved him of his gold watch and chain. This is really taking the utterances of the Hawarden family much more seriously than they were ever intended to be taken. But perhaps, after all, the theft was the work of some rascally

Orangeman, reckless as to whether he "did time" in this fashion or on the treadmill. The thief was evidently not a Separatist, for he "lifted" the chain with the watch.

"Take time by the forelock," the adage doth say,
And the thief who young Herbert relieved
Of his watch-chain and "ticker" on Institute Day
That adage most firmly believed.

"The rights of the propertied classes are not
As sacred as some people think,"
Remarked the Old Chief when debating ran hot;
And the thieves took it on with a wink.

As a time-thief the Premier all-comers can beat
When he mounts the rhetorical stump;
Yet he isn't a match for that man in the street
Who took all Herbert's "Time" on the jump.

There were a good many cases of fainting in the Park during the long wait for the coming of the procession; and it was pleasant to see how readily "fine ladies" produced beautiful vinaigrettes and smelling-bottles for the benefit of their poorer fellow-creatures. As I inclined before our Sovereign Lady my thoughts went back to that distant noon when, facing the vast assemblage which filled the Albert Hall, Her Majesty declared that magnificent memorial to her beloved Consort "open to the public." Prince Albert had then been dead some ten years only; but there had been mutterings and murmurings at the Queen's seclusion, and even the daily papers had joined in the chorus of complaint at the disappearance of Court pageantry and its depressing effect upon trade. Nearly two-and thirty years have elapsed since the rustling of the wings of the Angel of Death was heard at Winsdor; yet here is the Queen, apparently in the best health which any human being can reasonably expect to enjoy once threescore years and ten have passed, fulfilling one of those duties which it is pre-eminently her province to discharge, smilingly returning the acclamations of the million, and seemingly every whit as " popular " in the ordinary sense of the word as she was on that May Day in 1851 when she rode to Hyde Park to " open " the Palace of Glass, the precursor of so many industrial and art exhibitions in the various capitals of the Old and New World.

There have been times during these thirty odd years when not only Royalty, but the Crown itself, was under a cloud; but nobody who witnessed this magnificent fête would have thought for a moment that " Victoria, Our Queen and Governor," the mother of " our King to be," had ever suffered the slightest waning of her pristine popularity, for from Buckingham Palace to the Imperial Institute it was one sustained chorus of jubilation—a resounding pæan of the people's praise, which must have dulled the spirit of the most stalwart of democrats, and made him rub his eyes in dreamy amazement that there is still extant so much effervescing loyalty.

CHAPTER X

THE "OFFICIAL" BIOGRAPHY

THE publication in the "Fortnightly Review"[1] of the article, "King Edward VII.: His Charater and Personality," was prolific of results, all tending to perpetuate the honour and glory of the greatest of our Kings. For the first time there was a general awakening to the glaring defects of the previously much-vaunted Memoir; and the Press blossomed forth with assertions that an "official" biography of the King was imminent. The effect of all these statements was to still further discredit the Memoir.

The first of the canards appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette" (September 1), which apparently borrowed it from the "Birmingham Daily Post," and was in these words:

> The suggestion has been made that Viscount Knollys should be invited to edit the "official" biography of the late King Edward when it comes to be prepared. There is no man better fitted for such a task.

Next (October 1) the same paper reproduced this elaborate hash:

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[1] October 1912.

King Edward's Biography.—It is said to be highly probable (writes the London correspondent of the "Birmingham Post") that, as a result of certain recently-issued publications[1] dealing with the life and character of the late King Edward, Queen Alexandra will revise her original intention and allow an "authorised" Life of His Majesty to be published much sooner than was intended. The late King left all his private papers to Queen Alexandra to destroy or retain for publication as seemed fit to her, and these Her Majesty has since gone through very carefully with the assistance of the King and the Princess Royal. The work of writing this biography will be entrusted to a former friend of His Majesty, and the name of Viscount Knollys has been mentioned prominently in this connection. If he were chosen he might relinquish his present position at Court at the end of the year to devote himself to the task, so that the book could make its appearance next autumn.

The "Pall Mall" again (October 4):

It is definitely settled that Lord Esher will be invited to undertake the preparation of the authorised biography of King Edward. The original choice would have been Lord Knollys, but it is understood that his lordship has asked to be excused, owing to his advanced age and his lack of experience of literary work. Queen Alexandra has entrusted the whole of the private papers of the late King to Lord Esher. It is expected that the book will make its appearance towards the end of next year.

[1] There was only one "recently-issued publication"—the "Dictionary of National Biography."

The "Standard" (October 4):

Queen Alexandra, it is rumoured, has consented to the preparation without any further loss of time of an authorised "Life of King Edward vii.," and it is stated that the work will be confided to Viscount Knollys. It is an open secret that Sir Sidney Lee's estimate of the late King in the pages of the penultimate volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" has been received with qualified approval in influential quarters. Lord Knollys has been associated more or less closely with the Court since 1868, and was Private Secretary to his late Majesty as Prince and King for no less than forty years. It stands to reason, therefore, that no one now alive is in a better position from intimate and confidential knowledge to deal not only with the personal characteristics, but the public activities at home and abroad, of a Monarch who as Prince and Sovereign did more for the welfare of the nation than is commonly supposed, and whose reign was all too short.

The "Sunday Times" (October 6):

It is now possible to announce that during the past few days a very important step has been taken in connection with the "authorised" biography of the late King. This is to place the whole of such private papers as His Majesty left behind him, which the present King and Queen Alexandra deemed suitable for publication, in the hands of Viscount Esher, who is to have the general control of the writing of the book. It was at first thought that Viscount Knollys was the most suitable person to undertake the work of compiling the book, but his lordship asked to be excused. Viscount Esher, as part author of the official

"Life" of the late Queen Victoria, is qualified in every respect to undertake this further task, and will be given very considerable assistance from the private secretariat in the actual writing of the book. Among others who will be invited to contribute reminiscences of His Majesty's career are Lord Knollys, Sir Dighton Probyn, Lord Farquhar, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The latter was King Edward's confidant upon many occasions, and his contribution will be most valuable.

The "London Mail" (October 19):

THE LIFE OF KING EDWARD.—As we anticipated, Lord Knollys has declined the invitation to write the official biography of King Edward, and the task has been entrusted to Lord Esher, who supervised the preparation of Queen Victoria's letters for publication. No man living knew the late King so well as Lord Knollys, but this very familiarity would naturally be a difficulty in the preparation of an "official" Life, for which too much intimate knowledge is a drawback. King Edward was himself fully aware of this difficulty, and remarked on one occasion, when approached on the question of a biography, that such a work would probably be offensively fulsome, or, "very much the reverse." Queen Alexandra is, however, wishful that the biography shall not be lacking in actuality.

"Reynolds's Newspaper" (October 20):

There is no truth in the statement which has been made that Lord Esher is writing the Life of the late King Edward.

"Reynolds's" (the Government's weekly organ), which King Edward regularly read all his life, was right—all the other papers were wrong.

The Manchester "Sunday Chronicle" (October 6) published the appended statement, from the pen of the prescient Mr. Oliver Gwynne:

> Several times I have mentioned in this column that those connected with the Royal Family are far from contented with the "Life" of King Edward which was published in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Among those who were most closely associated with the late King—and by that I mean his secretaries, his equerries, lords-in-waiting, and his friends (through whom he directed his work, as a constitutional monarch must do)—the biography caused intense anger. They consider it wide of the facts, and utterly unjust to the superb qualities of statesmanship shown by the late King. My own experience is all against anything that would belittle the abilities or the influence of King Edward.
>
> The forthcoming biography by Mr. Legge, to which reference was made in the "Sunday Chronicle" last week, is certain to excite remarkable interest, because the author has had opportunities which were not possessed by Sir Sidney Lee for learning the truth. Large numbers of people in this country continue to think that the death of King Edward was a very untoward and untimely event, and represented a serious national loss. They point to the fact that since his death we have had nothing but rumours of wars and fierce defiances from one nation to another, while it cannot be said that at home things are at all comfortable.

Mr. Legge is, I believe, to say something about King Edward's influence even with those difficult subjects, the newspapers. That influence was one of King Edward's most remarkable acquirements. There are London editors to-day who could tell strange stories of invitations to call at Buckingham Palace, where, politely, but firmly, their delinquencies were pointed out to them, and suggestions made and proffers of assistance given which would keep them in the right path in future. I know that when, from the first week of his last stay at Biarritz, His Majesty was lying ill with bronchitis, a simple request to the correspondents, who were told the full facts, not to say more than that he had a bad cold, was quite enough.

The absence of news of an alarmist kind in the English papers caused intense anger to certain financiers who were staying at Biarritz at the time. They had hoped for a great fall in stocks, and as day after day passed they took to telegraphing on their own behalf to the Stock Exchange and to newspapers. Editors, however, took it for granted that the whole thing was a money-making job, and paid no heed, and when, within seven days, the King was once more fully restored to health and moving about as usual, these financiers went nearly crazy over the coup which the King's influence, as I have said, had prevented them from making.

What must Lord Knollys's feelings have been when he read this persiflage in "P.I.P."? (October 12):

Viscount Knollys, principal private secretary to the King, is to relinquish the position at the end of the year. He has received several invitations from publishers to write the story of his nearly half-century's connection with the Court, and one well-known firm has offered him a cheque running well into five figures. It is highly improbable, however, that this or any other offer will be accepted for a book that would be of the deepest interest. Lord Knollys, like every one connected with the British Court, was honour-bound not to keep a diary or connected notes of any description while he acted as confidential adviser to successive sovereigns, and for this reason alone it would be quite impossible for him to tell the story of his career at Court in connected form. Indeed, it is difficult to see at all how the book could be written without indiscretion of a serious character, and Lord Knollys has always enjoyed the reputation of being the most discreet man in Europe.

A London evening paper (January 31, 1913) gave this item from the "Yorkshire Observer":

THE "LIFE" OF KING EDWARD.—I hear that a beginning has at length been made upon the official biography of King Edward, and that the editorship has been entrusted to Mr. John Fortescue, Royal Librarian at Windsor. Mr. Fortescue, it may be remembered, was responsible for the official description of their Majesties' Indian tour. The late King left very little material behind him of biographical value. He never kept a diary, and such memoranda as he left are of a scrappy nature, and mainly written upon odd pieces of paper.

The private archives of Windsor Castle will be called upon for some material, but the work will depend for the most part upon the personal recollections of his friends and entourage. Among those who have volunteered their assistance are

Lord Farquhar, the Marquis de Soveral, and Viscount Knollys.

The above is inaccurate throughout, with the exception of the sentence: "Mr. Fortescue was responsible for the official description of their Majesties' Indian tour."

The editor of the "Bookseller"[1] "fears that the rumour is too good to be true which suggests the possibility that Queen Alexandra may permit the publication of some selections from the private diary which she is understood to have kept during the greater part of her life. Yet there is the memorable precedent of Queen Victoria's 'Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands,' which gave so delightful a series of glimpses of the simple home life of the great Queen. The diary of Queen Alexandra would necessarily be, in some ways, more interesting still, since in her life there has been nothing to correspond with the long period of retirement and seclusion which covered practically the entire latter half of the life and reign of her august mother-in-law. If Her Majesty should happily be persuaded to allow us to see some extracts from the diary of her experiences and observations as Princess of Wales and as Queen Consort, we should have what would almost certainly be the most interesting Royal book ever published. But it is best not to build too much upon a rumour which may prove, as likely as not, to have been put about without any sort of authority." When we see Queen Alexandra's "Diary" (!) we may confidently look out for the Millennium.

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[1] March 21, 1913.

The man who is reputed to "run" the Royal "show" is Lord Esher, whose "reign" set in during the latter years of King Edward's life, and has gone on developing ever since. He is the handy man of the Palace, whose word is law. In September and October 1912 the "Pall Mall Gazette" gave a series of Lord Esher day-by-day announcements, each more amusing than the other, and all tending to beguile its innocent readers into believing that the noble lord had been selected to write the Life of King Edward. Queen Alexandra, it was said, had placed in his hands all the King's private papers, and the "official Life" was to be issued "next autumn" (1913). That galimatias was too ridiculous to evoke an official denial, and it was left to one of the Government's most powerful organs to contradict it: the paper was "Reynolds's," whose devotion to Mr. Asquith is frequently rewarded by the gift of "items of interest."

The idea of printing King Edward's letters is truly comic. Queen Alexandra's naïveté would not carry her thus far. Fancy giving to a ribald, scandal-loving world the letters written to King Edward by Napoleon III., the Empress, the little Prince, Queen Sophie of Holland and "Citron," Princess Lœtitia Bonaparte (Dowager Duchesse d'Aoste, the flutterer of the dovecotes of the Quirinal), George Russell (praying to be taken back into the Royal favour), Sir Jacob Wilson (who disposed of thousands of shares in one of Hooley's companies on commission), Count "Sherry-and-Whisky," Dupplin, "Jo" Aylesford, Duleep Singh, and the Venuses who posed before the camera in an era which seems a hundred years ago! Yet a befooled public swallowed it all open-mouthed and, like Oliver Twist, "asked for more."

Queen Alexandra has had reason on more than one occasion to complain of the publication of unauthorised statements concerning her future movements. Such announcements cause her much vexation personally, and are productive of not a little inconvenience to herself and many others. Our Sovereigns have been fortunate in the possession of an exceptionally discreet entourage. "Leakage" in that quarter is unknown. The domestics at the Palaces have been also, and as a rule are, superior to the blandishments of inquisitive inquirers.

After the publication by several papers of one of these unofficial announcements I asked a personage if there was any foundation for the statements. "Not the slightest," was the reply. "There is not a word of truth in any of them. They have caused Her Majesty great annoyance. I wish the writers of such absurdities would confine their remarks to gossip about the Queen's horses, dogs, and birds. Then no harm would be done."

CHAPTER XI

KING EDWARD AND POETRY

"It is well known that the late King was no very devoted student of poetry. At a banquet upon a semi-literary, semi-State occasion when the names of the guests had to be submitted for the King's personal inspection, that of an extremely well known poet was objected to on account, it is said, of its unfamiliar and plebeian sound. Explanation led to frank admission of the King's unfamiliarity with some of the chief poetic reputations of the day. Yet the poet in question was one of the daintiest and most accomplished writers of vers d'occasion that the country has produced."[1] Probably the writer accurately describes King Edward as "no very devoted student of poetry"; but I demur to the assertion that "it is well known" that this was one of his faiblesses, just as, until June 1912, it was anything but "well known" that "he was no reader of books. He could not concentrate his mind upon them."[2] How well qualified the "Times" writer was to discuss such a question as the Laureateship and King Edward's aloofness from poetry and from "some of the chief poetic reputations of the day" will be seen from this extract from an evening newspaper,[1] headed "The Laureateship. An Extraordinary Error":

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[1] The "Times Literary Supplement," June 5, 1913. Article on the "Laureateship."

[2] "Dictionary of National Biography"

Although a vast deal of nonsense is published nowadays as literary criticism or appreciation, one does expect accuracy in these matters in the more reputable and serious journals. Yet in to-day's (Thursday's) issue of so weighty an organ as the "Times Literary Supplement," in an article on "The Laureateship," I find the following paragraph and quotation:

"The Laureateship was not effectually raised above the dust of faction and party until 1843, when it was conferred by acclamation upon William Wordsworth, who took the bays, as he said, with palpitating hand and bound them upon his locks of snow. He inscribed a sonnet upon the occasion, marked by that strange inversion of modesty which repelled Hazlitt and at times staggered Lamb:

> There shall ye bide, till he who follows next,
> Of whom I cannot even guess the name,
> Shall by Court favour or some vain pretext
> Of fancied merit, desecrate the same,
> And think, perchance, he wears them quite as well
> As the sole Bard who sang of Peter Bell."

Will it be believed that a serious writer in a serious paper could have gravely made the amazing error of attributing to Wordsworth himself the lines quoted, which, as I should have thought everybody knew, are from the exquisite series of parodies in Bon Gaultier's Ballads? It makes one despair indeed when such an egregious mistake can appear in the columns of what I suppose we must still consider our leading literary paper. Even if the writer of the article knew not of the existence of the parody, surely his own common sense might have told him that Wordsworth did not write, and never could have written, the sonnet in question.

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[1] The "Globe," June 6, 1913.

The "Times" took no notice of the article in the "Globe," but in its next Literary Supplement (June 12) it published, without comment, this letter from a correspondent pointing out the error which was originally detected by the "Globe":

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

SIR,—I hope you will not put it down to an inherited lack of humour if I venture to protest through you against the writer of the article on the Laureateship in your issue of June 5 definitely ascribing the sonnet from Bon Gaultier to Wordsworth without any hint of its real authorship.

I yield to no one in my appreciation of parody, but such a use of it as this seems to me wholly illegitimate, confusing to posterity; but here, perhaps, my sense of humour is at fault, unjust to the person parodied, and unjust to the parodist, especially as in the present case, when he is far less read and quoted than he deserves to be.—Yours very truly, GORDON WORDSWORTH.

The Stepping Stones, Ambleside, June 10.

Probably some of the "new readers" whom the "Times" has been so joyously addressing day after day (May 1913), pointing out where they will find this and where they will find that, will jump to the conclusion that King Edward lacked appreciation of poetry. Such an assumption would be a mistake. It is curious to note that the editor of the Dictionary made no reference to the assertion of the "Times" that the King was "no very devoted student of poetry"; but, having committed himself to the grotesque statement that the Sovereign was "no reader of books," he probably considered it would be superfluous to add that His Majesty was unacquainted with the works of the world's poets—"could not," in fact, "concentrate his mind upon them."

Having admitted that the King was, as the "Times," wishing to say something pleasant, puts it, "no very devoted student of poetry," I will record the fact that His Majesty greatly admired and fully appreciated certain classes of verse, and most assuredly would never have taken a Bon Gaultier parody for a sonnet by Wordsworth. It is fairly certain that the King and all his brothers and sisters made acquaintance with "We are Seven" and other Wordsworthian verses which fascinate all children when they are in the nursery. And I will undertake to "eat my hat" if any one will prove, in the "Times Literary Supplement," or in any other equally fair-minded and accurate publication, that King Edward had never read and re-read the "Idylls," "Enoch

Arden," the ode on the death of Wellington, "The Brook," "The Princess," "Maud," "Crossing the Bar," and many other Tennysonian gems. It would be a reflection on his memory and his capacity for enjoying the deathless imagery of the great poets to suppose that he had not a fair acquaintance with the poems of Goldsmith, Cowper, Thomson, Pope, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Burns, Moore, Macaulay, Swinburne, Mrs. Hemans, and a score besides, not forgetting Dibden, Tom Hood, Longfellow, Kipling, Praed, and Henley. As for what the "Times" writer (and nobody else) calls "vers d'occasion," we may be certain that the King was very familiar with many of those agreeable and entertaining trifles best known as "vers de société."

The "Times" article-writer who came such a "cropper" over the great Lake Poet would doubtless consider unworthy his notice the light verse which has appeared for years in the "World" from the pen of Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott and that which of old "Truth" published under the heading "The Barrel Organ," yet I will venture to say that among the tens of thousands of readers who found these verses entertaining was Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Edward VII. Of such it is within the bounds of possibility that he was even "a devoted student." And would such an admirer of persiflage have ignored the "Bab Ballads," the charming verses which helped to make the little "Owl" the talk of our "all London," Henry S. Leigh's "Carols of Cockayne," and Calverley's and J. K. Stephens' inimitable parodies ?

Would it not be the height of absurdity to suppose that King Edward had such a disaffection for literature that he had never tried to " concentrate his mind " even for half an hour upon " The Ingoldsby Legends," " John Gilpin," Macaulay's " Lays of Ancient Rome," " The Song of the Shirt," Keats's " Hyperion," " The Eve of St. Agnes," and " La Belle Dame sans Merci," " The Lay of the Last Minstrel," " The Lady of the Lake," and " Marmion " ? And Chaucer, Milton, Herrick, George Wither, Ben Jonson—had he never dipped into their pages ?

I presume that the " Times " writer will not deny that the Russian poets who are best known in Europe are Pushkin and Lermontov, both of whom were young men when they were the victims of fatal duels. I will hazard the conjecture that King Edward knew something of the works of the former, if only by hearsay. That he had read Lermontov's " Demon," or parts of it, I am fairly certain, inasmuch as it was translated by one of my friends many years before he became one of the King's favourite Gentlemen-in-Waiting—Sir Alexander Condie Stephen, who Englished " The Demon " when he was preparing himself for our diplomatic service.

Bismarck and his Imperial master, William I., had, after all, figuratively, to " go to Canossa " ; but it would have been preposterous to have told King Edward, at any time of his always full life, that he must "go to Parnassus" if he desired to figure in history as the King who had been "a very devoted student of poetry." In modern times there has been only one King who devotedly studied poetry (and music), and he drowned himself in the Starnberger See. George II., we know, openly confessed to hating "boetry and bainting," and his successor also immortalised himself by declaring of Shakespeare: "Much of this is sad stuff, only one mustn't say so." Edward VII. was cast in a different mould. He did not waste his time by seriously studying poetry, yet there were many forms of verse for which he had genuine admiration, while it would be folly to assert that he had not a respectful regard for every class of poetry.

Only those who do not know that King Edward was one of the best of good Churchmen, neither too "High" nor too "Low," will be inclined to smile when they read that all devotional poetry strongly appealed to him, as it has likewise always appealed to King George and the other members of the Royal Family. I will illustrate this side of King Edward's character by a quotation:

IN MEMORY OF PRINCESS ALICE MAUD MARY, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

DIED DECEMBER 14, 1878, AGED 35.

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita."
DANTE, *Inferno*, C. I., v. i.

Half-way upon Life's journey, like a rose
  That's gathered while the leaves are still unfolding,
Death gathered *her;* and, all-triumphant, shows
  The fearful might with which he keeps his holding.

Half-way upon Life's journey, like a song
That suddenly the whirlwind has arrested,
Death hush'd her voice . . . And now in vain we long
To hear her speak. Death's power is uncontested!

Half-way upon Life's journey, like a star
That, ere its time for setting, clouds have hidden,
Death has o'ershadowed her; though, still afar,
'Tis true, he seemed at first, and came unbidden.

Half-way upon Life's journey, Death drew near;
She saw Life ebb away, nor wished to save it;
For even what on earth she held most dear
Unmurmuringly she left for Him who gave it.

Half-way upon Life's journey, met by Death,
She bowed beneath the sceptre that he wielded,
And, scarcely sighing with her latest breath,
She peacefully to God her spirit yielded.

Half-way upon Life's journey? . . . Is it fact
That Death has laid his hand on what we cherished?
That youth and beauty, gentleness and tact,
And mind and heart, in one fell swoop have perished?

. . . .

Though half-way on Life's journey, 'twas a whole
Life she worked out in youth; and thus before us,
Unperished all her charms, she's reached the goal
Where, blessed, glorified, she watches o'er us!

This poem was handed to, and printed by, me at the time—thirty-five years ago. It was unsigned, and there was much speculation as to the authorship. The verses, as I immediately learnt, had made a great impression at the Palace and at Marlborough House before it became known that they were written by Miss Lœtitia Probyn, a sister of Sir Dighton, the present Comptroller of Queen Alexandra's Household. It was natural that Queen Victoria, the deep-feeling Prince of Wales in particular, and the other Princes and Princesses should have been gratified, and, I should say, in a large measure consoled, by this beautiful spontaneous tribute to the memory of Princess Alice, who, with the Princess of Wales, had nursed the Heir-Apparent during the whole of his almost fatal illness at Sandringham in November–December 1871. Miss Probyn also wrote for me an article on the same subject, "A White Wreath," which, I was told, was received with equal favour by all those who were directly concerned.

No one more highly appreciated elegiac verse than King Edward. This I heard in Miss Probyn's circle. Like everybody else, the King had his favourite hymns.

Had not this King who, we are now for the first time told, was "no very devoted student of poetry," something more than a nodding acquaintance with such masters of the poetic art as Molière and Racine, Béranger and De Musset? Had he not, year after year, revelled in the sonorous verse of the two first-named at the Théâtre Français? Had he not been stirred by the magic of Béranger and touched by the sentiment of "Ce n'est pas toi, Lisette"? A regular visitor for many years to the South of France, the King could not possibly have been ignorant of that pulsating Provençal verse of which the venerable

Mistral is still the chief producer; and, with a glossary to guide him, King Edward, an exceptional master of foreign tongues, would have had little difficulty in reading Mistral's, and others', poems in that Provençal dialect which is so puzzling to most people.

I should be much surprised were I told on respectable authority that Edward VII. was unacquainted with the great, and some of the minor, German poets — with Goethe, Heine, Bürger, Uhland ("Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee"), Rückert (many of whose verses were set by Schumann), Lenau, and the writer of the delightful "Wer hat dich du schöner Wald" (Mendelssohn). And will any one worthy of credence have the boldness to assert that the King had not read, and often heard sung, and himself joined in singing, some of the many stirring Soldaten-Lieder—"Ich bien ein Preusse," the pathetic "Ich hatt' einem Kameraden," the glorious "O Strassburg, O Strassburg, du wunderschöne Stadt!" "Die Wacht am Rhein,"[1] and "Husaren Heraus"?

King Edward's father, who, with the Queen, taught the Royal children to love poetry, was enthusiastic over the "Idylls," in the prelude to which the immortal lines are enshrined. The Prince Consort wrote to "My dear Mr. Tennyson" asking him to be good enough to write his admirer's name "in the accompanying volume of 'Idylls of the King.' You would thus add a peculiar interest to the book containing those beautiful songs, from the perusal of which I have derived the greatest enjoyment." And Princess Alice (who lives again in the Empress of Russia and the Grand Duchess Serge) wrote that the Laureate's "marvellous dedication" (to her adored father) "expressed everything I feel and could wish to say. All I can add, and with a heavy sigh, is that I would be worthier of such a father."

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[1] I sent to London the first English translation of this war-song early in August 1870. All these rousing songs I heard in bivouac and on the march to Paris after Sedan.

How often had the Prince and Princess of Wales read with dim eyes and joyful hearts these lines of Thanksgiving addressed by the Laureate "To The Queen!"

> O loyal to the royal in thyself,
> And loyal to thy land, as this to thee—
> Bear witness that rememberable day
> When, pale as yet, and fever-worn, the Prince
> Who scarce had plucked his flickering life again
> From half-way down the shadow of the grave
> Passed with thee thro' thy people and their love,
> And London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all
> Her trebled millions, and loud leagues of man
> And welcome! witness, too, the silent cry,
> The prayer of many a race and creed, and clime—
> Thunderless lightnings striking under sea
> From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm . . . [1]

Of the verses which Queen Alexandra used to write for her children to repeat to their father on

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[1] Written by Tennyson on the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his illness in 1871.

November the 9th, only these were allowed to be published :[1]

FOR PAPA'S BIRTHDAY,

9TH NOVEMBER.

Day of pleasure,
  Brightly dawning,
Take the gift
  Of this sweet morning!
Our best hopes
  And wishes blending
Must yield joy
  That's never ending.

It was not the fault of Queen Victoria and her consort if the Royal children were not steeped in German poetry, which they imbibed almost from their infancy. They were thus led to love those captivating Volkslieder which they were always hearing. The Queen sang Mendelssohn's songs to the composer's own accompaniment. In that atmosphere King Edward grew up ; there was no necessity for him to pore over the " Gradus ad Parnassum," that " most intellectual trap-door to the classics," either in his youth or his manhood.

What a touch of nature was apparent in that scene at the Town Hall at Berlin, in 1909, when, in honour of the King and Queen Alexandra, a male choir chanted " In einem Kühlen Grunde," one of those sweet Lieder so loved by Edward VII., and more in accordance with his simple, homely tastes than the theatrical Court ceremonies which he had to attend! At one time or other some one must have told him, to his amusement, that, when his parents went to France during the Crimean war, his father and Napoleon III. sang in unison in a carriage some of the German Volkslieder, with for sole audience Queen Victoria.

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[1] The " Sketch," January 15, 1913.

Would it have added to King Edward's fame had he been "a very devoted student of poetry"? And how many precious hours a day should he have given to the study? "To become a blacksmith you must work at the forge." Edward VII. knew as well as any of us that, as Fanshawe wrote—

> . . . With a load of care
> Men cannot climb Parnassus cliffe.

CHAPTER XII

HISTORY OF THE KING'S ILLNESS

Miss Lind-af-Hageby, editor of the "Anti-Vivisection Review," stated in the Court of King's Bench [1] that, after King Edward's death, a leaflet was issued by the Parliamentary Anti-Vivisection Society in which reference was made to a course of vaccine treatment, and it was said that the cause of His Majesty's death was vivisection. Mr. Duke asked Miss Lind if Queen Alexandra wrote a public repudiation of that charge, and Miss Lind replied that she did not remember. Sir George Kekewich, of Feltham, Middlesex, gave evidence in the case. Cross-examined by Mr. Duke, Sir George said that the words referring to the vaccine treatment which King Edward underwent were the words of the "British Medical Journal," but a leaflet was issued by the Parliamentary Anti-Vivisection Society:

Do you believe that the cause of the King's death was that treatment ?—I believed it, and I believe it now.

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[1] In an action (which failed) brought against the "Pall Mall Gazette" and others. The above evidence was given on April 6, 1913.

Did your society withdraw the leaflet and apologise for it ?—They withdrew it because Queen Alexandra objected. Why she objected I do not know. One reason for publication was that I felt resentment against the doctors for having used that treatment.

Mr. Duke then read the following letter, which Queen Alexandra sent to the Press on May 24, 1910 :

Queen Alexandra is very grieved that a report has been printed and circulated by some society that the death of the late King was caused by a vaccine treatment he had received to prevent him from contracting influenza and pneumonia before His Majesty went to Biarritz. Her Majesty wishes it to be known that before the late King left England he had never been in better health or spirits than after this vaccine treatment. It kept His Majesty in perfect health for 15 months. Her Majesty wishes it to be known that his attack was in no way connected with his professional treatment.

Mr. Duke (to Sir George Kekewich).—You do not understand why Queen Alexandra desired to contradict the statement ?—No ; and there was no intention whatever of saying anything that would diplease Her Majesty in any way. It was intended as a protest against the horrible, disgusting vaccine treatment. Miss Lind had nothing to do with it.

Mr. Duke.—It was your society ?

The Witness.—It is merely an attack on myself. In re-examination Sir George Kekewich said in his opinion the late King's malady was not such as to lead to sudden death, but he thought the natural thing to suppose was that His Majesty suffered from blood poisoning in consequence of the injection and use of vaccine.

Queen Alexandra's letter of May 1910, although generally published, was less generally read than in April 1913, when it came upon many people as something new. In these circumstances it is desirable to place on record not only Her Majesty's communication, but the authorised report of the King's last illness drawn up by His Majesty's physicians. That document is as follows :

The brief illness of the King and its rapid and fatal termination can only be understood after reference to his physical condition as a whole, when the sequence of events becomes clear.

His Majesty had for some years suffered from emphysema, with an attendant bronchial catarrh, the signs of which were permanently present at the bases of the lungs. On several occasions digestive disturbances and other symptoms had caused his medical attendants to realise that His Majesty no longer had the reserve of constitutional power which stood him in such splendid stead after his serious operation in 1902, and that any intercurrent catarrhal or bronchitic attack of a severe kind would at once call upon both heart and lungs for their fullest effort. *It must here be said that those around him knew how earnestly concerned he was at the present strained position of political affairs, and this fact should not be lost sight of in an all-round consideration of the King's health.*[1]

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[1] The sentence which I have italicised bears out my contention in " King Edward in his True Colours."—AUTHOR.

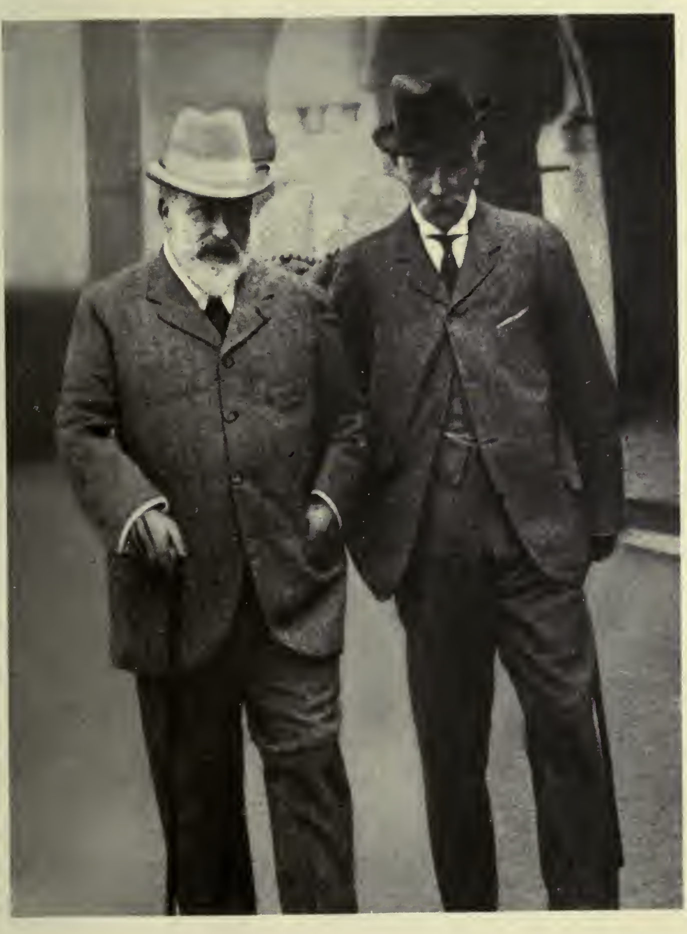
On March 7, it will be remembered, His Majesty started for Biarritz to obtain a little leisure from these anxieties. He had received some months previously a vaccination treatment which it was hoped would secure him for some time from catarrhal attacks. He broke the journey in Paris, and on the first night there had a severe attack of acute indigestion, with subsequent dyspnœa and considerable cardiac distress. The symptoms had arisen out of exertion, and yielded promptly to treatment.

The next day His Majesty exchanged visits with President Fallières and fulfilled his ordinary social engagements. But on arrival at Biarritz it became clear that he had contracted a chill which developed into a regular bronchitic attack—the raised temperature, accelerated pulse and respirations, and the physical signs in the chest occasioning his physician no little anxiety. The attack lasted ten days, during several of which he was confined to his bed, but the symptoms passed off, and for the rest of the visit His Majesty led his usual life, making excursions and entertaining quietly.

His Majesty came back from Biarritz on Wednesday, April 27, better in every way, and at once took up the thread of his very full life. On Saturday, April 30, he went down to Sandringham feeling a little unwell, and on Sunday, after attending service, he spent a long day looking at some extensive new planting and gardening alterations, with the result that a fresh chill was contracted. On Monday, May 2, he returned to London in very cold weather, feeling somewhat chilly and out of sorts. He, however, fulfilled a social engagement to dinner.

That evening, on returning from dinner, His

CALIFORNIA



Photo] [*Jugand.*

KING EDWARD ON HIS LAST VISIT TO BIARRITZ
AT THE END OF MARCH 1910.

Majesty was seen by one of his physicians, who found him complaining of some dyspnœa, with slightly raised temperature and quickened pulse and respirations; distinct bronchial crepitations were present over the bases of both lungs. He passed a disturbed night. On Tuesday morning, May 3, the symptoms had abated, he felt better, and the temperature was normal, but he suffered from much cough and expectoration, and considerable dyspnœa.

Notwithstanding the urgent desire of his physicians that he should rest quietly, His Majesty again received official visitors and gave audiences. That evening at 7 p.m the King told his physicians that he felt ill, and he had more than one attack of severe dyspnœa during that night, the attacks not being occasioned, as hitherto, by exertion. On the morning of Wednesday, May 4, the temperature was 99° F. and the pulse 90, and he complained of irritation in the throat. He was seen by the throat specialist who had seen him on former occasions, but the only condition found was catarrh, and there was now an irritable and catarrhal condition also observable in connection with the other organs.

His Majesty again, however, gave several important audiences. At 6.15 p.m. a consultation was held by his three physicians, who found that the two consecutive bad nights and some severe attacks of dyspnœa had told seriously upon His Majesty. There was a very imperfect entry of air at both bases and much fine bronchial crepitation; the right side of the heart was embarrassed. The temperature was normal and the respiration 34. One of his physicians remained at the Palace, and the King passed a disturbed night. On Thursday morning, May 5, His Majesty's condition was not improved; he again, however, gave audiences. The attacks of dyspnœa were more frequent and distressing, and with increasing cyanosis were gravely suggestive of threatened cardiac failure. In the afternoon the Queen arrived from the Continent, and the fact that the King was not at the station to meet her was the first indication to the public that His Majesty was indisposed. With the permission of the King, the physicians now issued their first bulletin, that "The King is suffering from bronchitis, and has been confined to his room for two days. His Majesty's condition causes some anxiety," which appeared in some of the evening papers, but not until it had been seen by His Majesty, who somewhat modified its terms.

Sir Francis Laking and Sir James Reid remained at the Palace. Up to 4.30 a.m. on Friday morning His Majesty had a better night, but in the early hours of Friday he had several severe attacks of dyspnœa, and when visited that morning by his physicians it was at once seen that the gravity of the symptoms had increased. A bulletin was issued, stating, "The King has passed a comparatively quiet night, but the symptoms have not improved, and His Majesty's condition gives rise to grave anxiety."

Thereafter His Majesty's condition grew rapidly worse. He had more than one attack of dyspnœa of a dangerous character, following upon slight movements, from which he was only rallied by powerful remedies. About three p.m. consciousness began to fail, and the third bulletin was issued, stating, "The King's symptoms have become worse during the day, and His Majesty's condition is now critical." Consciousness never completely returned. The end came at 11.45 p.m., after a prolonged period of perfect calm.

Francis Henry Laking, M.D.
James Reid, M.D.
R. Douglas Powell, M.D.

CHAPTER XIII

KING EDWARD IN STORY

Anecdotes of Kings, Princes, Ministers, or any celebrities, are always acceptable. I have often thought that my Journal would have been more entertaining if I had scribbled down all I heard and saw in society.—C. C. F. GREVILLE ("Memoirs").

"A THEORY as to how and why the Crown Jewels disappeared" from Dublin Castle in 1907 has been propounded by the well-known writer, Mr. Filson Young,[1] who thinks that those who accept his theory will agree with him "that Sir Arthur Vicars has suffered in his own esteem and in that of the public far more than enough for whatever faults of ill-judgment or negligence he may have committed. Such is the course of this strange affair, that there is no ordinary and official avenue by which he can regain the position he has lost. The King, whose command arrested the only machinery which could have cleared Sir Arthur, is the only person who can restore him to public honour. I cannot help thinking that King Edward could have done it if he had liked; and it would be an act both of grace and justice of King George if he were thus to complete the work of tactful and powerful interference that King Edward's death prevented him from finishing."

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[1] In the "Saturday Review," July 12, 1913.

The "Times" of July 5, 1913, reported that on the previous day, in the King's Bench Division, Sir Arthur Vicars, formerly Ulster King of Arms, was awarded £5000 damages in an action for libel against the proprietors, printer, and editor of the "London Mail," a weekly publication. The libel was contained in a reference to the disappearance of the Crown Jewels from Dublin Castle in 1907, and it was described by Mr. Campbell, K.C., the plaintiff's leading counsel, as "an abominable and atrocious libel, persisted in with extraordinary cruelty and malice." [While the learned Counsel was speaking Mr. Montague Shearman, K.C., who appeared for the defendants, said he had already told Mr. Campbell that no attempt would be made of any kind to justify what had been written. Mr. Campbell said he had been informed of this only on that day.] Continuing his opening, Mr. Campbell said that at the first meeting of the Commission Sir Arthur Vicars attended before it by his counsel, who first asked if the inquiry was to be a public inquiry, and he was told it was not. In answer to further inquiries he was told that the testimony taken would not be on oath and that there would be no power to compel the presence of witnesses. Sir Arthur Vicars then by his counsel refused to have anything further to do with the inquiry. The Commission went on and continued their proceedings in private, and they eventually found that there had been negligence in the custody of those jewels. Sir Arthur had many friends on his side in the matter, and among them all the Knights of St. Patrick. The plaintiff had petitioned His Majesty for redress and he had every hope of the petition's meeting with a favourable result. The learned counsel concluded by saying that no one knew what a life of misery and suffering the plaintiff had gone through during the last few years.

Sir Arthur Edward Vicars, in his evidence, said he had been petitioning for redress for years, his petitions being supported by numerous influential people, including Knights of St. Patrick. He had petitioned the King, who had referred the petition to Mr. Birrell, but he had heard nothing more about it : it was under consideration. There was not a shred or particle of foundation for any of the statements contained in the libel. He never knew a woman named Molly Moloney or Mme. Robinson. He was not playing cards on the night before the removal of the jewels with Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower, Mr. Shackleton, and that woman. Sir Arthur said when he took office in 1893 he did not know of the existence of these jewels. They were required for his investiture, and the key and the box containing them were handed to him by an Office messenger. He (Sir Arthur) took them to the Assistant Under-Secretary and asked him to put them in the Under-Secretary's safe. He then asked the Board of Works for a proper safe in which to keep them, and one was provided. Some years later new offices, containing a strong room, were provided for him, and he intended to put the safe into that room, but it was found that the door had been made too narrow to admit it, so that the safe was left outside. The strong room had windows looking out into the Castle yard. The jewels belonged originally to the Crown Jewels of England, and were sent over to be used by the Grand Master of St. Patrick. Mr. Justice Darling: Of what did they consist? Sir A. Vicars: Of a badge with a chain to go round the neck, and a large diamond star. Mr. Justice Darling: Then when you refer to the Crown Jewels you mean those two things only? Sir A. Vicars: Yes. Anyone could carry them away in his pocket. Mr. Campbell: Have you the slightest knowledge or idea as to what has become of them since? Sir A. Vicars: Not the slightest.[1]

King Edward and his mother were probably better linguists than any other Royal personages in Europe. This, of course, is a truism; but only a very few outside the Palaces can be aware of the fact that both mother and son were proficients in the mechanical language of the deaf and dumb. "I was at the Palace," said one of my friends, "when, besides Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, only two or three persons were present. An active conversation went on, to my surprise, between mother and son, not in audible sounds, but with the aid of their fingers. In this silent language the Prince conveyed to his mother something which caused the Queen to smile as if she thoroughly enjoyed whatever it was that was signalled to her by her son's fingers, and, leaning forwards, she playfully tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, meaning thereby (or so I took it), 'That's very naughty, Bertie.' During this little comedy the members of the Queen's suite who were present looked straight before them with impassive countenances, as if they were listening to a play in Chinese or Turkish."

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[1] Vide Chap. III., "The Iron Fist."

Who were King Edward's greatest friends outside the official circle ? Had His Majesty been asked the question, and had he deigned to reply, I think he would have admitted that the men who had rendered him services which he most appreciated were Sir Ernest Cassel and the late much-maligned, but eminently just and generous, Baron de Hirsch. As Prince of Wales, King Edward, as Queen Victoria's deputy for so many years—practically from the death of the Prince Consort in December 1861 until the passing of the Queen in January 1901—was forced into lavish expenditure. He bore the natural result of this vast outlay without any apparent irritation. A man of a weaker temperament would have succumbed. He was doing "the right thing," he was representing his Sovereign-Mother, he was gratifying the nation, he was "keeping things going" during the Queen's long absences from the public stage. The man in the street, "the man with the umbrella on the 'bus," who swore by the Prince, knew as well as any M.P. that he was underpaid for his work. A common observation among the horny-handed was: "W'y, 'e don't git 'is ex's!" And that was true. Nevertheless, he went on his way with a smile and a brave heart. The few who knew the difficulty, sometimes the tragedy, of the position said nothing—very properly. Those who did not know started the wickedest untruths, some of which I was able to deny.

It was told of King Edward that, when he was Prince, he "took up" Baron de Hirsch (some of whose wealth was inherited by Baron de Forest) "and pitchforked him into the whirlpool of London society, of which he has now (1889) become a shining light":

> The financier has been honoured in London with the exceedingly rare privilege of the private entrée at Buckingham Palace, and has blossomed forth into an honoured guest, not only at Marlborough House, but also at the mansions of men so exclusive as the Dukes of Richmond and Westminster, which the Prince frequents. I mention these cases to show the Prince's extraordinary social power, an autocracy which, all things considered, has been of a beneficent and fortunate nature. . . . Aside from the natural disinclination to provoke outbursts of ill-temper on the part of so good-humoured and jovial-hearted a prince, there is a universal disposition to abstain from all individual criticism or censure of his conduct. He lives in an atmosphere of such loyalty that it may almost be described as sycophancy, and although he may be made the object of collective and indirect criticism from those

who do not come into actual contact with him, yet there is no one who ventures personally to point out to him the right and wrong of his ways.

The ridiculous assertion made by several papers in 1896 that one of Baron de Hirsch's bitterest disappointments in life was the absolute refusal of "the Rothschilds" to "recognise" him was inaccurate. Neither was there any foundation for the statement that the Prince of Wales borrowed "enormous sums" from the deceased gentleman.

Among the surviving friends of King Edward Lord Suffield is perhaps the one who can claim longest acquaintance, for he enjoyed His Majesty's confidence for the greater part of half a century. Lord Knollys, of course, stands on an altogether different plane; as Private Secretary since 1870, he was in more intimate relationship with King Edward, and later with King George, than any one outside the ever-extending circle of the Royal Family. There are two or three well-known personages who were on such exceptionally good terms with the beloved Monarch that they were requested, and expected, to address him without any formality whatsoever. When the King returned to London after a Continental sojourn these favoured friends might approach him with some such congratulatory and welcoming phrase as, e.g., "How well you look! Never saw you looking better!" No need of formal phraseology like "Your Majesty" or "Sir."

Some few there are who, like Lord Coventry, have agreeable recollections of the manifestations of loyalty which were made when, in 1867, the Prince of Wales first appeared in the hunting fields of Worcestershire. I have vivid memories of that fine day's sport, in which all the territorial magnates of the shire took part. The Prince was the guest of the Duc d'Aumale, at the château of Wood Norton, by Evesham, which was bequeathed to the Duc d'Orléans by his Royal uncle, and sold by the Royalist Pretender in 1912. The Orleanist host of the Prince of Wales of those days was on the most friendly terms with the then Heir-Apparent and the Royal Family.

On the occasion referred to I remember the admiration expressed by a record "field" at the plucky, but not venturesome, "going" of the Heir-Apparent, who retained his excellent "seat" until the last, although of late years he was not seen often in the saddle, except on a pony at Sandringham. The bolder rider of the two was Queen Alexandra, who, in the earlier seventies, was a charming figure in the hunting field, and notably when she and "the Prince" were the guests at Trentham of the then Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.[1] That duke was one of the earliest-chosen friends of the Prince, and both, in suitable dress, were sometimes to be seen on an engine dashing off to a great fire.

The names of a score of intimate friends of King Edward rise in the memory. Among others are Count Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, who, as a relative, was oftener than most of the habitués of Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and Sandringham to be seen in the Royal circle; the Marquis de Soveral, ex-Portuguese Minister; Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, Sir Ernest Cassel, a valued adviser of the late Sovereign; Mr. Arthur Sassoon, Lord Howe, holder of the double post of Lord-in-Waiting to King Edward and Lord Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra; Lords Esher, Alington, Marcus Beresford, and Ilchester; and Lord Burnham, so often His Majesty's host at the annual "shoots" at Hall Barn.

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[1] Parents of the Duke who died in June, 1913.

Edward VII. was for forty years on the friendliest terms with the late Lord Glenesk. No one more than the King, as Prince, enjoyed the audacious and witty articles, paragraphs, and verses which, in the late sixties, made the little "Owl," under Algernon Borthwick's editorship, the most entertaining journalette in the world. It was Mr. Borthwick (as Lord Glenesk then was) who, owing to his intimate relations with Napoleon III., was able to inform the Prince of what was happening at Chislehurst when the exiles took up their abode at Camden Place; and from the editor of the "Morning Post" Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales learnt the details of the serious, but futile, attempts made by the Emperor, the Empress Eugénie, and their supporters to restore the Bonapartist dynasty. By the King's death the Empress lost her most powerful and most cherished friend.

Lord Alfred Paget was one of the companions of the Prince "in the days that were earlier." There was a time—and a considerable time—when the two were almost inseparable. That was the gay period when the jeunesse dorée swarmed around the Prince-Leader of London Society. Lord Dupplin, Lord Blandford ("Jo," later Duke of Marlborough), George Russell, Christopher Sykes, Oscar Clayton, Dr. Quain, Lord Carrington, and Oliver Montagu, to name only a few, were all prominent figures in "the Prince's set." The social chroniclers of those joyous days had plenty to write about; marvellous, and most amusing, were the stories which were retailed by our "all London" in the later sixties and throughout the seventies.

Lord Alfred Paget was in exceptional favour at the Court of Queen Victoria. The genial Clerk Marshal had a large family, and one day the Queen, who could be very humorous on occasion, and appreciated wit in others, said: "How many children have you now, Lord Alfred?" He mentioned them by name. "Are you sure you have not forgotten one?" inquired the Queen. "I don't think so, Ma'am," he replied. "Oh yes, you have," remarked Her Majesty; "you have omitted one—the young lady who happens to be my god-daughter!"

Few, if any, ladies could claim closer acquaintance with King Edward than Miss Agnes and Miss Fanny Keyser, the good Samaritans who, in 1900, converted their beautiful home, 17 Grosvenor

Crescent, into a private hospital for officers who had been wounded in the Boer war. These gallant soldiers found themselves in a paradise, which they quitted with heart-felt gratitude and regret. King Edward was precisely the man to appreciate this patriotism, and was never happier than when he was visiting No. 17. He delighted in the "intimate" dinner and supper parties arranged for him by his charming hostesses, whose cook was second to none. I should be tempted to say much in praise of the charming sisters and the King's exceptional liking for them, were they not known to shun publicity, even to dread it. One of the first of the heroes to find a blissful refuge in "King Edward's military hospital" was, I remember, Major Dashwood, of the Dublin Fusiliers, through whose body a Boer bullet passed within an inch of the spinal cord.

One of King Edward's cronies was Colonel John Ross Farquharson of Invercauld, as familiar a figure in Pall Mall as the Prince himself until his death in 1888. A few days before, "Jim" Farquharson, as everybody called him, was at his clubs, active and cheery, looking as if he would live to a great age. Besides being a foremost member of the Marlborough House clan he was one of Queen Victoria's favourites, as was another of the then Prince's intimates, Major Jim Macdonald, who died in 1882. The Major, whom I often met at the house of some friends, was the closest companion of the Duke of Cambridge, who wrote of his death that it was "a severe blow after a friendship of close upon thirty-eight years on my personal staff. . . . My dear old friend Bernal Osborne" (father of the present widowed Duchess of St. Albans) "died on the very same day."[1] Colonel Farquharson and Major Macdonald were noted raconteurs, and knew everything that was going on; the latter was particularly expansive, and required no "tapping." Without "listening at the door," as Lord Rosslyn stupidly accused Charles Greville of doing, I heard many of his bons mots, and kept them to myself. The Duke and his "dear old Jim" were like brothers, and dragooning "George" never "got into a sweat" with his faithful henchman, whose manner and white locks were equally silky. The Duke had such an exalted opinion of himself as "C.-in-C." that he frequently indulged in "langwidge" which was bitterly, and not always silently, resented. The slightest criticism in the papers upset him, and on one occasion, speaking in the House of Lords, after the appearance of some wounding remarks in the "Daily Telegraph," he gave it to his presumptuous critic "straight from the shoulder," and sat down feeling much better. Archibald Forbes was a thorn in the Duke's side; and, in a manner of speaking, Prince George had rather a contempt for the Press generally. Queen Victoria knew how to smooth her impetuous cousin down after the papers had been pin-pricking him, and "Jim" was always at hand to apply ointment to the sore. Those who went about with notebooks in their hands at reviews and parades took particular care to give the fiery "C.-in-C." a wide berth. Yet he could be the tenderest-hearted and most sentimental of men, as his delightfully explicit and racy "Diary" amply proves. He loved all his Royal relatives; after the Queen, "Bertie" and Alex" were the objects of his unceasing adoration. Other men in the good books of the Prince of Wales (but there were so many!) were Colonel "Harry" Armytage and Lieut.-General Sir Seymour Blane; the first a tall, stalwart, pleasantly-bluff, handsome man, liking good cheer—the second a tall, slightly-built, perfect-mannered old soldier, very proud of his "C.B." and of the walking-stick given him by the Prince. Sir Seymour, one of the oldest and best-liked members of "White's," had concerned himself in companies, one of them being started for the production of concentrated beer.

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[1] "George, Duke of Cambridge." Edited by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, C.V.O., D.D., Sub-Dean of His Majesty's Chapels Royal. Longmans.

Even Mme. Steinheil can boast of some acquaintance with our late Sovereign. She says in her "Memoirs":[1]

> I met King Edward, then Prince of Wales, several times. He asked me one day, quite unexpectedly, what I thought of his French. "Your Highness," I replied, "speaks our language unusually well." "For one who is not French?" "For one who is not always in France. But perhaps your Highness speaks it too grammatic-

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[1] Eveleigh Nash, 1912.

ally." "I see," said the Prince cheerfully; "my French is too perfect to be—perfect."

Of that intimate friend of King Edward, Lord Dupplin, who died in 1886, this story was told by Mr. Labouchere, in "Truth," which still occupies the foremost place in that social journalism of which the "Times" is so fond. "'Duppy' was cheery and good-natured. I remember some years ago coming across him in Westminster Hall. 'What are you doing here?' I asked. 'Well,' he said, 'I am a "co" in a divorce suit, and I am going to be called as a witness.' 'Is the charge true?' I asked. 'That,' he replied, 'is my difficulty. I really cannot remember whether it is true or not.' I felt utterly dumbfounded at this magnificent forgetfulness."

Until his death in 1911 Lord James of Hereford—the "Henry James" of the Law Courts and the House of Commons—was not only a close friend, but a valued adviser, of King Edward. Occasionally the King, when he was still Heir-Apparent, drove from Sandringham to Westacre, sometimes accompanied by our present Sovereign and "Fife," for a day's, or two or three days', shooting with Lord (then Sir Henry) James. At Westacre they would meet the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of St. Albans, and Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail; and even then the future George v. was accounted about the best with the gun.

There was the closest friendship between King Edward and Sir Frederick Johnstone, dating from their Oxford days. Before me is one of Russell's photographs, taken at Goodwood in 1868, showing the Prince and " Freddy " Johnstone seated on a bench and Oliver Montagu and Arthur Ellis standing behind them. At his friend's villa, Le Nid, at Monte Carlo, the Prince often stayed. Sport was one of the ties between the two. Sir Frederick won two and the King three Derbys. The baronet had latterly lived at The Hatch, near Windsor, and there he had been regularly visited by the King every Saturday in Ascot week. At The Hatch he died (June 20, 1913) as the last race was being run at Ascot. Sir Frederick was probably better acquainted with the vie intime of the King before his accession than any one else now surviving (Lord Dupplin having died many years ago). He was one of Lady Mordaunt's numerous friends, and figured in the " case."

One of the few men who had much influence with King Edward prior to his accession was the late Duke of Richmond, who was as fond of " flanning " as Mr. Gladstone, although, unlike " Mr. G.," he did not beguile his solitary rambles through the streets by peering into the bookshops. The Duke had a great antipathy to card-playing and all other forms of gambling, and on one occasion, when the Tranby Croft affair was fresh in the public mind, his Grace did not scruple to say to the Prince, " You can do as you like, Sir, when you are under my roof ; but no baccarat ! "

With " the Dudleys " (the parents of the present Earl) the King was particularly friendly, often visiting Witley Court, their Worcestershire home. It is rather more than an hour's drive from the old county town, the seat of the glove, sauce, pickle, vinegar, and "British wine" trades; the "Faithful City," which the Royalists defended so stoutly, and which the "crop-ear'd rogues" successfully besieged. The "Court" stands on high ground, and commands glorious views over Worcestershire and Shropshire. Like many palaces, it is an exceedingly plain structure, and externally anything but architecturally beautiful; within, you are confronted by the most magnificent specimens of art in all its branches that money can buy and a dogged perseverance obtain —pictures, statuary, and objets d'art of every description, for the late Earl was a connoisseur of connoisseurs, and spent some of the best years of his life in the congenial occupation of collecting. The present Dowager Countess and the late Earl were great archers in the years that are gone, and Witley Court was the scene of large gatherings of Midland toxophilites—the Isaacses, the Martins, the Allsopps, and many more. The contests on the greensward used to be followed by what some would call a "collation"; the right title for it, however, was a "square meal," which, at the autumn gathering, took the form of ham and broad beans—anyway, that was the principal dish.

Few men were more eccentric than the present Lord Dudley's grandfather. He had a curious way of wearing his hair very long, so that it looked like a wig, and gave rise to a stupid story that he had had his ears cut off by an irate Pasha as a punishment for attempting to penetrate into the interior of a harem. He was very absent-minded, and there are numerous stories of the curious results which sprang from this failing. He was dining with Queen Victoria. A choice dish was handed round, to which Lord Dudley helped himself, and, finding it much to his liking, he thought it his duty to tell his neighbour of it. So, forgetting where he was, and all about the etiquette of the Palace, he turned to the Queen, and said, "You really ought to take some of this; it is most excellent." The Queen smiled and thanked him. A minute afterwards the same thought came into his head, and again he strongly urged the Queen to "have some," with the same result. After another short interval, for the third time he pressed the merits of the dish upon the Queen, who then replied, "I am very glad you like it, Lord Dudley. It must be very good, for this is the third time you have told me of it." Then, remembering that, but forgetting everything else, he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard all over the table, "D—— the woman, so it is!"

King Edward, who so highly appreciated esprit, even when, as sometimes happened, the joke went against himself, was once very neatly "scored off" by a lady whom later he deservedly esteemed for her many good works. She had been just presented to him, and was somewhat nervous. To put her at her ease His Majesty said, "Oh, Miss ——, I want to have a long chat with you, but if I should unfortunately bore you pray tell me so." The King, who was an adroit cross-examiner, wished to ascertain the young lady's age, which she had no intention of divulging. "You have already said you were born at ——," said the Monarch. "May I ask in what year?" "You 'bore' me, sir!" was the smiling reply, and His Majesty, taking the checkmate in the greatest good humour, diverted the conversation into a less embarrassing channel. The particular form of esprit most appreciated by the King was, I imagine, that embodied in the cynically-amusing saying of Harriet Lady Ashburton: "If I were to begin life again I would go on the turf to get friends. They seem to me the only people who really hold close together. I don't know why; it may be that each knows something that might hang the other, but the effect is delightful and most peculiar."

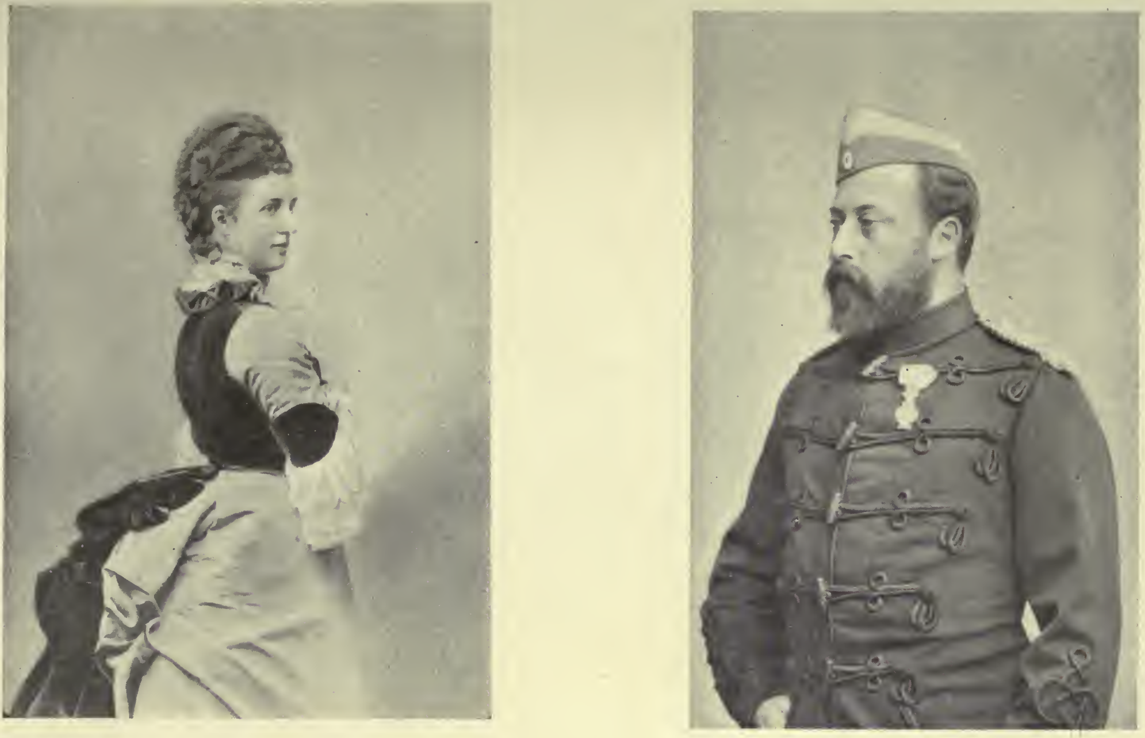
Similarly Lady Waldegrave's incisive dicta on card-sharping could not fail to have found a responsive echo when they came to the King's knowledge: "One can pardon a man almost anything save cheating at cards. In most cases, when a man decides on committing a crime he is inspired with some of the dare-devil bravery which is bred of despair, and is ready to risk his neck or his liberty; whereas when a man cheats at cards he robs his friends, and is well aware that he will never be prosecuted, exile and ostracism being the worst penalties he has any reason to fear." With this kind of esprit many other

Englishwomen are endowed, although we seldom see it recorded in print. King Edward could have given examples of it, but they will not appear in the " official " biography.

In the eighties there was a rage for banjo-strumming, the result of the Prince of Wales receiving a few lessons from the Bohee Brothers, one of whom admitted that H.R.H. was not among his cleverest pupils. Mr. Bohee asserted that the best banjoists were those with thin, even scraggy, fingers. Mr. Gladstone was a very fine performer; his singing of " Camptown Races," to his own accompaniment, was, if not a " thing of beauty," certainly " a joy for ever," to those who heard it, the Prince among many others.

On a racecourse. The King passes. Old orange-woman, loq.: " Buy an orange, Teddy! Two a penny. All sweet and juicy."

In the late seventies and the early eighties there was to be seen in the St. James's quarter a man who strongly resembled the Prince of Wales. He was of similar height, walked exactly like H.R.H., and wore his hat at the same slight angle. A well-known member of the Stock Exchange—Mr. Percy Marsden—is (incorrectly) supposed to be the " double " of King Edward, and for many years has been jocularly referred to by his City friends as " His Majesty." Somewhat resembling King Edward was Lord Glenesk, whose walk, however, was more springy than the King's. I have often seen the King's walk described in print as a " roll." Nothing could be more inaccurate.



King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

From two little-known photographs by Petersen, taken in Denmark.

CALIFORNIA

King Edward's was a deliberate stride, not unlike that of a cavalry officer; it was so deliberate, without being actually slow, that, when he was passing between two rows of men, he could shake hands and say a word or two to his particular friends without stopping. The late Sir Charles Legard, Bt., M.P. for Scarborough, was the sosie of King Edward, and the two were often mistaken even by those who knew them best. Sir Charles was for a long period on intimate terms with His Majesty.

The veteran actor, M. Frédéric Febvre, so long a member of the Comédie Française, who happened to be appearing in London in June 1879, was the first Frenchman to hear of the Prince Imperial's death. "That evening," he says, "after our performance at the theatre, we were acting at the house of Lady W. When I arrived she came up to me and told me that the Prince of Wales had asked for me twice. I met His Royal Highness behind a long row of screens, which served as a passage for the artists to reach the improvised stage. The Prince was holding a yellowish paper, which I can still see. 'This is sad and painful news, dear Monsieur Febvre,' he said. 'The Prince Imperial is dead.' And as I still hoped that this misfortune could not have happened, he added: 'The despatch is official.' On the following day this intelligence was confirmed by all the newspapers. I confess that I should have left if the Royal Family had not been at the performance. But I had to stay and put the best face that I could on it. Never had an evening seemed so long."

King Edward was not a witness of the scene at Windsor Castle which I am about to briefly describe; but he could not fail to have heard the facts from some of those who were present, of whom my informant was one. Shortly after the death of the son of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, Her Imperial Majesty commissioned Richard Belt to execute a bust of the Prince. The work was completed at Camden Place, Chislehurst, under the Empress's supervision. As Queen Victoria expressed a desire to see the bust the sculptor took it to Windsor. The Queen examined it very closely, and then gave her opinion of it, which was favourable with a reservation, although the Empress had found it perfect. "There is one point in the mouth which is not accurate," said the Queen; "I will show you what I mean if some one will bring me a gentleman's hat." A hat was brought into the room, and the Queen placed it on her head, remarking: "When the Prince Imperial bowed to a lady he raised his hat in this way, and parted his lips like this." The Queen spoke and acted her part with the greatest composure, to the amazement of Lady Churchill and the other members of the suite who formed the audience, and who dared not glance at each other lest they might be betrayed into a smile. It was none the less an ordeal, and there was a general feeling of relief when the Queen handed the hat to the personage nearest to her and said to the sculptor: "There, Mr. Belt, that is how the Prince Imperial looked." The artist expressed his gratitude to Her Majesty, undertook to correct the bust in accordance with the Queen's suggestion, and retired, not the least surprised of the party.

Before the bust was taken to Windsor for the Queen's inspection there had been a very dramatic and painful scene at Camden Place. Describing to the Empress how he thought one of the Zulus' assegais had struck the Prince, the sculptor, chisel in hand, made a lunge towards the bust. The Empress had previously discussed the details of the tragedy without any particular excitement, but the sculptor's realism proved too much for her feelings, and, with a wailing cry, she fell to the floor in a dead faint.

Among the pictures in King George's collection is "La Dernière Halte," from the brush of Oliver Pichat. It represents the Prince Imperial on the fatal reconnaissance in Zululand with Lieutenant Carey and a handful of our troopers on the 1st of June 1879. King Edward purchased the picture in that year for £400. Pichat also painted a fine picture of Napoleon III. on horseback, braving the enemy's fire at Sedan, the artist's chivalrous object being to counteract the effect of a fantastic and malevolent canvas representing the defeated Emperor riding in his carriage over the wounded and dead. Another large work by the same artist depicts the Emperor and the Empress Eugénie in the grounds of Camden Place, Chislehurst.

This picture is in the possession of the Vicomte de la Chapelle, son of the Emperor's valued friend and collaborator, who re-established the finances of the august exile on his arrival in England from his " prison " at Wilhelmshöhe in March 1871.

When King Edward died, M. Pichat, who was then over eighty, said to a friend—

> " Yes, I loved him, and I deeply regret him. He was always so very kind to me. I met him for the first time at Jerusalem, when he was very young. I was studying there, and he was my protector. Later on I made a panorama in London of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and it was he who came to open it." " But you also did his ' Entry into Paris with M. Loubet,' " his friend remarked. " Certainly," was the reply ; "and afterwards, when I was painting the portrait of the Duke of Connaught on horseback at St. James's Palace, the King had the picture of his entry into Paris brought to me at Buckingham Palace. As it was a Levée day he came up to me before all the generals to shake hands and congratulate me and tell me that he wished to have it. ' It is a Parisian souvenir,' he said, ' and I shall keep it.' " And M. Pichat added sadly : " He has died too soon. He really loved Paris and France. This he proved very often, and especially to me."

Comparatively few Frenchmen have been decorated by our Sovereigns ; but King Edward conferred the Victorian Order upon General Gebhart, General Hagron, Vice - Amiral de Maigret, M. Saint-Saëns, M. Crozier, Comte du Pontavice de Heussey, the Marquis de Breteuil, the Marquis du Lau, M. d'Epinay, M. Dervillé, M. Chapuy, Colonel Chabaud, General de Négrier, M. Detaille, and M. Flameng, the two last named being the French artists for whom (together with M. Pichat) the King had the highest esteem.

M. Febvre, the French actor previously mentioned, narrated the following episodes on the day after His Majesty's death :—

> One evening, in the foyer of the Comédie Française, as the then Prince of Wales was talking to Sarah Bernhardt, Croizette, and myself, while his friends stood not far from us, I was surprised at seeing a man come up to the Prince and ask him, with incredible impertinence, what he thought of the play. Without showing the slightest surprise, the Prince turned to him and answered with a gracious smile : " I do not think I have spoken to you."
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> When the Prince of Wales was so good as to applaud me at the Royalty Theatre, and when I apologised for receiving him under conditions so inappropriate, he replied, with a kindly smile : " That does not matter, my dear Febvre, you will make up for it in the Rue Richelieu." Then, a few days after my retirement, the Comédie started for London to give a series of performances at Drury Lane, under the direction of M. Grau and Sir Augustus Harris. On July 1, when I no longer belonged to the Théâtre Français, the Prince of Wales had the goodness to grant me a private audience, during which his Royal Highness gave me a very valuable souvenir.
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> When I perceived the Prince taking his morning ride in Hyde Park, I did my utmost to escape his notice, but if he saw me he would, with his wonted

graciousness, come up to me and hold out his hand, after having bowed to Madame Febvre. If some lounger asked who was the gentleman whom His Royal Highness deigned thus to honour, there ought to have been some one to reply, " That gentleman is the one who has the stick" [an allusion to a present made some time before by the Prince].

His Royal Highness, of whom I retain a grateful memory, always honoured me with peculiar kindness, which rendered me his respectful servant, but nothing authorised me to make any pretension to such a title as a friend. I loved the Prince of Wales for his kindness, his courteous simplicity, and I am proud that I have not been a stranger to the admirable Sovereign whom I mourn from the bottom of my heart.

In May 1910, members of the Paris clubs, several of which King Edward joined thirty years before his accession, had much to tell about him. A member of the " Jockey " said as Prince of Wales he was often at the Club. He looked in usually about six o'clock, sat in the smoking-room, talked little, but listened attentively, and sometimes laughed heartily. The only occasion on which the Prince played a game of cards there was one evening after dinner. He was never there at night. He could not have lunched or dined five times at one of the " crack " clubs in thirty-five years. He liked to stroll about, and to spend his evenings at the theatre. Sometimes he would accept an invitation to a shooting party from the Duc de la Trémoïlle at Rambouillet or from the Marquis d'Harcourt at Présles, and sometimes he went to the races. He was a capital shot, as can be said without any flattery. At the Jockey Club the Prince one day declared that the English game of billiards was far superior to the French one, which consists exclusively of cannons. He considered the French game too limited and "quite uninteresting," and said he would be glad to see his friends at Marlborough House and show them "a fine game on a good English table." The Prince had a wonderful memory. At the races he would recognise with a kindly smile some sportsman who had been presented to him several weeks before, and whom he had not met since, and this courtesy enhanced his popularity. Naturally there was a change in the programme of his visits to Paris after he became King. He could spend only a few days there, and he had not much time to spare for amusements. The last dinner-party in France which King Edward honoured with his presence was given by Madame Waddington, the widow of the distinguished statesman who had been Ambassador in London; and the last play he saw in Paris was "Chantecler"; and it was then, in March 1910, that he caught a cold which caused him much suffering, and made him more seriously ill when he reached Biarritz than people at home had imagined. Just two months later and we were mourning his death.

King Edward regarded as devoted friends the late Mr. Kanné, Director of Queen Victoria's Continental Journeys, and Monsieur Xavier Paoli, "Protector of Sovereigns"; and when Kanné passed away, after a short illness, the then Prince of Wales attended his funeral. In a biographical work of not very ancient date M. Paoli is termed "a detective courier"; which may be symbolically just, but not precisely accurate as applied to a man whom the King often took into his confidence and treated with the greatest friendliness, as narrated by Paoli in his entertaining and instructive volume, "Leurs Majestés."[1] Queen Victoria used to talk to this well-educated and spiritual Frenchman as freely as to one of her own children; his only trouble was Her Majesty's lavish money gifts to all and sundry. King Edward was not too proud to learn, even from a "detective courier." He might have said with Montaigne and Molière, "Je prends mon bien où je le trouve." Paoli had been made much of by the late King of the Hellenes, King Alfonso, a Shah, the Queen of Holland and her mother, the present Tsar, and the Empress Eugénie—not to mention Grand Dukes, Princes and Princesses, and other "best of world"—and our King enjoyed the "Protector's" society and relished his appetising bons mots. King Edward, like so many of his lieges, appreciated the company of all who could tell him "good things"—Kanné and Paoli, for example, whose combined stock of stories would have filled a volume. Queen Alexandra was equally gracious to the "Protector," who once acted as her postman. The Queen had been escorted by him some distance; the Queen of Norway was in, or about to arrive in, Paris. "M. Paoli," said Queen Alexandra, "will you, with your own hand, give this letter to my daughter directly you reach Paris?" Paoli was, of course, "enchanted"; "it is a great honour to be appointed, although only temporarily, Her Majesty's postman. The letter shall be placed in the hands of the gracious daughter of Her Majesty the Queen within a quarter of an hour after the arrival in Paris of Her Majesty's most humble servant." The letter was duly delivered to "my daughter," and Paoli was rewarded by the smiling thanks of "the most beautiful woman in the world—all but one." Since then M. Paoli has amused King George and Queen Mary (as Prince and Princess) by his sprightly talk, and was amused in turn by the witty conversation of the august pair.

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[1] Paris: P. Ollendorff.

Now that the name of Xavier Paoli, the former "Protector of Sovereigns," is so well known in this country, I may note the (to me very gratifying) fact that I introduced him to the English public through the medium of the "Pall Mall Gazette" some four or five years ago, prior to which he was an unknown quantity except to the Royal entourage. Monsieur Paoli's chapter (in "Leurs Majestés") on Queen Victoria and some of the members of her family—Edward VII. included—was revised by King Edward, who went through the proof-sheets with all the carefulness of a printer's "reader." (It was said that Princess Henry of Battenberg also acted as reviser of that particular chapter; but Paoli is silent on this point.) Queen Victoria, whom Paoli guarded during her numerous visits to France, highly appreciated his attentions, and chatted with him more unreservedly than with most people. In the volume of reminiscences "Leurs Majestés," which was issued in French and in English[1] in 1912, there is much which will be read with delighted surprise. The book is essentially one of indiscrétions, using the phrase in its proper French signification. The word frightens many English people ignorant of the nuances of the French language, for they fancy that a literary indiscrétion must perforce mean something very "indiscreet"—something almost, if not quite, wicked; at all events, wholly lacking in discreetness.

Paoli is happy in the reflection that all the Sovereigns around whom he threw his protecting arm treated him in a friendly fashion, so that his existence was a particularly pleasant one. He is not the man to "faire le bas valet"; for he is particularly well-educated and endowed with charming manners. The late King of the Hellenes held him in high esteem, and often invited the agreeable Corsican to dine at the Royal table. When King George of Greece was making his annual cure at Aix-les-Bains, M. Paoli was always in attendance on His Majesty. The King, however, gave his guard plenty of time to himself, partly, probably, because the father-in-law of Princesse Marie Bonaparte did not appreciate a too close surveillance.

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[1] London: Hutchinson.

Paoli was thus enabled to play his favourite rôle of montagnard; and one day he distinguished himself by making the ascent of Mont Renard—a climb of over six miles—without a halt. This was something of a record, and at dinner that evening King George warmly congratulated him upon the feat, as well as upon his robust health. "Why, Monsieur Paoli," said His Majesty jocularly, "you are really the réclame vivante of Vin Mariani," a beverage for which the famous commissaire (now enjoying his otium cum dig.) has a pronounced predilection.

An extraordinary story, in which M. Dossé, as Royal Courier of the period, figures, is related by M. Paoli, in "Leurs Majestés." One afternoon, when Queen Victoria was recuperating at Cimiez (Nice), M. Paoli, who was then "Protector of Sovereigns," found the company of infantry, which had been sent by the French Government in honour of the Queen, drawn up in the grounds, under arms. Paoli rubbed his eyes with amazement, and asked the officer in command what it meant? "We are here," was the reply, "at M. Dossé's request." Paoli sought further information from the Courier, who said, "We expect a visit from the Empress Eugénie." This increased Paoli's surprise. "What!" he exclaimed. "You are going to render honours to the ex-Empress of the French with the soldiers of the Republic!" "It never struck me like that," said Dossé. "But it struck *me* like that," was the brusque rejoinder; and, on Paoli's emphatic demand, the officer withdrew the soldiers. A few days later Paoli had an interview with the Empress, who said, "I was so pleased to hear that you acted as you did the other day; otherwise, some of the papers would have been capable of throwing all the responsibility for the incident upon me, and my position, which is a very delicate one, would not have been improved." "The fact is," adds M. Paoli, "that some people would have seen in this simple misunderstanding some political plot or other: perhaps even an attempt to restore the Bonapartes!" One wonders what Queen Victoria had to say about the blunder.

When Queen Victoria landed at Cherbourg year after year the "Protector of Sovereigns" always awaited her. With that smile which she lavished on her favourites Her Majesty would say: "Toujours fidèle au poste, mon bon Paoli?" and "my good Paoli" saw "in this Queen, who gave me her benevolent sympathy and confidence, admitting me into her cercle intime, the classic type of the dear old Lady in all the grace of her secret charm."

The greeting of Edward VII., as Prince and as King, was invariably: "Toujours jeune et brillant, Monsieur Paoli!" Sometimes the King would tap the "Protector's" shoulder, as at Brussels railway station, when, King and special commissary being together in the Royal carriage in which the then Prince of Wales had been seated when the anarchist Sipido fired through the door at him, the King pointed out the part of the roof which still bore the mark of the revolver bullet. "Look, Paoli," said His Majesty, "the bullet came just here, and broke the window, and before burying itself in the wood crossed the compartment and almost grazed my hat. I was in serious danger that day." Then, laying his hand on Paoli's shoulder: "That would certainly not have happened had you been with me"—a pleasant tribute to the care with which the commissary guarded his Royal "clients."

In my first volume I have spoken in detail of the friendship of the King and the late General the Marquis de Galliffet. A few months after the famous soldier's death the King, being then in Paris, said: "Galliffet's death has caused a great void. I have lost a good friend whom I can never replace."

In 1905 there were lively discussions between the King and the hero of the cavalry charges at Sedan, à propos of Morocco. The General thought the Morocco policy of France dangerous from the moment it was decided not to go to war with Germany over the dispute.[1] "King Edward," says Paoli, "never expressed before me his views upon Moroccan affairs. His acts, in their silent and methodical development, spoke more eloquently than any words. His official visit to

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[1] At Tangier (April 2, 1905) the German Emperor made a speech which was regarded as conveying a direct challenge to France, England, and Spain, who in 1904 had concluded agreements relating to Morocco. A result of the Moroccan imbroglio was the resignation of M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister—an event followed by the conferring of the title of Prince upon Count Bülow.

France at the outset of our difficulties with Germany, his cruise in Moroccan waters and along the coast of Algiers on the morrow of the German Emperor's visit to Tangiers, constituted so many demonstrations, the significance of which was understood and fully appreciated by French opinion."

Before and after King Edward's accession some of the men for whom he had the greatest regard were caught in the snares of financiers like Whitaker Wright and one or two others. The saddest case was that of the late Lord Dufferin, who fell into the hands of that arch-rogue, Whitaker Wright, and died a broken-hearted man. This renowned diplomatist made fewer enemies than most of his class. From time to time he had his share of abuse, as, for instance, when he annexed Upper Burmah, and when he wrote his glowing account of the British administration of Egypt; but, as he had served both parties in the State with equal credit, there was no exception to the chorus of praise on his installation as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in 1892. As Ambassador to France he was in his element. Like Lord Granville, Lord Clarendon, and Lord Malmesbury, he spoke the language like a Frenchman. Lord Palmerston's French was on a par with the Duke of Wellington's, and Disraeli's was so bad that at the Berlin Congress, in 1878, he spoke only English—so Bismarck told the Empress Frederick, in answer to her question, "Does he not speak French *beautifully*?" There is a story of Lord Clarendon's readiness in reply to the French Minister of the time. He appointed Sir John Crampton to Washington, shortly after the War of Secession, and the Frenchman said, " Mais, mon cher, il fallait envoyer un grand seigneur ! " " C'est à peu près la même chose," was the reply ; " s'il n'est pas grand seigneur, il est au moins le fils d'un grand saigneur." (Sir John's father, the first baronet, was a distinguished Dublin surgeon).

Until his entanglement with Wright (who poisoned himself at the Law Courts immediately after he had been sentenced to penal servitude for the London and Globe frauds), Lord Dufferin was the coolest and most resourceful of men in great as well as small things. At his beautiful Irish home he once gave a ball to which he invited the officers of the garrison. The hall in which they danced was overcrowded, and the ventilation was imperfect. Lord Dufferin ordered some steps to be brought in, and, mounting them, kid gloved as he was, dashed his fists through pane after pane of the windows, until the grateful current of air relieved his guests.

Lord Kintore, a popular courtier, was induced to go on the board of a company in which Count Ward and Mr. Carlisle Hertz were concerned ; and one or two other of King Edward's intimates had to regret their acceptance for a while of Directorships of a Siberian company. Another man on very friendly terms with the King during his Princedom—Sir Jacob Wilson—" placed " on commission, to his sorrow, thousands of shares in Hooley's "Hydraulic Joint" scheme, the expiring effort of the financier, who paid the penalty early in 1912. Hooley had been in touch with so many of the highest in the realm that, after his first bankruptcy, in 1898, he defied all threats of a prosecution—perhaps with some show of reason.

Mr. Hooley was brought to the notice of King Edward when he was Prince of Wales through a variety of fortuitous circumstances. He resold, at the price he had paid for it, some land which the Prince desired to acquire. He was invited to Sandringham for the annual sale of stock; and on one occasion the Prince deigned to give him a few words of advice on a personal matter (this Hooley told me), which the financier acted upon. From Sir Jacob Wilson, H.R.H. could obtain any information he desired concerning Mr. Hooley and his activities, for Sir Jacob, who had a post at the Board of Agriculture, had, as I have noted, large dealings with the financial magnate in "Hydraulic Joint" shares. Of that particular Syndicate, before it was launched as a company with an absurdly-inflated capital, Lord Ashburton, who was naturally well known to the Prince, was chairman, and lost at least £100,000 in the ill-starred venture. The late Lord Hood (father of Lord Ashburton's first wife) also lent his name to the scheme, with regrettable consequences; and the late Earl of Crawford was chairman of the "Hydraulic" Company. The fact of these gentlemen associating themselves with a Hooley scheme between 1896 and 1898 must have surprised the Prince, as it certainly surprised people generally. And His Royal Highness could not have failed to hear the reports that Hooley had been approached on the delicate subject of a loan for the Duke of Edinburgh !

In one way and another Mr. Hooley became more or less acquainted with a number of men personally known to the Prince of Wales—Sir Henry White, the Royal solicitor, among others. Even a few ladies not altogether unknown to the Heir-Apparent did not disdain to look with admiring gaze upon the modern Midas ; and he made his first appearance in London society at a little dinner-party given by the late Hon. Helen Henniker in Berkeley Street " to meet Mr. Hooley." The financier's introducer to some of London's élite was Mr. A. M. Broadley. Sir William Marriott and others got him elected to the Carlton Club, and actually supported him in his mad quest of a baronetcy. He was deluded in 1897 by an assurance that if he gave a donation of £50,000 to the war-chest of the Conservative Party (then in power) he would be made a " Jubilee " baronet ! Needless to say that Lord Salisbury declined to submit his name to Queen Victoria, who would have put her pen through it. So Mr. Hooley had to be content with the return of his cheque. But " The Prince told me I must not do " so and so was long the boast of the " Amazing Financier."

She was a very beautiful lady—très grande dame—and she was skating, in which she was an adept. A young man, a visitor at Sandringham, was so unfortunate as to knock her down. Cap in hand, and with a rueful countenance, he assisted her to rise; then very humbly he gasped out: "Oh! madam, pray pardon me for my clumsiness, although I can scarcely hope to be forgiven. I do trust, madam, I have not hurt you very much." He was speedily comforted, for the lady—très grande dame, as I have remarked—having brushed the snow from her dress and put her white astrachan toque straight, smilingly said: "Oh! never mind, you couldn't help it, I am not much hurt, but I fancy you have rather damaged my sitting-down arrangement!" "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

A "smart" young man, a "Lancer," for whom the King had a great liking, calling him by his Christian name, Vivian, learnt, to his surprise, that he had been elected a member of the "Marlborough." He had several clubs, did not want another, and consequently "declined with thanks" the honour of membership of the club opposite the Royal residence. The next time they met His Majesty rather sharply commented on the incident: "Are you aware that *I* proposed you?" Poor little Vivian was abashed, "thought it over," and ere many days had passed his name figured among "members elected"—an honour for which so many—not all ineligible—have vainly sighed. A friend of mine who dined at the Marlborough with Vivian to celebrate his admission to the sacrosanct institution confessed that it was the "slowest" evening he had ever passed. Vivian was very difficult to please, for, being made by His Majesty's favour a King's Messenger, he so little valued the "silver greyhound" badge that he only held the post six months. He "didn't like it."

One night at the opera (Drury Lane) a friend of mine was the guest of a lady to whom the Duke of —— had lent his box. Between the acts he went out to enjoy a cigarette, and, returning, accidentally crossed the threshold of the adjoining box. A gentleman was smoking and speaking to a lady. "I know him. He is not to be tr-r-usted." The well-known voice told my friend who was speaking, and he withdrew without being observed by either of the two occupants of the box. Outside, Princess Victoria was walking up and down, eating chocolate creams until it was time to rejoin her parents in the Royal loge.

"You often go to the theatre," said M. Marcel Hutin in 1907. "Not long ago I saw you at Réjane's Theatre. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were there." "Yes, yes," replied Madame Patti. "Both made me un petit signe de la main by way of saying, 'bonjour.' Are you aware that I have known the King these forty-eight years? I first met him in 1860, at New York. The Prince of Wales was in the United States incognito. I was presented to him just after I made my début in 'Lucie de Lammermoor.' I was then sixteen. Yes, I am over sixty-four, and not ashamed to avow it."

King Edward was the first of our reigning monarchs to exclusively occupy the British Embassy in Paris. The spacious ambassadorial hotel, with its delightful garden, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré has a history extending over upwards of ninety years. It is No. 39 in the street, and was designed by a French architect, Mazin, who planned the house and also the garden which "gives" on the Avenue Gabriel. Its original owner was the Duc de Béthune-Charost, and after the Revolution it passed into the possession of Napoleon I.'s sister, the beautiful Princess Pauline Bonaparte, better known as Princess Borghese.

On one of her continental journeys, late in the eighties or early in the nineties, Queen Victoria, when passing through Paris, had a slight mishap at the Embassy. Her Majesty slipped as she was getting out of her carriage, and fell, happily less heavily than would have been the case had not John Brown, who was standing by, come to the rescue just in time to save the Queen from a serious mishap. The mention of this episode (which, luckily, had no unpleasant consequences) reminds me of what befell Her Majesty at Windsor Castle in 1883. The Queen slipped as she was descending the stairs, and the result was an injury to one knee which greatly troubled and inconvenienced Her Majesty during nearly the whole of that year and the following one, and prevented her from taking a continental holiday in 1884.

Some of King Edward's friends were interested in Johannis water, and His Majesty (as Prince of Wales) did not a little to popularise the beverage. At a luncheon given at the Johannis Brunnen the Prince was present, and figured in two photographs of the scene. In these pictures we see, among the twenty guests, Lord Burnham (then Sir Edward Lawson), Sir William ("Billy") Russell, Sir John Puleston, Major-General Stanley Clarke, the Countess Merenberg (whose son ineffectually claimed the throne of Luxemburg three years ago), the Countess Torby, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, and Miss de Keyser.

I remember the sensation caused in May 1889 by the arrival in London of General Boulanger, who stayed at the "Bristol," Burlington Gardens. He was at a dinner-party given by Baroness Burdett-Coutts; but Lord Cross did *not* "walk out of the house because he found the General there." What is true is that Madame Waddington, wife of the French Ambassador, declared she would strike off her list all who annoyed the Republic by entertaining Boulanger. Some took umbrage at the pronunciamiento of Madame l'Ambassadrice. Despite what people said to the contrary, the Prince of Wales shunned, and continued to shun, the General, whose main financial backer was the rich Orleanist Duchesse d'Uzès, irreverently known as the "Duchess of Fizz" from her connection with the "Clicquot" proprietary. She was slightly known to Queen Mary's family. Those behind the scenes know that the intention of the Boulangists, had the General made a successful coup d'état, was to secure the throne for the Orleanists. But Boulanger as "Monk" was a dead failure. The Prince of Wales did well to steer clear of the conspirator, whom he had once met in Paris, and disliked. Had H.R.H. shown any sympathy for him there must have been an interruption of our cordial relations with France. The General had his chance in the winter of 1888, but he lacked the pluck to take advantage of it.

General de Galliffet crossed the Channel in 1891 almost immediately after the manœuvres of the French army, in which he specially distinguished himself—so much so, indeed, as to be the recipient of the Military Medal. I heard at the time that when General Boulanger was at the zenith of his popularity the Prince of Wales was desirous of meeting him. General de Galliffet arranged a little dinner; but, upon the news leaking out in London, somebody (some said the Duke of Cambridge, others the Marquis of Hartington) sent an urgent telegram begging H.R.H. not to have anything to do with the friend of the Duchesse d'Uzès. Result: No dinner, and no presentation of Boulanger to the Prince. All acquainted with General de Galliffet know him to have been one of the best soldiers France ever had, or is ever likely to have. Some remember how he led one of the splendid cavalry charges at Sedan; while not a few knew him as a charming companion, always in the most buoyant spirits, and a devoted friend and admirer of H.R.H. He was the hero of more stories than perhaps any other member of his set; and that is saying a great deal. At the Opera one night he encountered a gentleman who had been a priest—a man of exceptional note at the Imperial Court—but who had lost his gown for some peccadillo or other. Well, the unfrocked priest (the notorious Abbé Bauer) and the General met on the grand staircase, and Bauer saluted the latter military fashion. The General may have looked, but he did not outwardly express, his surprise; all he did, to the amusement of the bystanders, most of whom knew both men, was to stop in front of the défroqué, and, with appropriate gesture, give him his blessing—then pass on without a word! Only three years ago a long correspondence was carried on in the Paris papers in reference to those cavalry charges which I have mentioned; and an attempt was made to rob De Galliffet of some of his well-earned laurels. The attempt, however, failed, and the General became more popular than ever. There was a time when Madame de Galliffet, Madame Edmond de Pourtalès, Madame de Sagan, and Madame de Canisy ruled Paris society. Now one seldom hears even the name of three of these ladies mentioned, so great is the change which has come over social Paris. Madame de Pourtalès, the most beautiful of the Tuileries group, is one of the few survivors of the Second Empire period.

Mr. Gladstone, after examining his letters, made a selection of 60,000 and stored them in a fire-proof room. They included (Lord Morley has told us) between 500 and 600 holographs from Queen Victoria. Only Lord Knollys and one or two others could give us an idea of the number of letters received from first to last by King Edward. It would be folly to hazard a guess. "I don't know much of the inner side of Court gossip," said Mr. Gladstone, "but I have a very bad opinion of it, and especially on this ground—that, while absolutely irresponsible, it appears to be uniformly admitted as invaluable."

Lord Melbourne, as everybody knows, was Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister, and it was of him that Mr. Gladstone told this story in an article on the Melbourne Government. "Mr. G." found it in "The Ossington Papers." Lord Ossington (wrote "Mr. G.") used to relate that, encountering Lord Melbourne when about to mount his horse at the door of the office, he called his attention to some required modifications in his new Poor Law Bill. Lord Melbourne referred him to his brother George. "I have been with him," was the reply, "but he damned me, and damned the Bill, and damned the paupers." "Well, damn it, what more could he do?" was the rejoinder.

"Punch" is the last journal in which one would expect to find a slighting reference to King Edward. Its issue of February 5, 1913, contained an article headed "A Flash of Sunshine," descriptive of certain "treasures" seen by the writer in Cranbourn Street. Besides "the oldest known cricket bat," we are told, there "is even more of a curiosity. Nothing less than the very bat which during his brief and not too glorious cricket career was employed to defend his wicket, if not actually to make runs, by the late King Edward VII. when he was Prince of Wales. For that otherwise accomplished ruler and full man (as the old phrase has it) was never much of a C. B. Fry. He knew the world as few have known it; he commanded respect and affection; he was accustomed to give orders and have them instantly obeyed; but almost any one could bowl him out, and it is on record that those royal hands, so capable in their grasp of orb and sceptre, had only the most rudimentary and incomplete idea of completing a catch. Such are human anticipations! Here, however, in the Cranbourn Street window is His Majesty's bat, and even without the accompanying label, one would guess that it was the property of no very efficient cricketer. For it lacks body. So much for what may be called the freaks of this fascinating window." The article is not in any sense of the word a humorous one, and seemed singularly out of place in the always amusing pages of our only "comic" journal.

When "the Prince" visited Canada and the United States, souvenir hunters eagerly purchased the duck-bones which an enterprising Yankee had taken from His Royal Highness's plate; and at Homburg, Marienbad, and Biarritz people as eagerly bid for his cigar ends, while others seized his coffee-cup and drank the dregs. Souvenirs of Queen Victoria used to be in equal demand. In 1893

Her Majesty took her spring "outing" at Florence, and after she had left the Villa Palmieri (lent by Lady Crawford), a quick-witted chambermaid made a pile of lire by selling scraps of blotting-paper warranted to have been "used by the Queen of England!"

My venerable Scottish friend, Mr. J. Crowle, of Montreal, an author of distinction, and a devoted loyalist, tells me he remembers the late King's visit to Canada and the United States:

> On the Prince's arrival at Montreal on the 25th of August 1860, the streets were thronged by eager multitudes. To have a good look at him, like Zaccheus of old, I climbed a tree in the Place d'Armes to see the pageant passing by, and cheered for all I was worth. I attended the Levee at the Town Hall, and witnessed the amusing contretemps that ensued when Rev. Dr. Mathieson declined to present the address of his Synod to the Prince. On being told that he must not read it (as the representatives of the Roman Catholic and Anglican Churches had just done), but simply hand it to the Secretary, with offended dignity he informed the Governor-General that such a course would neither be satisfactory to the deputation nor respectful to the Church he represented. So saying, he rolled up the parchment, handed it to the Synod clerk, and proudly marched away. The Prince was visibly exercised when one of the staff whispered audibly, "That's Scotch." The amende honorable was made a few days later at Kingston, when the Synod's address was read by the old Doctor, and graciously received by His Royal Highness. It fell to me to draft the address from "the inhabitants of the

County of Dundas," and I had the honour of presenting it to the Prince at Ottawa on September 1. I have in my possession three letters from King Edward, all couched in terms much more gracious than I had any reason to expect.

During the late Lord Lytton's residence in Paris, the Prince of Wales (King Edward) once accompanied the English Ambassador to church, and Lady Lytton was one of the party. The preacher gave out as a text, " And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three," etc.—but suddenly His Royal Highness pulled out his watch, recollected he had an invitation to lunch, and would " abide " no longer, but walked out of the church, much to the minister's discomfiture, for the reverend gentleman had prepared a special sermon upon charity, and, of course, there was a collection. Whether the Prince forwarded his donation in the interests of charity I cannot say, but he would have none of the sermon. That same Sunday the Prince looked in at an afternoon " drum "—an " intimate " tea of the approved Parisian stamp—and later heard all the newest sornettes at a little dinner at the Palais Royal Club, where he was always welcome.

King Edward, unlike the German Emperor, did not use the stylographic pen. On this point (of the pen) a letter was addressed to the Waterman Company by the then Major Ponsonby, of the British Embassy in Paris: " I have had the honour of handing to His Majesty the pen which you have been good enough to offer him on behalf of the Waterman Company. The King commands me to explain to you that he has been obliged to make it a rule never to accept presents from persons with whom he is not acquainted. His Majesty will, however, be pleased to purchase the pen if you will oblige me by sending the account for the same."

Nothing is sacred to the sapper and the interviewer. One of the latter genus discovered what King Edward's pockets contained. In the waistcoat pockets were a gold pencil-case, a cigar-cutter, the key of a small "secret" box, a watch, invariably regulated by Greenwich Observatory, and a handful of gold coins, among which were sometimes a few silver pieces; also a small memorandum-book, in which His Majesty jotted down sundry happy thoughts. In winter the King kept his gloves in one of the pockets of his overcoat; in the summer he carried them in one hand, and never slipped them into a pocket. It was evident that "the elegant Sovereign had never had a snuff-box" (textual); but sometimes he carried "a little box of pastilles."

The summer of 1892 saw the Prince of Wales emerge from his long retirement after the death of the Duke of Clarence and the entry of the Duke of York (King George v.) upon public life. The Heir-Apparent marked his return by going to a smoking concert, then he went to the play, and, lastly, he gratified the great house of Cadogan by attending the marriage of Lady Emily Cadogan and Lord Lurgan, at the Church of the Holy

Trinity, in Sloane Street, the scene of the Dudley wedding a year before.

At the marriage were many who had for several years composed what was known as "the Prince's Set"—a vulgarism, the use of which was later confined to the self-dubbed "Smart Set." The Prince of Wales was warmly received, and the lowly obeisances of the grandes dames and the back-breaking, neck-twisting bows of the men were as amusing to witness as ever. The Royal Welshman took all the salaaming and kowtowing quite as a matter of course, and was prodigal in the dispensing of his "nods and becks," the "wreathèd smiles" being supplied wholesale by the audience—I mean the congregation. This was one of the functions at which the Prince was very much at home. He scintillated with pleasure, beamed with joy, and looked pleased with himself and delighted at the happiness of others, more particularly if he had had any hand in bringing some young newly-married pair together.

Many people rubbed their eyes on reading, in February 1893, that the Prince of Wales had given a big dinner-party at Marlborough House—"to men only," as the Exeter Hall "posters" used to have it. "What was the occasion of it?" everybody was asking everybody else. It was in the nature of a Parliamentary dinner, though only comparatively few ministers were invited—the Prime Minister, Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Fowler, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Rosebery, Lord Kimberley, and "C.-B."

among them. There was a sprinkling of foreign diplomatists to give piquancy to the gathering; and the Archbishop of Canterbury was there to say grace and return thanks; and the Bishop of Rochester to assure "Mr. G." that there was less bribery in the Kentish borough than the judges had sought to make out; and the Lord Chief Justice of England to beam upon everybody and impart a classic tone to the conversation; and Lord Spencer to murmur to himself, "I told the Prince all that he knows about Home Rule"; and Sir Andrew Clark to see that the "G.O.M." took a glass of port with his cheese—"or its equivalent"; and Lord Ripon to answer everybody's queries à propos of the great pilgrimage to Rome; and three Dukes—York, Cambridge, and Fife—to cheer the Prince up in case he wanted a fillip.

King Edward much relished a story in which the chef of Prince Bülow figured. The former Imperial Chancellor rejoiced for twenty years in the possession of a French cook, whom the Emperor nicknamed "Misery"; and I give the anecdote in Prince Bülow's own words: "We were in Italy, where our cook had served us for many years. One day His Majesty summoned me to direct the Foreign Office. I called the cook and told him that we were about to leave Rome for Berlin, but that our future house, and his kitchen, would be on a smaller scale than that of the Caffarelli Palace, which we were then inhabiting. I asked him if he would care to come with us to Berlin. He wanted half an hour to think it over, and at the end of that time he came to me and said, very simply: 'I have considered the matter, and I accept your Excellency's offer to remain in your service. When one has had such a good master and mistress as I have had it would be shameful to abandon them when they have fallen into misery!' I told the story to the Emperor, who roared with laughter, and from that day His Majesty has called our cook 'Misery.' The Emperor, who appreciated his cooking, gave him a gold watch, on which His Majesty's monogram was engraved, and a very fine chain."

Few men had a more intimate acquaintance with King Edward than Sir George Lewis, who died in December 1911. The resourcefulness of this man with the intellectual, placid face, and the eyes that seemed as if they would pierce your inmost soul, was marvellous indeed. With his acute mind he saw what others either overlooked or were too obtuse to observe. And his boldness! "Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace"—Danton must have had such a man in his mind when he coined that phrase. He is credited with some amusing sayings. Thus, at an afternoon "crush" at Marlborough House: "Half these people would be in prison if they had their deserts!" This is the kind of mot that no one resents, and everybody repeats; it is a "safe thing" for a dinner-party, from Royal tables downwards.

A friend of mine, who was strolling absentmindedly along St. James's Street, "cannoned" against a gentleman opposite "White's," and almost jostled him off the pavement. Turning to apologise for his unintentional rudeness, he was horrified at finding himself confronted by "the Prince," who, returning my friend's profound salutation, passed smilingly on. "Whenever afterwards," said my friend, "I was near enough to the Prince to be recognised, I saw, by his amused smile, that he had not forgotten the incident—or me."

King Edward as Prince had many curious experiences in correspondence. Attempts were made to gain his ear by letter, or to obtain his autograph, and even to drag him into print by the enterprising editors of various publications. Our American cousins were the chief sinners, for, despite their democratic tendencies, they dearly love to secure something stamped with the approval or sign-manual of Royalty. American literary men and publishers tried to inveigle our Princes and Princesses into granting "interviews," or to write for their magazines. One agent came to London in 1892 prepared to offer £1000 for an article, however brief, on any subject, by the Princess of Wales. Needless to say, he never saw her, except when she drove in the Park.

Professor Vambéry, of Bucharest University, was justly proud of the friendship with which King Edward honoured him. After the publication of his remarkable work, "The Coming Struggle for India," Vambéry was invited by Queen

Victoria to visit her at Windsor. He had previously been presented to Her Majesty when he was staying at Sandringham with the future King Edward and his consort. The Professor, who is now (1913) in his eighty-second year, says: "I received a card bearing the following invitation: 'The Lord Steward has received Her Majesty's command to invite Professor Vambéry to dinner at Windsor on Monday, the 6th May, and to remain until the following day.—Windsor Castle, 5th May 1889.'" A Royal carriage awaited him at the station, and at the Castle he was received by the Lord Steward, Sir Henry Ponsonby, who asked him to enter his name and the date of his birth in the Queen's birthday book. "Sir," said Vambéry, "I do not know the exact date of my birth, and I should not like to enter a lie in the Royal book." He wrote "the conventional date," March 19, 1832, and felt "quite sure that among the many guests at Windsor there was never another to whom the day and year of his entry into this world were unknown." "The foreign defender of British interests in India" became immediately popular with the Court officials (who probably remembered that the eminent Hungarian was in the good books of "the Prince"), and "was much surprised to hear one of the higher functionaries, an ardent admirer (as was King Edward) of Mr. Gladstone, speak in very sharp terms of the politics of the Conservative Lord Salisbury, even drawing me into the discussion." The Professor sat next but two to the Queen at dinner, and he tells us that it was "a great mistake to imagine that this Princess, placed at the head of the Monarchical Republic, as England may be called on account of its constitution, was only the symbolical leader of the mighty State, having no influence on its wonderful machinery." Vambéry observed that Queen Victoria, like King Edward, had a rmearkable memory, "knew the ins and outs of every question, took a lively interest in everything," and was often witty.

This version of a painful scene is given in "London Opinion":

> An incident just told by Mr. Legge in "King Edward in His True Colours" reminds me of a somewhat similar affair never yet related, I believe. When Prince of Wales, the late King gave a Sunday dinner at Marlborough House to representative actors, including Hare, Bancroft, Wyndham, Kendal, Fernandez, and "Lal" Brough. There were songs and stories after dinner, and one member of the company was indiscreet or unlucky enough to weigh in with a fairly cerulean contribution just at the time that a Princess or two had slipped in to hear the entertainment. The Prince straightway told the footman to order the gentleman's carriage. The company agreed to keep the incident dark; but Brough, hearing whispers which fastened the indiscretion upon him, let the whole thing out, with the name of the real culprit.

The talented editor (Mr. Springfield) of the popular paper referred to probably means that the episode has never been related in print. I heard it at the time, and I remember the surprise it caused at the clubs. I think the details are correctly reported by Mr. Springfield, who is also responsible for this curious story:

> One custom always observed at Sandringham on the eve of the New Year was that of the "first-footing." King Edward instituted the practice every year of clearing the house of every adult staying there, servants and all, at five minutes to twelve, and was himself the first to open the main door after midnight had struck and to enter the place, leading Queen Alexandra by the hand. The only time he was forestalled was at the close of 1909, when a younger member of the Royal Family dashed round to another entrance and threw the great door open on the stroke of midnight. "We shall have some very bad luck this year," remarked the King gravely; and it was a curious coincidence that His Majesty died four months afterwards.

Sandringham, we can never forget, was the scene of that serious illness of "the Prince" in November 1871, just after his visit to Lord Londesborough. Never, in our days, had the country been immersed in deeper gloom. The life of the Heir-Apparent hung on the merest thread, and all were prepared for the worst. At the critical juncture Queen Victoria journeyed to Sandringham—an incident which was regarded as ominous of what, it was feared, was about to happen. Nothing was talked of but "the Prince's" illness. In the churches prayers were offered up for his recovery, and those prayers were mercifully heard. One gloomy, murky, depressing December afternoon our forebodings were dispelled by the publication in the "Evening Standard" of a telegram saying, "The Prince is better. He has asked for a glass of beer!" This unexpected news threw people into paroxysms of delight. Everybody you met spoke of it. A great weight was lifted from us. The whole kingdom was galvanised by that brief telegram; and the quantity of vinous and spirituous beverages consumed that night to celebrate "the recovery" passed comprehension. "He has asked for a glass of beer!" The cabmen, and the policemen, and everybody else quoted it admiringly with broad grins on their honest countenances. "The Prince" was safe! It was as though a great victory had been won—and it was a victory. Tributes of praise were showered upon the doctors, notably upon Sir William Gull; women, with tears in their eyes, told each other that "the darling Princess" had nursed her husband day and night through the terrible ordeal . . . So the great bell of St. Paul's never tolled, although the ringers had been "standing by," waiting for the expected order; and the "in memoriam" articles which had been written, and "set up," and "passed for press," were never wanted; and Old England was herself again!

Lionel Brough told this story to a friend of mine at the Eccentric Club: One day at Kempton

Park, as I was strolling about, considering which horse I should back for the next race, I was pulled up by the King, who, for the moment, was unaccompanied. "Ah, Mr. Brough," said His Majesty, "how are you? Are you 'doing anything'?" And without waiting for my answer His Majesty said: "I have enjoyed many of your stories. Have you any new ones to tell me?" I related the first I could think of; it amused him, and then we chatted for a few minutes about racing, as was but natural. "And what did *you* get out of it, Lal?" inquired an inquisitive club man. "Well," said Brough, "I got two winners out of it. That was good enough, wasn't it? King Edward knew what he was about, no matter what he was doing; and when he very kindly gave me two tips I went off and backed them. Both won, and that's what I 'got out of it.' He knew most things, did dear old Teddy; and he wasn't the sort to keep his good things to himself—God bless him!"

Among the late King's innumerable decorations there was one to which particular interest attached, yet it was the least known outside his iedmmiate entourage. It was by no means striking in appearance, but it had great historical and personal value in His Majesty's estimation. It was what is known as the (French) Military Medal, and was the gift of the Emperor Napoleon III. Since it was presented to King Edward, His Majesty never omitted to wear the riband when he was passing through France. The Emperor

Napoleon wore the Military Medal; it was temporarily placed on his breast the morning after his death, and is now among the Empress's most treasured souvenirs.

To a London paper in 1888 a correspondent gave a lively account of "The Prince at happy Homburg." The Prince "presented an admirable picture of himself to the foreigners, and one which they were inclined to approve except in so far as he was friendly with the Jews. That is a thing that the European mind can never forget or forgive. The comble of his offence in this respect was reached when he cast the light of his countenance upon a fair young being who not only was a Jewess, but by her mother's side a 'Frankfort Jewess'! To think that here, close to her ancestral Judengasse, this young pariah of Christendom should be enjoying the countenance and friendship of an exalted being, conspicuous and pre-eminent even among Royalty itself, was too much for die Geborene, who could only turn away their faces in rage and shame."

A story which must have amused King Edward reached me in 1907. Vatel, the celebrated chef of the Prince de Condé, spitted himself with his sword, you remember, because the fish arrived too late when Louis XIV. visited Chantilly; and Cubat, the Tsar's principal cook, was probably half tempted to follow the example of the ill-fated Vatel when, in August 1907, he discovered that nearly all the provisions on board the Imperial yacht had been spoilt by the inrush of salt water during the stormy voyage. The Emperor William was to lunch on the "Standart," and not only was there a woeful lack of meat, fish, and poultry, but not a morsel of fresh bread was on hand. Cubat was on his mettle. Almost before the Imperial yacht had anchored he was off to Swinemünde in a fast-going steam launch, fondly imagining that he would have no difficulty in getting everything he wanted on shore. Upon landing, however, and visiting the shops, he found, to his dismay, that the cooks of the "All-Highest's" fleet had requisitioned every scrap of meat and bread in Swinemünde. To add to poor Cubat's distress, the next day was Sunday, and he learnt that all the shops would be closed! The Tsar's chef, in this dilemma, proved himself a man of resource. He so worked upon the feelings of the German authorities that they issued a special order directing the tradesfolk to furnish the Tsar's yacht with all necessaries; and thus it happened that Cubat was enabled to put on the Imperial table, immediately after the celebration of the Divine Office, a lunch to which both Emperors did ample justice; so there was no repetition of the tragedy at Chantilly, when Louis Quatorze had to go without his fish!

"About once in every minute and a half the lid of the Prince of Wales's right eye drops completely over the ball." We must not question the accuracy of this assertion, for it was made by the late American Ambassador's paper, the "New York Tribune," in 1891. "The eye remains closed for the space of about a second, and then suddenly opens again to its fullest extent, no other feature of the face having moved meanwhile. People who see the Prince of Wales for the first time are tempted to believe that he is deliberately winking at them." Of course, our American friend explained that "the wink" was "altogether involuntary, the result of a tic nerveux," but naïvely added that it had the effect of causing those with whom he conversed "to start off blinking in response, especially people of nervous temperament." Prince Albert Victor of Wales was said to have been not happy unless engaged in pulling up his already preternaturally tall collar, or in twisting it so as to render it more easy round his neck. The beautiful Archduchess Marie Theresa did not escape the critic, who discovered that the Royal lady had "a funny little way of twisting a loose little curl over her left temple." The Emperor William and King Humbert had a habit of "twisting their moustaches," and the Emperor Francis Joseph of "stroking his snow-white whiskers." These habits were said to be the "true indication of character."

A foreign potentate to whom King Edward never "took" was the Shah of Persia, Nasr-ed-Din, who landed at Westminster Stairs in June 1889, and made a Royal progress through the streets to Buckingham Palace. The Persian Sovereign, who had first visited us in 1873, was the most unattractive, unsympathetic of all the monarchs I have seen—stolid, apathetic, and as ill-mannered as a backwoodsman. During the few days he was in Belgium, in 1873, the Shah rode a white horse, on which I saw him in the neighbourhood of Spa. Before coming to London in 1889 he had witnessed the procession of the Fête-Dieu at Brussels, and asked a number of questions about the ceremony and religion in general. He must have improved since 1873, when, as I can certify, he appeared to take no interest in St. Gudule, one of the noblest specimens of church architecture in the world. M. Anspach was Burgomaster at that time, and it was curious to compare the courtesy and perfect manners of the Belgian citizen with the boorishness of the Persian monarch.

The chroniclers of the Shah's progress from Brussels to London in 1873 were Kelly, the "Times"; Kingston, "Telegraph"; Forbes, "Daily News"; and myself, "Morning Post." The spectacle in mid-Channel was magnificent. It was a hot, cloudless day, with scarcely a ripple on the water. The Shah's escort consisted of ironclads, and as they steamed into Dover the scene was one which could never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. During his stay in England everything likely to interest or amuse him was shown the Shah, who, however, appeared to view all our great show-places with the utmost unconcern and lack of appreciation. Mme. Tussaud's waxworks seemed to hit his fancy more than anything else; and he was perfectly happy with a peach in one hand and a glass of water, or sherbet, in the other. His conversational powers in 1873 were of the feeblest; he would stand, or sit, by the hour without deigning to speak, save in monosyllables. At the Brussels Opera he greatly annoyed the Belgian Royal Family by the impertinent way in which he looked at the Queen and the Comtesse de Flandre. I saw him "grab" some fruit offered him by the Princess of Wales at the Crystal Palace without saying a word of thanks or anything else. There could have been no greater boor in the world than the bediamonded Shah of Persia.

It was a relief to everybody when he left London and betook himself to Paris, where they used to tell some extraordinary stories of his goings-on. Most people begrudged every penny of the public money spent upon him, and thought it a positive sin to lavish thousands of pounds on that peripatetic Persian, who should have been made to pay for his pleasures out of his own well-lined purse. Report said some of his retinue had left London in 1873 leaving sundry "little bills" which they had incurred to be paid by Providence. Tradesmen honoured with orders from that quarter were sharper in 1889. A member of the Common Council said: "The entertaining of the Shah will cost the City from £16,000 to £18,000. With our recollections of sixteen years previously, we did not intend doing anything; but the Prince of Wales came to us and said: 'What are you going to do towards entertaining the Shah?' 'Nothing,' we replied. 'Well, Her Majesty won't do anything,' said the Prince; 'and, as Heir-Apparent, I cannot.' It is only on the urgent representation of the Prince that the City is spending the money."

Lady Paget, widow of Sir Augustus, has recorded in detail and with much verve the pourparlers at Copenhagen leading up to the engagement of Princess Alexandra and the Prince of Wales.[1] The well-known diplomatist, Count Hohenthal, had married the morganatic widow of the Elector of Hanover, and her large fortune permitted her to give numerous entertainments. The Countess was a fair, plump woman, fond of society, and by no means ill-natured. She had no daughters, but was like a mother to her husband's two nieces, Wally and Valérie Hohenthal. The former, an exceedingly pretty girl, maid of honour to Princess Victoria (later the Empress Frederick), married Mr. Paget on his promotion to the post of Minister at Dresden, and is now Walpurga, Lady Paget.

Prince Hohenlohe tells us that "the Prince of Wales, when at Potsdam, spoke guardedly, but was disgusted at the rudeness (grobheit) of the Bismarcks, both father and son." Do we not remember how Bismarck said he would treat France when the question of the war indemnity was under discussion? "I will bleed her white!" Bismarck and Moltke first insisted that the indemnity should be £240,000,000, besides surrendering Alsace and Lorraine. They reduced it to £200,000,000 it is true, but only because of our Government's firm remonstrance, conveyed to Berlin by Lord Granville, as noted in the official records. In those distant years our Prince used to be spoken of by the "Figaro" and other French journals as "un prince fainéant." But the Hohenlohe "Memoirs" show that there was very little of the fainéant about the Uncle of Europe at any period of his life.

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[1] "Scenes and Memories." By Walpurga, Lady Paget. Smith, Elder & Co., 1912.

Six years after the war with France the Emperor William I. told Prince Hohenlohe that the Emperor Alexander II., father of the Duchess of Edinburgh and grandfather of the present Tsar, had urged Lord Augustus Loftus, then British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, to remember three points:

1. Le testament de Pierre le grand n'existe pas.
2. Je ne ferais jamais des conquêtes aux Indes.
3. Je n'irais jamais à Constantinople.

Prince Hohenlohe disliked Lord Beaconsfield more and more every time he saw him at the Berlin Congress. "Beaconsfield," said the Prince, "has a fearful Jewish type of face." The Prince said of the spectacled Chinese envoy: "He looks like the matron of an institute."

In 1891 the German Emperor, examples of whose relations with his uncle, King Edward, I have previously recorded, told Prince Hohenlohe that the Queen of Denmark, mother of Queen

Alexandra, had prevented Alexander III. from going to Berlin. "To make sure that he should not come, she accompanied him to Livadia on the pretext of attending the silver wedding." The Kaiser said of the late Tsar, Queen Alexandra's brother-in-law: "I only write ceremonial letters to him now. I have no relations with him." The Tsar might have replied with a "tu quoque," but he was too much of a gentleman to do so.

In 1859 the Prince-author of all these "blazing indiscretions" came to England with his aunt, Princess Feodora of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, a step-daughter of the Duke of Kent (Queen Victoria's father). In 1869 Moltke said to Prince Hohenlohe: "France will not start a war without Austria. The French are not so stupid." Moltke was a false prophet. The Empress Eugénie knew more about what was going to happen than the great strategist, who crushed and pulverised France a few months after he had said there would be no war "without Austria."

The present Kaiser and the leading German personages are pilloried in these scathing "Memoirs," which will never be forgotten (or forgiven) by William II. and his friends. For the world at large the "revelations" will continue to be a source of amusement and gossip for many years to come. Here and there Prince Hohenlohe's facile pen may have slipped; but he was a very careful, painstaking man, with a wonderful memory, and he jotted down all he had heard daily with the greatest assiduity. Professor

Curtius edited the "Memoirs" for Prince Alexander, and gave the diary the literary touches of which it stood in need. In 1875, when Bismarck was again threatening France, he complained to the late Duc Decazes, whose son died in 1912, that the Vicomte de Gontaut, then French Ambassador at Berlin, was a man with whom he (Bismarck) could not talk openly. "Moreover, his daughters discuss the internal affairs of the country in a manner which is unsuitable for the members of the French Ambassador's family."

Mr. Smalley, in his delightful "Anglo-American Memories," tells a story of King Edward lunching at Mr. Carnegie's, Skibo Castle. The host welcomed his Royal guest by reading to him a poem written by Joaquin Miller[1] for Mr. Carnegie's birthday. In the verses the King was referred to in the invocation, "Hail, fat Edward!" Mr Carnegie pleasantly explained to the King, "That's you, sir"; and Mr. Smalley adds, "The King, it was said, did not like Mr. Miller's effusion."

Addressing audiences in Scotland in 1890, Mr. Carnegie said on one occasion: "When I speak against the Royal Family I do not condescend to speak of the creatures who form the Royal Family—persons are so insignificant. You know how to get rid of a Monarchy. Brazil has taught you."[2]

Edward VII. once condescended to ask Mr.

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[1] The Californian bard, "The Poet of the Sierras," visited London in the seventies, and was duly lionised by a section of the literary fraternity. He died in 1913.

[2] "Punch," September 20, 1890.

Andrew Carnegie to subscribe to his Hospital Fund. The request was refused. The King was very angry, and spoke of it at the time as an uncalled-for impertinence; later, however, His Majesty again took into favour the millionaire who has uselessly lavished his money upon the foundation of public libraries which, in many cases, only minister to the gratification of the genus "loafer." That it is deemed necessary to fasten the periodicals to the desks by substantial chains is a pleasing example of the confidence which is felt in the honesty of Mr. Carnegie's readers.

On Christmas Eve, 1912, there passed away the artist, Edouard Detaille, to whom King Edward had shown great friendship for more than thirty years. Their acquaintance was formed one evening (March 8, 1878) at the "Figaro" office. The Prince of Wales had been to the Vaudeville to see "Les Bourgeois de Pont-Arcy," by the late Victorien Sardou, another of the Parisian notabilities whom, both as Prince and as Sovereign, King Edward much esteemed and admired for his talents and his witty conversation. (King George and Queen Mary, as Prince and Princess, met Detaille and Sardou at dinner in Paris, and were delighted with the flow of humour of the two best talkers in the French capital.)

The Prince of Wales of 1878 wished to see the printing of the great Paris "daily," and was escorted to the Rue Drouot by the Marquis de Lau, Charles Bocher (whose sister Napoleon III., in his early days, thought he would like to marry—but that was years before he was dazzled by Mademoiselle de Montijo), Comte Halley-Claparède, and Baron Seillière. Our Prince found at the "Figaro" office Sardou (whom H.R.H. had previously complimented on his play), M. Gondinet (another literary man appreciated by the Prince, who had a large acquaintance with French writers), Detaille; that other famous artist, De Neuville (painter of "Le Dernier Cartouche"); and Mr. (otherwise "Doctor") Thomas W. Evans, the American dentist who got the Empress safely to the coast, after she had fled from the Tuileries on September 4, 1870, and who at Woolwich, seven years later, formally "recognised" the body of the Prince Imperial by the gold-filling in one of the young hero's teeth. De Villemessant, the founder of the "Figaro," was ill, so the then editor, Francis Magnard, did the honours. Magnard picked up a just-printed copy of the paper and handed it to the Prince, who read in large letters under the title these flattering words, in English:

> To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,—"Figaro" begs leave to thank most heartily the Prince of Wales for the great honour which his Royal Highness has conferred upon the journal by his gracious visit. The contributors to "Figaro" and the printers of the paper take advantage of this opportunity to tender their best wishes for the future happiness of the illustrious guest, whose presence has given lasting honour to their literary home. They invoke upon his Princely head all the blessings that the heir to the Crown of England so well deserves.

The Prince, much touched by this graceful tribute, printed in his mother-tongue, carefully perused it, not allowing himself the luxury of a smile at a most comical misprint (only one) over which, later, he must have heartily laughed. (I have corrected the error.)

All the party then mounted to the first floor, followed by the gaze of the printers from the foreman down to the beady-eyed little "devils." On the stairs were heaps of flowers, plants, and wreaths; but something more durable than these was to come. The words of the "address" had been hurriedly printed on a sheet of parchment, and "illustrated" by Detaille and De Neuville. The first-named had drawn on it an English Horse Guard; the second, a French soldier, symbolical of the mutual sympathy of the two countries. It was the avant garde of that "entente" with which Edward the Great's name will be always associated, let the carpers say what they will to the contrary. And the international sympathy, the bond of union, as all could see for themselves that night, was emphasised by the two orders proudly worn by the Prince—the Légion d'Honneur and the Médaille Militaire (the latter given him by his devoted friend, Napoleon III.). Below their charming drawings and their signatures the artists wrote: "Hôtel du Figaro, 8 mars, minuit." Detaille's spacious studio was open to visitors once a week. King Edward, as a "distinguished foreigner," could (so the writer of "Truth's" Paris Notes has told us) look in whenever he liked, and he often did himself that pleasure, for he enjoyed the delicate sarcasm of the painter, his pointed chit-chat, and his Parisian tact and practical philosophy.

In 1888 the Prince and Princess of Wales expressed their willingness to reside for a portion of every year in Ireland; and in the autumn of 1889 Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General (the Lord Alverstone of to-day), in one of his speeches hinted that the Government might consent to introduce a Home Rule Bill framed to meet the views of the Irish Nationalists. This intimation by a member of Lord Salisbury's Government was much ridiculed by the Radical papers; but I believe Lord Alverstone was speaking from his brief, and that there was a probability that a Tory Home Rule Bill would be introduced. Colour was given to this belief in 1912 by Mr. Swift MacNeill, K.C., M.P., who, at Letterkenny, Co. Donegal, said that few of the Tory leaders were in their hearts opposed to Home Rule, and that Lord Beaconsfield was personally a Home Ruler. He quoted the following passage from a speech of Lord Rosebery's at Scarborough on January 24, 1889: "Mr. Pierrepoint, who was United States Ambassador in England about 1877, has lately contributed an article to an American magazine which is well worthy of your attention. He said that in 1877 he had a conversation with Lord Beaconsfield relative to the affairs of Ireland. He said it was so important that he made copious extracts from it in his diary that very day, and I will venture to give you one or two of these extracts: 'I asked him,' said Mr. Pierrepoint, 'if he had anv plan for the better government of Ireland. He said in reply that he had no perfect plan, but a general idea that if he had to deal with the situation he would propose to place Ireland in a similar position that New York held in the Federal Government.' That is pure Home Rule." "Of that conversation," said Lord Rosebery, "I knew some time ago, but I knew of it in a way that did not allow me to quote it in public, but Mr. Pierrepoint is a man of undoubted veracity. You may take it for granted that every word and syllable of that conversation is correct."

Now [1] that the papers are titillating the palates of millions by predictions of civil war if Home Rule is sanctioned by the Crown, the history of the period when the Prince and Princess of Wales avowed their willingness to occupy the Viceregal Throne, until now a solemn sham, should have more than a fleeting interest. As bearing upon this point I may quote a few lines from Mr. Blunt's able volume [2]:

> Dined with Lady C. She is to see the Prince of Wales to-morrow, and will give him my message about his tour in Ireland. She says he is more liberal about Home Rule than most of them. . . . (The message, it is added, pleased the Prince immensely, for) in spite of his aristocratic en-

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[1] 1913.

[2] "The Land War in Ireland." By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt Swift & Co., 1912.

tourage there is a strong element of Bohemianism in the Prince, and a love of popularity in any form.

Mr. Blunt's book is à propos, with its piquant "bits" about Edward VII., and I commend to the talented author's attention the chapter, "The Home Rulers of Marlborough House," in my previous volume.

In the "Edwardian Number" of the "Smart Set," Mr. W. J. Thorold wrote very appreciatively of "Edward VII.—Emperor." The Edwardian Empire Mr. Thorold regarded as an unprecedented example of the power of personality. This magnificent confederacy of kingdoms, dominions, colonies, and protectorates has one great force that binds them into one Imperial Union. The Australian sheep-owner, the Dutch farmer, the French-Canadian riverman, the Sikh soldier, and innumerable others have little else in common, but each one regards himself as a personal subject of the King. In his mind, just as in the mind of a dweller in Whitechapel or Mayfair, Edward VII. was the King—and for him that expressed all. But, personal as it was, the Sovereign was building his Empire to endure—for his house and for his country. Nevertheless, "the keystone of the British Empire was Edward VII." Mr. Thorold is to be highly commended for his delightful and accurate appreciation of our late Sovereign.

The life of King Edward, Mr. F. C. Lambert, M.A., F.R.P.S., tells us, was practically coeval with present-day photography. It was in 1840 that Herschel introduced the terms "positive" and "negative" in the sense we now use them photographically. And the following year, in which King Edward was born, is memorable in photographic history for the introduction of the Petzval lens, and perfecting of Talbot's calotype or paper negative process. Examples of these negatives were shown at the Royal Photographic Society not long before the King's death. This society was greatly honoured by having King Edward and Queen Alexandra as its patrons.

King Edward had been taught from his earliest years to be considerate to those who served him, and he never forgot the welfare of an old servitor. Mr. Crosby Smith relates that, at one of the balls which he and the Princess of Wales gave at Abergeldie Castle to their tenants and ghillies, he missed from the gathering an old gamekeeper whom he had known from the time he was a boy. "Where is he?" the Prince anxiously asked, and heard that the old man had not dared to come, as he had recently fallen under Royal displeasure. "This will never do," said the Prince. "I have never known a ball without him." He ordered a dog-cart to be prepared, and drove off to the old man's cottage. The wife answered the Prince's knock, informing him that her husband had gone to bed. "Well, tell him to make haste and get ready, for I am waiting to drive him to the ball!"

It has been said that King Edward believed that misfortune would happen to him if two knives were allowed to lie on the table before him at the same time, and, in consequence, no guests were served with more than one knife at a time.

When King Edward succeeded his mother he discharged a number of servants who had lived in clover during the Victorian period ; and among them was Archibald, the younger brother of the too-celebrated John Brown. The King pensioned Archibald, who died at Windsor at the end of 1912. John was a wealthy man, and it cannot be said of his brother that he was exactly a pauper, for, as one of the Queen's pages, many good things fell to his lot.

In the spring of 1912 the likelihood of an alliance between the Prince of Wales and the young Grand Duchess of Luxemburg " went the rounds " ! This was too absurd to call for an official denial. Such an alliance, were it conceivable, which it is not, could not be otherwise than gratifying to the Luxemburgers, who at the moment were justifiably indignant that certain pan-Germanic papers were advocating the wisdom of some German Prince securing the hand of the Grand Duchess, " which would assure the political incorporation —sooner or later inevitable—of the Grand Duchy with the German Federal Empire." The pan-Germanic journals are seemingly unaware of the fact that the political independence of Luxemburg was guaranteed by the Powers which signed the Treaty of London ; so that only a great European war, ending in a reconstruction of the map, could render the annexation of Luxemburg possible.

No Russian Ambassador to the Court of St.

James has ever been as popular in English society as the present holder of the post. Count Benckendorff had in King Edward a very dear friend, and Madame l'Ambassadrice and her charming daughter were, and are, favourites in the Royal circle. The gratifying relations which exist between the two Governments are directly traceable to King Edward and the diplomatic representative of Russia at our Court. That Count Benckendorff may long continue to hold the position in London which he has filled with so much success, and with such conspicuous advantage to the two countries, is the earnest hope of all who recognise the vital necessity of a close and permanent friendship between Russia and Great Britain.

Having, in rather forcible terms, lectured King Edward for daring to be at Biarritz at a moment when, to the national regret, it had become necessary to reconstruct the Cabinet, the "Times," in May 1908, allowed some one to bestow his polite attentions on the then Heir-Apparent, who, according to the correspondent ("One of the Crowd"), was responsible for the suppression of the speeches at the Royal Academy dinner. What is the reason, asked the writer of the letter, for the omission of the speeches on Friday evening?

And he replied:

> Not, certainly, the wishes of the Academicians, who are well aware of the importance which the speeches at the banquet have each year added to their exhibition. It is said, on what seems to be good authority, that the suppression of the speeches

was suggested, or commanded, by the Royal head and patron of the Academy, who, however unwilling he may have been to interfere with an old and honoured custom, yielded to the wish of an illustrious member of his house, tired of having annually to reply to the toast of his health. It might have been thought that if His Majesty when Prince of Wales replied to that toast year after year with assiduity and obvious pleasure, the Royal personage in question [King George], who is an excellent speaker, might willingly have done the same. Such an exertion is a tax, no doubt, but most of us have to perform even more exhausting duties, without the compensations that fall to the lot of Princes. I feel sure that your readers will unanimously agree with me in hoping that next year the old custom may be revived—perhaps with a shortened toast list, and a hint to the speakers to be brief, and to avoid boring their audience, Royal and other.

Most readers of the "Times," I fancy, felt grateful to King Edward and his son for their share (if any) in abolishing, for once, the speeches which for so many years filled the columns of that journal to the exclusion of more interesting matter; while the various more or less talented personages who, year after year, were bidden to make oratorical bricks with only a modicum of straw, must have hailed the innovation with unmitigated delight.

The special epochs in King Edward's life were overshadowed by trouble. His coming of age festivities had to be abandoned owing to his father's death; his marriage was celebrated in the quietest possible way for the same reason; the anniversary of his silver wedding was saddened by the death of the Emperor William I. and by anxiety about the Emperor Frederick and his much-loved sister and companion; and his fiftieth birthday, which had been looked forward to, not only by the tenants, but by the county generally, was overcast with gloom by the calamity which virtually deprived the Prince and Princess of their Norfolk home for many months. After the King's death Queen Alexandra sustained blow upon blow. The Golden Wedding Day (March 10, 1913) was spent in the strictest privacy. A week later—March 18—her second brother, the King of the Hellenes, was assassinated by a socialist at Salonika at the moment of the triumph of his army.

One of King Edward's most extraordinary experiences (and they were many) was connected with his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse, who died in March 1892. Before his wife, the lamented Princess Alice, came to her untimely end in 1878,[1] Queen Victoria had no more beloved son-in-law. The Duke was born in 1837, and succeeded his uncle, Louis III., in 1877. As the husband of the child whom the Royal parent may be said to have more deeply cherished than any of her other daughters, the Duke held a place in the heart of his august mother-in-law from which no act of his ever ejected him. The nature of Prince Louis was an erring but an infinitely sweet one. Affectionate, generous to a fault, and sympathetic, those who were near his person loved the man for himself. Probably there never was a Ruler who was more delightfully amiable. Though his disposition may be said to have been weak, there were occasions when his apparent infirmity of will was converted into a stubbornness nearly heroic. In the war of 1866, in defiance of the arguments of his relatives, he espoused the cause of Austria against that of Prussia. When the Prussian arms triumphed, Louis was treated with no harsh hand by King William, who in 1870–71 found in the Grand Duke, who commanded the Hessian infantry, a zealous General, whom the Prussian Monarch specially thanked for his able services in the field.

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[1] *Vide* Miss Probyn's poem, Chap. XI.

Probably the Grand Duke would have descended to the tomb as a pattern of domestic virtue (for he was a devoted husband as the consort of Princess Alice, and an exemplary father) had he not been of a too susceptible nature. It was the lot of this gentle and sincere Prince to become the victim of a woman's wiles. Not many years after the death of his wife, he fell into the toils of a lady whose blandishments, beauty, and cunning brought him to her feet. She was the widow of the former Russian Attaché to the Court of Hesse Darmstadt, and though she lacked high station she commanded charms which have brought other illustrious individuals to love captivity. Aghast at the prospective union of her son-in-law with "the Kolémine," Queen Victoria sent the Prince of Wales and his niece, Princess Victoria of Hesse, to endeavour to reason the lady out of her intention, and to tell her that it would be a mésalliance. They found that they had caught a Tartar. She had a bitter tongue, and horrified the Prince by replying that " it would be no more of am ésalliance than was the Queen's marriage to John Brown." Princess Victoria had been at first in favour of her father's second marriage, believing that it would give her more influence over him ; but she soon changed her mind and supported her Uncle Edward's protest. What was so remarkable in the case of the Grand Duke was the fact that he married Madame de Kolémine a few hours after the marriage of his daughter to Prince Louis of Battenberg — married her in the Grand Ducal Palace, where Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and other illustrious guests were being entertained ! There must have been a spice of devilry in the lady choosing that time for the performance of the ceremony—a secret one, conducted in a room not far distant from the chambers tenanted by the Grand Duke's august guests.

There are periods in the lives of most persons when acts are committed which seem only accountable on the ground of insanity. Hitherto the Grand Duke had afforded no evidence of madness. Either he was demented, or some conspiracy of circumstances must have arisen to have forced him into a marriage which, from what occurred afterwards, appeared not to have had the warrant of a dominating passion. The delightful lady, after being a bride only a few hours, found herself turned out of the Palace over which she had calculated she was going to reign for the rest of her life. She was forcibly ejected, her Royal husband—the most tender-hearted of men—staying behind! I suppose a time will come when all the particulars concerning the skeleton in the cupboard of the Ducal Palace of Hesse Darmstadt will be made known. The story, which was told in the European Press at the time, is full of incidents which go to prove that Princes are only like ordinary mortals when brought under the influence of charming women.

On one of his visits to Berlin, King Edward made as lavish a distribution of decorations as Queen Victoria once made in Dublin; and as his train was about to leave the station he sank back exhausted. At that moment a functionary who had been forgotten—there were so many of these pushful persons to be "remembered"—rushed up to the window of the Royal carriage and addressed His Majesty in gasping terms. As the King returned to his seat, free, at last, from the grasping Teutons, Lord Marcus Beresford said: "What did that chap want, sir?" "Oh! a decoration, of course!" "And what did you give him, sir?" "The Victorian Order," replied His Majesty, with one of his enigmatical smiles. "And served him jolly well right!" said Lord Marcus, who was as licensed a joker as "Billy" Russell and one or two others.

Mr. Louis Sterne, an engineer and inventor, and a friend of Charles Dickens, showed King

Edward, when Prince of Wales, his exhibits at South Kensington and the Crystal Palace. "The next time I met the Prince," says Mr. Sterne, "I was crossing Piccadilly, at the top of St. James' Street, before the days of refuges. In trying to escape being run down, I ran directly into the arms of His Royal Highness. He at once recognised me, and said: 'Mr. Sterne, you should give this traffic time, and never cross the bows.' I expressed surprise that he should recognise me, to which he replied that he never forgot either face or name if associated with any matter of interest." Mr. Sterne met the Prince again at a picture exhibition, where a portrait of the late eminent statesman, Mr. W. H. Smith, was hung. Turning to the Princess, His Royal Highness said, "Hullo! there's Smith." At once a man standing near turned round and acknowledged the recognition, offering his hand, which the Prince unhesitatingly accepted. When this man, whose name happened to be Smith, recognised the Prince, he became embarrassed . . . and with the lady who accompanied him made his exit as soon as possible.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, whose fondest wish is to see a "business Government," deserves the cordial thanks of all loyalists for recording this amusing story in his widely-circulated popular paper, "John Bull":

> We were present at a big demonstration in Hyde Park some years ago. We forget exactly what it was that had brought us together—but there we were, in orthodox fashion, proclaiming

the inviolable rights of the sovereign people and declaiming against the "classes" whose privilege and power we were impeaching to the acclamation of the horny-handed sons of toil around us. We remember that one very enthusiastic and quasi-socialistic Radical was addressing the throng. "Why should they be down-trodden? Why should they not be free? Why should kings, and queens, and princes, and huge standing armies absorb the product of their labour?" Such were the questions he was asking, receiving "throbbing bosoms for reply," when of a sudden a wild cheer rent the air; hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and a general stampede was made towards the roadway. The orator paused in amazement. What did it all mean? Had Bradlaugh, or Burns, or Labouchere arrived? Had revolution broken out, and were the infuriated mob making for Buckingham Palace? Whatever the cause, there we were, left all in a moment without an audience. It was the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge passing on their way to Rotten Row!

Lady Middleton, joining in the discussion in the "Times" (June 1913) on the "Tango," "Turkey Trot," and other negroid dances, was thus amusingly reminiscent of (inter alia) King Edward: "I once in early days found myself vis-à-vis to a very great personage, who was quite resolved to keep the ground and chase away my cavalier. After flying round the room—a big one—at least twice—racing pace, despite much interference—at the bottom I ventured, panting, to say, 'I am done, sir!' No lady being brave enough to come to my aid (though I glanced appeal at several friends looking on) and take possession of the future Monarch, his pitiless command, ' Go up to the top of the room again,' had to be obeyed. We both took a vast amount of exercise that evening. I can imagine the above dance executed by roughs, when, of course, it could be made unsuitable for ' civil ' society."

King Edward and Prince Tassilo Festetics were great friends, and in 1913 the Prince very kindly gave me the facts of the King's visits to him. " As Prince of Wales His Majesty visited me three times; once at Keszthely and twice at Berzencze, each time for stag-hunting. He had bear-hunting in Transylvania and in Slavonia with the Archduke Rudolf, who was also present at Berzencze. Among the guests invited by me to meet the then Prince of Wales was Prince Kinsky, who was a particular friend of King Edward. Lord Savile was another guest. The King," added Prince Tassilo, " was so tactful, so kind to all, and a friend to all his friends."

Madame de Thèbes, the prophetess, tells this story:

The late King Edward often came to see me, and on one occasion De Blowitz was with him. It was then that the Prince of Wales—as he then was—told me of a visit that he had paid to a fortune-teller. The Prince appeared very concerned as to his health, for it had been revealed to him that he would never live to be King. " I will prove that woman's prophecy incorrect," said

His Royal Highness. It was then that I told the heir to the English throne that, although he would reign, he would have to be very careful of an internal malady that would otherwise "carry him off." The prisoner that foretold the death of Belshazzar was no less accurate, you see; for Edward VII. might have been alive to-day had he heeded my warning.

In "King Edward in his True Colours" I exposed on authority the person who masquerades under the self-conferred title of "Prince John de Guelph." He claimed, in his preposterous book, to be a son of King Edward! Any crossing-sweeper might make a similar assertion. We need not, therefore, be surprised at hearing that "Prince John's" lead has now been followed by another crack-brain, one Henry Holder Colpus; both might take warning by the fate of the felon Mylius, the libeller of King George. The "New York Times,"[1] whose very generous appreciation of my recent volume I highly value, gives this account of Mr. Colpus:

> Henry Holder Colpus, who claims to be a natural son of the late King Edward of England and half-brother of King George V., is to be married here to-morrow to Mrs. Mary A. McGill, a wealthy Chicopee widow of 71.
>
> Colpus, describing himself as of the house of Hanover and Guelph and Saxe-Coburg de Gotha Wettin and son of Eliza Elsa Holden, says he is consequently entitled to be called "Prince Henry of Guelph." He is pressing his claim for recogni-

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[1] March 23, 1913.

tion by his half-brother, King George v., through Crawford Elliot, a Chicago lawyer who is now in England with the papers, which, he says, include letters from the Royal Family admitting his claim.[1]

"My mother," says Colpus, "was a young widow. On June 15, 1862, she was on her way to the Ascot races. She was passing through Windsor Park alone when she met the young Prince. He had reached England the day before from a tour of the Holy Land. The Prince fell in love with her at first sight. She did not go to the races at all. He took her away.

"My mother was a Quakeress, and she felt that it was a spiritual marriage. But the time came when he told her he could not acknowledge her as his wife, because he was the Prince of Wales. She wept, and he gave her a handkerchief to wipe away her tears."

Colpus produced a handkerchief, which had a border design of four-leaf shamrocks. He said it was preserved for him by the Shaker colony at Mount Lebanon, of which he was a member.

"My mother went back to her father," he continued, "but though he was a proud old man, he told her he would support the child. I was born at Farncombe, Surrey, March 10, 1863. Dr. William Jenner Parsons, nephew of Sir William Jenner, was present at my birth. The day I was born was the day Edward married Alexandra. My mother died May 6, 1910, the day King Edward died."

A well-known photographer says:

"The late King Edward, whom I took many

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[1] Mr. Colpus here "goes one better" than "Prince John de Guelph."

times, was one of the best sitters in the world. He always greeted me as an old friend, and put me completely at my ease with a cordial handshake. So simple and unaffected was he that more than once I forgot whom I was speaking to. 'I beg your Royal Highness's pardon' (he was the Prince of Wales then), I once said, when I feared I had been a little too familiar. 'Oh, that's all right, Mr. ——,' he said with a smile; 'we are quite old friends, you know, and can dispense with formalities.' Wasn't it charming of him?"

He was always keenly interested in the photographs of his beautiful wife—much more than in his own—and liked to superintend the sittings. Once Her Majesty playfully ordered him out of the room (it was at Sandringham), as she declared she could not compose herself while he was "fidgeting about." The King dutifully obeyed, but a few minutes later in he came again. "Well, Mr. ——," he said, "has she been behaving properly?" "Beautifully, your Majesty," I answered. "There!" said Queen Alexandra, pointing a finger triumphantly at her husband. "I knew I should be good if you were not here to tease me."

On another occasion (this was in much earlier days) the position was reversed. I had been summoned to Sandringham for the first time to take the Prince and Princess of Wales, as they then were; and when the crucial hour arrived I never felt so nervous in my life.

The Princess took the posing of her husband into her own hands, and very cleverly and artistically she did it. "You see, Mr. ——," the Prince said, when at last she was satisfied, "how obedient

I am." "But he is not always quite so tractable as to-day, I assure you!" laughed the Princess. Before I left, Her Royal Highness showed me some of her own photographs. I have rarely seen better amateur work.[1]

It was remarked, and widely commented on in the Austro-Hungarian press, in September 1888, that the Prince of Wales had accepted an invitation from the King and Queen of Roumania, and would spend some days with them at Sinaïa and Bucharest, whilst his nephew, the German Emperor, was to be the guest of the Emperor-King Francis Joseph at Vienna; the future King Edward returning again to Austria-Hungary immediately after the youthful Kaiser had departed. It would have been useless to attempt to explain this fact except by observing that the relations between uncle and nephew were somewhat strained. While it was a thousand pities that it should have been so, surely some means might have been found to avoid letting the world at large into the secret. It was whispered at Vienna that the King of Roumania would never have thought of asking the Prince of Wales to visit him just at that time, only he received a friendly hint from Vienna to do so, in order to prevent any unpleasant rencontre between the Emperor William and his uncle.

The members of the King's Scottish Bodyguard, the Royal Archers, lost a valued comrade in Sir John R. Heron-Maxwell, who died a week after King Edward, very unexpectedly, at Fairlawne, Tonbridge, the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Cazalet. For a long period Sir John, who was well known to the King, had been a familiar and popular figure in clubland. The Carlton had known him for many years, and he had been a member of the Junior Carlton. Sir John found a sphere for his activities in the Merchant Taylors Company, of which he had been Master in recent years; and he was one of the governing body of St. George's Hospital. He had served in the Royal Horse Guards and in the 15th King's Hussars, and upon his retirement with the rank of captain in 1865 he entered upon a commercial career. An ardent sportsman, he was the guest in 1909 of Mr. Carnegie and of Lord Strathcona, and it was while shooting over the Scottish moors that he was attacked with that heart-complaint which terminated his long and highly honourable career. Of Sir John's four daughters, one (the elder, Maud Lucia) married Mr. William Marshall Cazalet. Mrs. Cazalet is a very popular hostess both in Grosvenor Square and at Fairlawne, and one of her sisters, Miss E. Heron-Maxwell, has long been one of the Duchess of Albany's "ladies."

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[1] "Ideas."

One year when I[1] dined at Balmoral with Queen Victoria, Princess Beatrice and the Prince of Wales (King Edward), the Prince made some complimentary remark about my sermon, and said I did not preach long sermons; and on my laughingly replying, "Not before the Queen," he said: "Do you know, when I first came to this part of the country the ministers used to preach such long sermons that the very collie dogs walked up the pulpit stairs and yawned in their faces!"

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[1] The Rev. W. W. Tulloch, D.D., who has very kindly given me some of his reminiscences of the Royal Family.

On the same occasion—it was the year that Dr. Magee, whose tenure of the Archbishopric of York was so short, had died—the King was talking to me about him, and said he would tell me a good story of him. He said the Archbishop had been at some hotel or inn and had been "teased" to write something complimentary to his quarters in the visitors' book. He wrote as follows:

> I, So-and-So Magee, came here for change—

At this stage the Prince, as he was then, tapped his Royal forehead, and said with that unmistakable "burr" which is characteristic of the Royal Family: "Now, I must get this correctly," and then added—"Oh yes, I have it":

> I, So-and-So Magee, came here for change and rest;
> The waiters got the change, the landlord the rest.

And the Royal narrator laughed tremendously. He has one of the most splendid of cachinnations, as if enjoying the sensation far down in his throat —a laugh such as my father used to have, and which we children used to describe as "grinding his scissors." His manner is most wonderful. It takes you by storm. There is no resisting it. One of the King's tutors in his early years was a brother of my brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Tarver, of Eton College. The King knew that in some way I was connected with the Tarvers. So he said to me, interrogatively: "You married Tarver's sister?" "No, sir," I replied; "Frank Tarver married my sister." "Ah, yes! The other way about," was the Royal and genial rejoinder.

Still one of the handsomest of men, one of King Edward's intimates of the old, old days, Lord —— at a time which I well remember, was often without the price of a cab-fare in his pocket; yet he was as gay as the proverbial sandboy. And since then he has made "pots" of money.

The late Lord Torrington, who died in 1889, was in great favour with Queen Victoria and with her eldest son when he was Prince of Wales and wondering if he would ever come into his inheritance. I often saw that delightful Court functionary at a friend's house, to which he brought the latest news from the Palace and the Castle. He was a very sedate man, but possessed much quiet humour, and a good story preserved all its bouquet when he told it without effort and without even the flicker of a smile on his clear-cut aristocratic face. "If you ever get to know Lord Torrington well," said my host, "you will find him not only one of the most delightful of men, but one of the very best friends in the world." The present Viscount was a page of honour to Queen Victoria and also to King Edward from his accession until his death.

Those who entertained King Edward at dinner, before as well as after his accession, knew that the champagne of his preference was Duminy, extra sec, 1883. It was decanted into a glass jug, from which he helped himself. It was King Edward, when Prince, who made the decanting of this wine modish.

King Edward had the happiest talent for speech-making, and the Duke of Connaught's addresses leave little to desire in clearness and forcefulness of expression. The Duke of Edinburgh's extreme nervousness made it painful to listen to him, yet he was a fluent and very amusing talker in private, as many who knew him at Eastwell Park will remember. He could "chaff," too, with the best of them. A friend of mine, who at one time had to discuss business matters with him day after day for months, said: "You never have to tell him a thing twice. He is as sharp as a needle, and often 'floors' you with his questions. You were well aware of the matters we talked over, so I need not bore you by referring to them. You know how keenly interested King Edward was in the subject of my talks with the Duke, and you will not have forgotten the ignorant criticism of the project which appeared in the newspapers. The Royal brothers were greatly vexed and irritated by all those pinpricks, and, though neither of them complained publicly, they hotly resented the press comments in private. King Edward was particularly 'nettled,' and could not restrain his feelings; in that respect he resembled many other great men—the old Duke of Wellington, for instance, who was very free with his 'damns' and 'by Gods.' The Duke of Edinburgh was much less vehement, but he also had a few 'swear words' in his vocabulary, and they came out occasionally. He had the greatest respect for 'Bertie,' and thought him a prodigy. Finally, this great project proved a real triumph, and then the two Princes were beslavered with press praises ad nauseam."

While King Edward was an inveterate smoker, and thereby, according to his doctors, injured his constitution to some extent, the Duke of Edinburgh was almost as much a lover of tobacco as his eldest brother. Prince Leopold occasionally indulged in a cigarette and a very mild cigar. The Duke of Connaught prefers cigarettes to cigars, and surprised his hosts at the Washington Press Club by saying: "May I ask for a cigarette?" Boxes of cigars were among the late King's most frequent presents from friends and admirers, the latter often complete strangers, who had never seen him except in photographs or, in the old days, very indifferent, almost unrecognisable, wood-cuts. There is a story that King Edward once offered a cigarette to Mr. Gladstone, who began puffing at it but soon put it down; but, as the Prince well knew that "Mr. G." never smoked, it is hardly likely that H.R.H. would have perpetrated such a bêtise.

I suppose no theatrical entertainment ever caused King Edward more amusement than the

"Guards'" performance of the burlesque, "Dr. Faust and Miss Marguerite," given at Chelsea Barracks on several evenings in January–February 1888. The book was by "Bob" Martin (author of "Ballyhooley" and "Killaloe") and Mr. E. Hobday, R.H.A.;[1] the music by "Teddy" Solomon, who also collaborated with Henry Pottinger Stephens. Augustus Harris was stage manager, and some of the young ladies from the old Gaiety danced and sang. The following appeared: Lieut. Berkeley Levitt (Scots Guards), Young Faust; Lieut. Count Gleichen (Grenadier Guards), Old Faust; Lieut. H. R. Crompton Roberts (Grenadier Guards), Martha; Mrs. C. Crutchley, Clochette; Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, Marguerite; Lieut. G. C. Nugent (Grenadier Guards), Wagner; Lieut.-Col. H. Ricardo (Grenadier Guards), Valentine; Captain H. Stopford (Coldstream Guards), Siebel; Captain F. C. Ricardo (Grenadier Guards), Mephistopheles; Lieut. D. Loftus (Grenadier Guards), Lieut. Hon. E. G. Stanley (Grenadier Guards), Lieut. Hon. R. Somerset (Grenadier Guards), Lieut. Lord Athlumney (Coldstream Guards), Lieut. H. Pretyman (Grenadier Guards), Hon. M. Somerville, Miss J. Balfour, Hon. A. Somerville, Mrs. Stopford, Mrs. Wolton, and Miss Agar-Ellis. Drummers Kimber and Philips, as Arabs, danced, and Sergeant-Drummer Philips and Sergeant Reilly (the latter as a camel) were strong supports. I remembered seeing Mrs. Crutchley en amateur years before at the Olympic, when her dancing much pleased the Prince and Princess of Wales. A feature of the Chelsea performance was her shadow dance. I had never seen such capable amateurs before, and I cannot recall their equals since.

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[1] They were facetiously spoken of as "Day & Martin."

One of King Edward's friends was very anxious to become a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. His Majesty, always ready to do a man a turn, asked a prominent living personage, a member of the Squadron, to propose the gentleman, who had been given a title and was generally popular. He was duly proposed and seconded, and was blackballed, as many better men had been before him. The King was much annoyed, and asked the same personage who had proposed the candidate to put him up a second time. "I hope you will not press me to do so, sir," was the reply; "we cannot force the Committee to swallow his sausages!"

Lord Meath, at a meeting at Devonshire House in connection with the "Duty and Discipline" campaign (1913), said: "We have in King George one who recognises 'duty' and 'discipline.'" On one occasion the King, then a Prince and naval officer, arrived at Gibraltar, and rowed for an hour and a half in the teeth of a gale in order to pay respect to a senior officer. On another occasion an order was given to the Prince to run out a torpedo-boat when he much desired to attend Goodwood Races. His senior officer suggested that perhaps the Prince could arrange with someone else to take his place. "No," he replied, "if it is the same to you, sir, I would rather do my duty."[1]

King Edward was not the only one of his mother's children who knew how to assert himself. The Empress Frederick was the most affable and unaffected of Royalties, yet nobody understood better how to give a dignified rebuke when occasion required it. When, as Crown Princess, she was spending the winter at Pegli, on the Riviera, with her three daughters, they were in the habit of making excursions in the neighbourhood almost daily, travelling by train and taking their places among the other passengers in any carriage where they found seats. On one of these occasions a Frenchman who happened to find himself in the same compartment with them, being ignorant or affecting ignorance of the rank of his fellow-travellers, was proceeding to light a cigar (in accordance with the universal custom of smoking on that line), but before doing so he turned to the Princess and politely inquired, "Does Madame object to the smell of smoke?" "I do not know the smell, sir; nobody has ever presumed to smoke in my presence," was the reply.

A sensational story, headed "Mrs. Pearcy's Accomplice," and purporting "to throw a lurid gleam on the mystery enshrouding the Hampstead tragedy," was published in 1891. At the time the woman was lying under sentence of death for murder. It was announced that the Prince of Wales had been begged to intercede on her behalf —that was all. What really happened was this. A gentleman, well known to me, residing in the neighbourhood of the crime, good-naturedly accompanied a person greatly interested in the case to Marlborough House. The Prince of Wales was on the point of starting for Sandringham—the carriage was waiting for him, and all was ready for the departure. Sir Francis Knollys heard what they had to say on the subject, and asked the gentleman to write down certain points, in order that he might submit them to the Prince. The Prince, hearing from Sir Francis what was happening, delayed his departure for a considerable time, read the statement (written on the spot), and, while expressing his deep regret that he personally was unable to do anything in the matter, advised the gentleman who had called upon him to transmit the statement to the Home Secretary, adding, " And you may say that I have read it." This is what actually happened at Marlborough House, but the papers knew nothing about it.

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[1] I think the noble Earl made a little slip in the second of these stories, and that King Edward had merely asked his son if he would "like to come to Goodwood." The young gentleman respectfully begged to be excused.

A London paper published in 1893 a dastardly attack on the Prince of Wales. The article was founded on something written by Lady Jeune, and it suggested by implication that her ladyship's literary fireworks were prompted by her friend, the Heir-Apparent. The alleged grounds for that assertion would be amusing were not the accusation couched in so serious a strain. According to the writer of the attack, her ladyship's stinging magazine essay was published for the purpose of showing the Queen that her absence from London, and the consequent non-existence of a Court, had brought about the lamentable condition of things then prevailing in London Society. If the Prince's assailant had stopped there he would merely have rendered himself ridiculous; but he stupidly suggested that the Prince, in view of the fact that the Queen's age and health forbade her to take part in the ordinary functions of the Court, was anxious to force her to give him sufficient money to pay off his alleged outstanding liabilities, and to invest him with the position of representing her altogether at Buckingham Palace—in other words, to appoint him Regent!

This story has been told of a right reverend prelate who was a guest at Sandringham before King Edward's accession. The prelate was to preach at Wolferton, and had only just reached the church when he discovered that his sermon was missing. The rector drove with all speed to Sandringham, and searched everywhere for the manuscript without avail. It was painful, but the Bishop had to deliver an extempore discourse, which seemed to be as satisfactory to the congregation as if it had been read. It was only after the service, when the Royal party were returning to Sandringham, that somebody found the missing sermon on the threshold of the rectory. Probably the precious manuscript, with some few alterations, "came in useful" on another occasion.

In a book at Sandringham is recorded the weight of every visitor on his arrival at, and his departure from, the Royal residence. But this volume contains, besides the registered weights of all comers, descriptions of their garb, as well as their autographs. It is difficult to say whose name does not figure in this collection. Before "the Prince's" accession the names which appeared most frequently were those of the then Marquis of Hartington, the Duke of Fife, Lord Alington, "James Mackenzie," and "Reuben D. Sassoon." In this curious roll may also be seen the names of Baron Hirsch and Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley.

"Dizzy" and the "Grand Old Man" were occasionally guests at Sandringham. Lord Beaconsfield appeared to enjoy his visit the most. "Gladstone," says Mrs. Cresswell,[1] "must have been aware that he was no particular favourite, and was a little bit suspicious and on his guard; as if he knew that under all the diplomatic civility H.R.H. would dearly have loved to upset his solemnity with a few of his favourite jokes—an apple-pie bed, or a roll in the snow, or the stuffing into dress-coat pocket of sticky sweets. Even the village tradesman who played the organ was overwhelmed with confusion in Gladstone's presence."

The real sufferers by the fire at Sandringham in 1891 were the Princesses Maud and Victoria of Wales, whose rooms on the upper floor were

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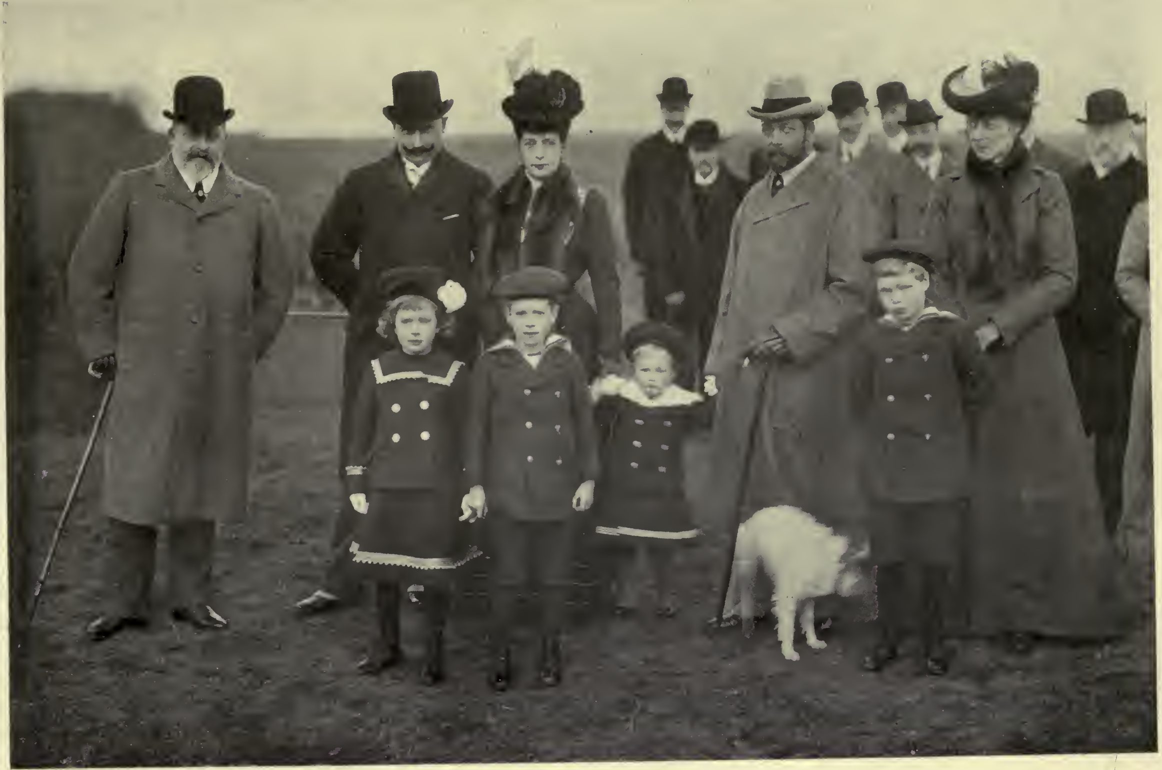
[1] The "Lady Farmer," extracts from whose book are given in "King Edward in his True Colours."



A Family Group at Sandringham in 1902.
King Edward, the German Emperor, Queen Alexandra, King George, with his sister (Princess Victoria) and his children.

among those which were attacked. All their treasures, including an immense collection of photographs of friends and relations and souvenirs of their happy childhood, were burnt. Many valuable effects of all kinds were sent to London immediately after the fire. The costly stretches of tapestry presented to the Prince of Wales by the late King of Spain were dispatched to be dried and cleaned. Much of the furniture was taken away to be repolished. The carpets in the drawing-room which were soaked with water from the fire-engines, and injured by smuts which fell from the fire overhead, were removed and replaced by others. Altogether a thousand men were hard at work for six days removing all traces of the catastrophe, and they finished the work so quickly that visitors were received in less than a fortnight.

Sandringham was particularly gay every 9th of November, when the King and Queen Alexandra's most intimate friends assembled to wish the former "many happy returns." After dinner came Sir Hedworth Williamson's amusing songs, which rivalled those of the best comic vocalists of "the halls." The most assiduous of hosts was not above escorting some of his guests to their rooms, stirring up the fires, and assuring himself that everything was in order! The King and his friends smoked in the conservatory after dinner, and here the story-tellers held forth. The Marquis de Soveral was fertile in anecdotes, and was not eclipsed even by "Billy" Russell, whose death was perhaps more sincerely mourned by the King than by any one else. In the saloon the Queen poured out the tea for her consort and the guests. When there was shooting a hot lunch was served in a cottage, and later in the day there was turtle soup for everybody.

In the late eighties Madame Edmond Adam published in her " Nouvelle Revue " some extracts from what were alleged to be letters written by the King of the Belgians and the Prince of Wales concerning the young Kaiser. There was not a word of truth in the letters—perhaps that is why they caused so much talk. The letter which was (of course incorrectly) attributed to the Prince of Wales (said to be addressed to the King of the Belgians) was dated " London, October 24, 1888," and contained the following passage :—

> The Emperor Francis treated me as a friend during my journey. He publicly tutoyèd me, which he never does, even to his son and heir. As to William, what I knew of him on my return from Vienna convinces me that his organisation is severely attacked. Those who have seen and watched his life are painfully concerned in his behalf. He can get no sleep, save what drugs can procure, and suffers from headaches so intense that every day he is compelled to resort to morphine for relief. He easily loses his temper, and of all the Imperial family the affectionate Stéphanie alone [mark the forger's absurd blunder here ; she was then the wife of the Archduke Rudolf, and had no more to do with the German Court than with that of the Cannibal Islands !] has revealed some energy over him. So far as regards my personal

feeling I can never forgive, nor forget, without explanation, the facts which marked my funeral journey to Berlin on the occasion of the death of Frederick, nor also the last insult of the "Reichsanzeiger." Knollys, who passed through Berlin, was instructed to tell me the Emperor looked forward to my stay at Vienna to meet me there. I followed the advice the Queen had given me before my journey, and I only replied by leaving Vienna before the Imperial advent.

Had any one ever read such a farrago as that which poor Madame Adam printed in her magazine? Reading it at this distance of time, I sometimes wonder if that eminent dabbler in our Paris Embassy documents, the immaculate Norton, could have had anything to do with the concocted letters said by the writer in the "Nouvelle Revue" to have passed between the Prince of Wales and the King of the Belgians. More unlikely things have happened.

The Carlsbad authorities hoped that in 1910 King Edward would "make his cure" at the Bohemian spa instead of at Marienbad. There was placed before His Majesty convincing proof of the efficacy of the Carlsbad waters. The King had learnt much on the subject from M. Clemenceau, to whose rooms, at an hotel, His Majesty, when he made an excursion to Carlsbad, paid a visit of inspection. One August, when the ex-President of the Council was at the height of his power, and going through a cure at Carlsbad, he contented himself with a couple of rooms at a pension, at thirty-five shillings a week. The "Moroccan affair" was on at the time, and the Premier and his secretary were writing during the greater part of every day. When the letters were finished M. Clemenceau invariably took them to the post-office himself.

As Emile de Girardin was known in the years preceding the Second Empire as the "Grave-digger of dynasties," so M. Clemenceau has well earned his sobriquets, the "wrecker of Ministries" and the "Tiger." He was au mieux with Edward VII., and treated His Majesty more familiarly than any of the Sovereign's most intimate friends would have done, even when he was Prince of Wales. One day at Marienbad the French statesman called on the King, who all his life had been devoted to the "buttonhole." "Why, my dear Monsieur Clemenceau," exclaimed King Edward in a tone of surprise, "you have no flower in your coat! Let me give you one"; and taking a huge carnation from a bowl of magnificent blossoms, he placed it in his visitor's jacket, with the smiling remark, "There! Now you are comme il faut!" As they were lunching, the King asked M. Clemenceau how long he expected to remain Premier. "As long as I like, sir," was the complacent answer. Clemenceau inherited from his father a detestation of the King's great friend, Napoleon III., and was so disgusted with the Imperial régime, under which he and his father had suffered, that he left France before the crash came and resided in the United

States, where he found a charming wife. The year 1913 saw King Edward's friend (long out of office) again the wrecker of a Ministry. He strove his utmost to prevent the election of M. Poincaré as Chief of the State; but this did not prevent the President (in May) holding out the olive branch to M. Clemenceau, who accepted it.

A well-known German wrote as follows to one of my English friends early in 1913:—

> King Edward, in spite of the near blood-relationship which connected him with Germany, showed little sympathy towards our country and our people, partly in order that his German descent might be lost sight of by his self-conscious countrymen. All through his life he worked in direct antagonism to Germany, and during his reign intrigued against Germany in the whole of Europe. Thus it is not to be wondered at that our sympathy for him is very small, although we must always impartially recognise him as a great statesman. King Edward always treated Germany in a haughty manner as a quantité négligeable.

The bitter feeling expressed in this letter is not that which makes for goodwill between the two countries. All Englishmen, and, I hope, many Germans, will regret that the writer has been betrayed into taking a wholly unjust and very inaccurate view of King Edward, of whom the German Press spoke in the most generous terms in May 1910.

King Alfonso's remarkable shooting at Sandringham and elsewhere produced a story of his shooting at La Granja. His Majesty, in high spirits, laid several wagers with the ladies present, and it was noticed with great amusement that when the fair gamblers lost they never paid, while they succeeded in winning 600 pesetas from the King. On reckoning up his losses he exclaimed: "Well, I have lost to-day, but please say nothing about this at home!"

A man who in 1888 was prosecuted for perjury at Vienna startled all in court by his positive assertion that some years previously he lost 100,000 thalers (£15,000) at Baden-Baden to a personage of the highest social position in England, and not having sufficient money he was compelled to give bills, which were all honoured as they fell due.

Even as our dead King was calumniated in 1912, so in 1888 was his brother-in-law, the Emperor Frederick, the Kaiser for ninety-nine days, shamefully outraged. It was in August of that year that the long-defunct paper, the "Echo," owned by the wealthy philanthropist, the late Mr. Passmore Edwards, reprinted from a book called "What cannot be told at Berlin" ("Ce que l'on ne peut pas dire à Berlin") an article reeking of the stable and the farmyard, and worse. Printed in English, for the family circle to read, were details of the alleged origin of the Emperor's illness. None need envy the wearers of Crowns or those who are likely to wear them. Very few outside the Imperial family, and perhaps not all of those, were aware that the Prince of

Wales's brother-in-law was a cancerous subject. That he was so was revealed in a very singular manner, as I learnt only while these pages were being written. Six or seven years before his death the then Crown Prince visited London, and complained of the pain caused by what he thought was a corn on the sole of one foot. He was staying at Claridge's Hotel, and a chiropodist found that the pain was caused by a cancerous growth, which was successfully treated by a relative of Mr. Alexander, who himself has removed similar growths.

As Prince of Wales King Edward was full of fun, and very fond of French calembours. One day, when he was quite a boy, in conversation with the beautiful Comtesse (Edmond) de Pourtalès, la belle Mélanie of the Empire period, the Prince offered her a suggestion for a dress which, when she wore it, was the subject of much curiosity and many jokes. She appeared in it at a ball, and people thronged round her to admire and wonder at it. A large letter "P" was embroidered on the front of the bodice, and on the skirt was an equally large embroidered letter "A." Nobody could guess the meaning of the letters until Hallez-Claparède (who, among his other accomplishments, was a noted duellist) came up, and said: "Vous avez raison, Comtesse. Je comprends. 'A' longue sous 'P'" (allons souper). Albert Edward's ingenious calembour was voted un succès fou.

When the Tranby Croft affair was filling the papers it was ridiculously stated that Lady Brooke (the Countess of Warwick) had "blabbed" about the delinquencies of Sir William Gordon-Cumming. As a matter of fact the Countess, who has *not* begun to write her memoirs, had no more to do with the affair which caused the then Prince of Wales so much pain than Cardinal Manning or the Archbishop of Canterbury. She was never at Tranby Croft in her life, but once the lie that she was one of the party had been started it was impossible to squelch it.

High play often leads to acts which may be euphemistically termed "indelicate"; and the Prince of Wales's whilom friend, the late George Russell, was the hero of a very melancholy scandal. Until now the manner in which his eccentric play was discovered has not been made public, but it was known to a select few, including, we may assume, the Marquis of Hartington of the period. The "trouble" arose at the Arlington Club. George Russell ("dear George," as Queen Victoria calls him in her book, "Our Life in the Highlands") was sitting at the card table next to a very nervous old gentleman who was wearing pumps and silk stockings. He felt something fall on his instep, and, looking down, saw a card. He kept his eyes open, and discovered that some one was cheating. The esclandre followed. Had the old gentleman been wearing ordinary shoes and woollen or cashmere stockings, or socks, probably the discovery would never have been made. The delinquent fled the country, and died at Nice some two years ago.

When Edward VII. ascended the Throne he was so intent upon pleasing in every imaginable way the beautiful woman who had shared his joys and sorrows for nearly half a century that, much to her satisfaction, he placed her in the position of an actual Queen-Regnant instead of a mere Queen-Consort. It was a charming manner of atoning for any péchés mignons which he may or may not have perpetrated during their long and happy married life. Queen Alexandra is endowed with such a beautiful, loving, and forgiving character that it took, and still takes, a great deal to ruffle it, and it is conceivable, to employ a homely phrase, that she has had more to put up with since her beloved Consort's untimely death than during his life. This is the opinion of some who are not altogether ignorant of existence within the Royal Palaces.

King Edward gave presents in a manner which greatly enhanced their value. When, as Prince, he was staying at a well-known house in the north his own servant was taken ill, and his wants were attended to by one of his host's domestics. Towards the termination of his visit the Prince sent up to Hunt & Roskill for some jewellery with which to make various presents. As he was examining a case of rings he called the servant to his side and said: "Which do you think is the handsomest of these rings? I am sure you are a good judge of such things." The man, feeling greatly honoured, indicated a certain ring, which the Prince gave him, remarking, "Keep it."

King Edward was very generous with his money, although much less extravagant than the ignorant multitude thought him. His brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, was cast in a different mould. One day Tom Pratt (son-in-law of Marion Sims, the famous American ladies' doctor), who was taken up and made much of by Edward VII. when he was Prince, called at the "Bristol" to see the Duke of Edinburgh, who had sent across the square (Place Vendôme) for him. Tom found the Duke packing up, as he was leaving Paris in an hour's time. "Come out with me, Tom," said His Royal Highness, "and buy some cord to fasten my trunks. I am going to buy it myself, for if I left the hotel people to get it, they would charge me double what I shall pay for it!"

Yet the Duke could be very generous and a real friend to any one in trouble, as none knew better than Harry Montague, the actor. The Duke simply knew the value of things. On one occasion a Russian, a very rich bourgeois, told a well-known popular Viscount, a great friend of the then Prince of Wales, that he would pay him very handsomely to get personally presented to the Tsar in private audience. The Viscount, being of an enterprising nature, gave, chez lui, a dinner to the Duke of Edinburgh, the principal item of the menu being his Royal guest's favourite dish, steak and onions, with plenty of champagne. The host laid the ambitious Russian's affair before the Duke, and not long afterwards it was arranged for the Tsar to receive Mr. O. at a morning reception in the Winter Palace. The quid pro quo was magnificent, and in addition to it the Russian had to pay Lord —— what he had lost to Raymond Seillière at bezique and to the canny Viscount at whist. Altogether a considerable hole was made in his large fortune. But he did not begrudge a copeck of what he had spent, for had not the great White Tsar said "Good-morning, Mr. O.," and placed his delicate hand in the sinewy paw of the Petersburg tradesman ?

When the Grand Duchess Marie arrived in England after her marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh she amazed our Court circle by claiming precedence over the Princess of Wales. As the Tsar's daughter much was forgiven her, but her hope of "going in" before the future Queen Alexandra was not realised. One day, when the Grand Duchess Marie was a little girl, the Tsar was talking to a French lady in the Winter Palace. In the midst of their conversation the violent screams of a child, evidently in a fit of anger, were heard, drowning the Emperor's voice. His Majesty kept his temper for some time, and then, suddenly begging the lady to excuse him for a moment, rushed into the next room, seized the naughty girl (who was still screaming), and gave her a sound slapping in the conventional parental manner. The next minute, as if overwhelmed by what he had done, the fond father fell on his knees, humbly begging the little termagant to forgive him ! Everybody knows that both King Edward and the Duke of Edinburgh were, like

Tsar Alexander II., too good-natured to their children in the early days of the little Princes and Princesses. Queen Victoria sometimes erred in the opposite direction, although she always tempered justice with mercy.

In "La Société de Londres" Count Vasili tells this story of the Duke of Edinburgh ("the Court minstrel, born with an oar in one hand and a fiddle in the other"): The late Empress of Russia coming to England to visit her daughter, the Duchess of Edinburgh, with a numerous suite, carriages, horses, etc., the Duke gave her to understand that he couldn't afford to put her up gratuitously, and asked her to be good enough to order her major-domo, before leaving, to pay the reckoning. The Empress gave orders to this effect, and all the "ex's" were duly paid; but at the last moment—when the Empress was in the train—the Duke took from his pocket and handed to his mother-in-law the bill for the lunch which had been served that day, but not previously charged for.

The late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, brother of Queen Victoria's consort ("Albert the Good"), was exceedingly antipathetic to Count Vasili, who asserts that Duke Ernest (a sufficiently familiar figure at Windsor and in London until shortly before his death) was the antithesis of King Edward's father. "Believe me, my dear Count," said Prince Ernest of Würtemberg, "less objectionable persons have been hanged." If Vasili's ipse dixit be worth anything, the King of Hanover, grandfather of the Prince who married the Kaiser's daughter in 1913, was indebted to Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg for the loss of the battle of Langensalza, his alleged treachery being duly rewarded by Prussia. If you wanted a decoration, you bought a horse or two of Duke Ernest and your desire was granted; or you could purchase a title or a riband of the Duke's Aulic Counsellor, formerly a waiter at a restaurant.

Duke Ernest embroiled himself with his nephew, the Duke of Edinburgh (who succeeded him on the throne), à propos of a ball given by our Duke at Coburg. The Duchess of Edinburgh, now Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, objected to Duke Ernest inviting two of his "lady friends," one of them being his natural daughter, married to the Master of the Ceremonies of the Ducal Court, who was formerly a "bagman," or commercial traveller. Duke Ernest's wife was the Grand Duke of Baden's sister, whom the Duke compelled to know and receive his mistresses, one of whom died at Nice in the Duchess Ernest's arms. Duke Ernest had for an aide-de-camp an English gentleman, whose brother is credited by Vasili with having once said: "I would rather see my brother degraded to the position of a simple soldier than promoted to high rank at Coburg."

During one of his frequent visits to Paris King Edward, then Prince of Wales, said to Lord Dupplin, one of his most intimate friends: "I say, George, I saw my friend Farini on the boulevard yesterday. I wish you would find him out and bring him here. I should like to see him again." Now "my friend Farini" was an acrobat, who had performed in London at the Alhambra.

All the other members of the Hay family were welcome visitors at Marlborough House, and the Hon. Alistair Hay, whose daughter Auriol is a promising young writer of verses and stories, was a playmate of King George and his brother. Prince "Eddy," the Duke of Clarence, always wore round his neck a fetish in the shape of a gold chain, and told his mother, who had given it to him, that he would never take it off. One day he removed it, and within a fortnight he died. The Tsar always has in his pocket or round his neck one or other of his numerous "charms," and the German Emperor's particular fetish is a snuff-box which originally belonged to Frederick II.

King Edward had seen Sarah Bernhardt at the Théâtre Français years before she appeared at our Gaiety, and the great actress was honoured with his friendship to the last. One day, not long before the King's death, Mme. Bernhardt, while breakfasting, was rung up on the telephone. "Who is it ?" she asked the servant. "A man, but he won't give his name." "Oh ! I can't be bothered just now," said Sarah. Again the bell tinkled, and the domestic came in with the message : "The gentleman says Madame must come to the telephone herself. She will understand who it is when she comes." Sarah went impatiently to the telephone. "Who are you?" she demanded rather strenuously. "It is I, le Roi d'Angleterre," the voice replied. "I beg your pardon, Madame, but can I have a box at your theatre to-night?" "Certainly, sir," said Sarah, "with the greatest pleasure in the world. I am only too much honoured." The King could, of course, have had a box by sending to the theatre for one, and he had proffered his request merely to afford Mme. Bernhardt the pleasure of giving him one. The King sent the actress and her son Maurice cards for Westminster Abbey at the Coronation.

The great talent of Brasseur, the celebrated actor, won for him the friendship of King Edward when he was Prince. H.R.H. had no sooner arrived in Paris than his French tutor was despatched to hunt up Brasseur and bring him to breakfast with the Prince at the "Bristol."

Edward VII. as Prince and King highly appreciated a certain brand of wine obtainable, at a very reasonable price, only at Voisin's, which is still famous for its cellars, and still the favourite resort of epicures. The King constantly had this wine sent to the "Bristol," although every effort was made to dissuade him from doing so by the imposition of a high rate of "corkage." I daresay very few English people know that you can sleep, as well as lunch and dine, at Voisin's, which is the last of the old cabarets for which Paris used to be renowned. "Take him to Voisin's, and he will never forget it," said the great Blowitz to a friend who was giving me "a good time." Philibert Audebrand, lunching there at the invitation of a well-known man, observed that a gentleman sitting near them paid his bill with a thousand-franc bank-note, and that the waiter brought the change, in notes and louis, upon a plate. "What would you like next?" asked Audebrand's host. "Well," said the guest, casting an envious glance at the money on the plate, "I should very much like un plat comme celui-là." Aurélien Scholl, who, like King Edward, was a fine gueule, was once the guest at Voisin's of a noted bore, who, a dullard himself, had anticipated from his friend a flow of the witty talk for which Scholl was famous, and was much vexed that the humorist opened his mouth only to eat and drink. "Why are you so silent, Monsieur Scholl," he asked; "you who have such a reputation for esprit?" "My dear sir," replied Scholl, helping himself to another glass of Clicquot, "a man may have esprit and not care to waste it. Lots of people have plenty of money in their pockets, but they await a favourable opportunity for spending it."

M. Stolypin, the Russian Prime Minister, whose assassination will be remembered, said: "What could we have done after the war with Japan without England's assistance in the Far East and in Persia? King Edward is the first of politicians. I have talked with him. He has the gift of subjugating the minds of those with whom he converses. The Emperor William is not nearly so dangerous."

M. Alexander Guchkow, who resigned the

Presidency of the Duma in March 1911, made a remarkable speech in 1908 on the naval and military estimates; and King Edward, at Reval, in the same year, congratulated the Tsar upon the fact that such a speech should have been possible in the National Assembly so soon after its creation (1905–6). The King was fully aware that M. Guchkow had fought against us in the Boer war.

Lord Leven and Melville, Lord Stafford of Costessey, and the Duke of Sutherland[1] were more or less associated with King Edward. Lord Leven gave the King £150,000 for the purposes of a chapel for the Knights of the Order of the Thistle in the cathedral of St. Giles at Edinburgh. Lord Stafford, when the King visited him at Costessey Hall, apologised for receiving His Majesty (then Prince) in such a small old-fashioned place, and talked about replacing it by something better. "What!" said the King; "destroy this fine old house? You must not do that—it is history." With the Duke of Sutherland's father King Edward had been on lifelong terms of friendship.

There was a time, beginning with the Royal marriage in 1863, when Brinley Richards's national song, "God bless the Prince of Wales," was played by bands and sung by school-children and their elders as often as "God save the Queen." Less known, but equally worthy of performance, was the song, "God save the Prince of Wales," written by Louisa Gray (the late Mrs. Abingdon Compton) and composed by Chevalier William

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[1] These Peers died in 1913.

Ganz. The profits resulting from the large sale of this song were generously given to charities.

This reminiscence of the Prince of Wales' memorable tour in India in 1875–6 may be called the story of the emerald bracelet. The Prince was desirous of adding to his store of jewellery for presents—never very large, and at that particular time very small—a bracelet such as he might present to some lady in official circles who had been his partner twice or thrice at the great dances given in his honour. Inspecting the stores of one of the most celebrated Indian jewellers, the Prince was shown a bracelet composed of magnificent emeralds. His Royal Highness much admired the ornament, purchased it, and took the first opportunity of presenting it to the young lady, accompanying the present with those kind and gracious words of his which so greatly enhance the value of a gift. Very proud of the Royal gift, flattered by the Royal esteem, and delighted with the fine emeralds, the lady wore the bracelet at the next ball. After two or three dances she was escorted by her partner to the conservatory, where she sat down, and had just asked her companion to get her an ice, when he exclaimed, in horror-struck tones, "What have you got on your arm? It's all green and running down!" The lady looked, and, with a feeling of dread that was but natural in that land of snakes, beheld trickling from her wrist a serpentine stream, minute but palpable, green and slimy. The emeralds had melted from the extreme heat;

for, instead of being what they were purchased as, real gems, they were glass, artfully pierced and pencilled either with some green fluid or a composition soluble when exposed to heat. I need hardly say that when the Prince heard of the disaster he replaced the sham gems with some which did not melt, and returned the former to the jeweller of whom they had been obtained, who got no more Royal patronage.

King George cannot, in the nature of things, have the legion of friends and acquaintances possessed by his father; he has nevertheless a large number of both, and it is pleasant to know that they all "swear by him." One of the foremost of the Sovereign's fervent admirers (and perhaps counsellors) is Lord Derby, who has been heard to say, "King George is the best of 'pals'!" One of His Majesty's most valued and most valuable treasures is a number of water stones. Some of them are as large as an ostrich's egg, and their peculiarity is that they contain water; seeing which, one wonders how it got there. These priceless curios were the gift of a lady, wife of a bank manager at Monte Video, when King George and his brother were on their travels.

At Ceylon the Princes became acquainted with Mr. Traill, a prominent merchant, with whom they played lawn-tennis. As Mr. Traill and his son were the victors, the youth said to his father: "We must let them win to-morrow." "No," he replied, "they are young Englishmen, and must show that they can take a licking like any one else." The Princes were very desirous of shooting an elk, and Mr. Traill told them he would show them some sport on the following day. As their guardian, who was much interested in botany, raised objections on the score of danger, Mr. Traill told him of a locality abounding with rare specimens, and he started on his expedition in quest of them. When he was thus got out of the way, Mr. Traill and the Princes went to find elk, and a fine one was shot—by which of the trio I cannot say, my informant, who was in Ceylon at the time, having forgotten. Probably the elk fell to the guns of all three; anyway, it was killed by one (or all) of the party, and I am told that the stuffed animal is now to be seen at Sandringham. Many years later Mr. Traill happened to be "out" with the West Norfolk pack. After scrutinising him closely, the Duke of Clarence recognised and accosted him. "How do you do, Mr. Traill? I am very glad to see you again. I hope you have enjoyed the sport to-day as much as my brother and I enjoyed the lawn-tennis and the elk-hunting at Ceylon."

In his admirable "Life of Gladstone," Lord Morley describes Queen Victoria as being "natural under effort." From this little blemish, which may have been attributable to her grief for her Consort, King Edward was wholly free A charming naturalness was one of his attributes, and it is equally observable in his son. George v. is endowed with so equable a temperament that he is not visibly awed by the acclamations of the crowd, which he takes with delightful, even amusing, sang froid. This was particularly perceptible at the review of the Territorials in Hyde Park (July 5, 1913), when, after the Sovereign had inspected the lines, and was returning to the base to take the salute, there were continuous volleys of cheers almost unparalleled in my recollection. I do not remember King Edward to have been more demonstratively greeted than was his son on this occasion. As the King passed along the roadway which, by some one's unpardonable blunder, was named Constitution "Hill" (it is as level as a billiard-table), the cheering was intermittent, and, so it seemed to me, faint; but when the carriage containing the Queen and Princess Mary went slowly by there were loud hurrahs and flutterings of many handkerchiefs. In the carriage, facing the Queen and her daughter, sat (to quote the Court Circular) "Lieutenant-Colonel the Lord Stamfordham," the King's Private Secretary since Lord Knollys's retirement in March. Lieutenant-Colonel F. Dugdale, Equerry to the Queen, "was in attendance on horseback." Her Majesty was "attended by" Lord Stamfordham. The innovation of the Private Secretary riding in the Queen's carriage was seemingly unnoticed by the populace and was unrecorded by the daily Press.

The late King's well-known strictness in all the details of uniforms and Court attire was once more exemplified by the command which he promulgated in 1907 in quite another direction. Heretofore His Majesty's Chaplains had had the

Royal cypher embroidered on the ends of their scarves. Since 1907, in accordance with King Edward's order, the cypher has been worn as a brooch pinned on the left breast. Queen Victoria, in appreciation of the gallantry of the Irish troops in the Boer war, formed the Irish Guards, Shortly after the accession of Edward VII. the regiment appeared at the annual trooping of the colour and the King wore their uniform. His Majesty noticed that the Prince of Wales appeared to be much amused during the ceremony, and on their return to the Palace the King asked him what had aroused his mirth. "Because," was the reply, "the Irish Guards will have to change their hackles.[1] *They* wear them on the right—*yours* is on the left!" The King good-humouredly admitted the mistake, which he had not observed when he put on his busby; and nothing more was heard of it.

This curiously amusing paragraph was evidently considered "good enough" for the readers of the paper in which it appeared in 1911:

> Either the order given by the late King that no woman should be allowed to ride astride in Hyde Park has been rescinded, or else it is honoured more in the breach than in the observance, as many ladies have been seen of late riding masculine fashion. King Edward had an insuperable objection to the fashion, and had insisted that no lady above the age of fourteen should be permitted to ride thus in any of the Royal parks. It is said that the prohibition was the result of a young married woman disregarding His Majesty's well-known

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[1] The little plume on the busby is known as the hackle.

opinion on the subject, and appearing thus mounted at a meet at which the King was present.

The idea of the King giving "an order" prohibiting ladies from riding à califourchon in the Row will, I imagine, be generally regarded as sublimely comic. Equally absurd is the published tittle-tattle crediting King George with "making it known" that he hoped ladies would refrain from cross-saddle riding when he took his daughter into the Row!

In my previous volume I narrated several hitherto-unrecorded stories of the German Emperor vis-à-vis his uncle, which, said one of my French critics, were calculated to produce a flood of ink from the Thames to the Spree.[1] Many of them have been reproduced in the European, Colonial, American, and Canadian papers, probably because they all told in King Edward's favour. A member of the German Yacht Club is made sponsor for the following, which does not lack piquancy. The Imperial yacht "Hohenzollern," which has been often seen in the Solent, was entering a Norwegian harbour some time ago. The Kaiser became very impatient with the slow progress made, and himself sounded the telegraph to quicken up the speed. Immediately, to the Kaiser's great amazement, the pilot, a grey-headed Norwegian named Norohuns, rushed to the speaking-tube and shouted to the engineers, "Slow, slow. Pay no attention to the telegraph!" The Kaiser's anger was great at the affront. "Pilot . . . consider yourself under arrest." "I shall not leave this place," replied the pilot, without turning a hair. "I am in command of the ship, and no one—not even an Emperor—shall give me orders." The end of the story is inevitable. "The officers present looked at each other in silence," it continues, "knowing that all the rules of the sea were on the pilot's side; but they were amazed to see His Majesty leave the bridge and allow the pilot to take the yacht through the straits without interference." The finale reads like any fairy story. The next day the Kaiser's bad humour had disappeared, and he bestowed a decoration on the old pilot, and appointed him his official pilot in Norwegian waters.

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[1] A personage at Berlin told a friend of mine in 1913: "All that is related on this subject in 'King Edward in his True Colours' is absolutely accurate—every word of it."

King Edward, as I have noted, once said: "You may expect politeness from Englishmen, but not manners," and his eldest son shares that opinion, for the Bishop of Worcester relates a conversation which he had with King George when he was Duke of York. As the Bishop was about to address some boys at a public school, the present Sovereign said: "Why do you not ask that at public schools manners should be taught?" In response to the Bishop's question as to why he should specially emphasise manners, the King replied: "Because, as you know, I mix among all sorts and conditions of men, and it has been a positive distress to me to see how often, when abroad, Englishmen lose in the race with Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans because of their want of manner. The foreigners know when to bow, to shake hands, to converse, to stand up or sit down in the presence of their superiors, while the Englishmen are wanting in these manners. When vacancies have to be filled those are the points which very often tell, and that is where the Englishman does not shine." This was plain, wholesome speaking, and from it we can gather how deeply the sentiments of the father have sunk into the soul of the son.

King Edward's favourite flower was the English rose, and at his death the demand for it, and for all white flowers, violets, and mauve and purple orchids, was unparalleled. When Queen Victoria died London florists estimated that floral tributes valued at £50,000 were sent to Osborne and Windsor. These came from all parts of the world, from every reigning Sovereign in Europe, the Shah of Persia, Indian potentates, the Sultan of Turkey, President McKinley, and the widow of President Garfield. Many tons of flowers were used in 1901 and in May 1910. Flowers soon perish, it is true, but

> The very reason why
> We love them is because they die.

Two months after the marriage of the then Prince and Princess of Wales, Mr. Gladstone wrote: "We dined at Marlborough House last night. The charm certainly does not wear off with renewed opportunity. Clarendon, who saw her (the Princess) for the first time, fully felt it. Do you know, I believe they are actually disposed to dine with us some day."[1] A month earlier Mr. Gladstone wrote from Windsor: "The charm of the Princess, so visible at a distance, increases with the increase of nearness." And in October of the same year, writing from Balmoral, the statesman noted: "The people are, one and all, very easy to get on with. Windsor, I suppose, stiffens them a little."

The Bishop of Shelford, welcoming the Foresters to King's Lynn, related that King Edward, when Prince, was driving along a country road in a dog-cart, attended by only one servant, when an old woman, carrying a huge basket of cockles, stopped the dog-cart, and asked His Royal Highness, of whose identity she was ignorant, if he would carry the cockles to Lynn. The Prince replied that he would, if he were going to Lynn, but he was travelling in another direction, and asked the old woman how much she would sell the cockles for. "Three and sixpence or four shillings." "I will give you a picture of my mother," remarked the Prince. "I think that will help you." "I don't think it will help me to sell my cockles," retorted the old woman, doubtfully. "Well, here's the picture of my mother," said the Prince, taking half a sovereign out of his pocket and handing it to the old woman.

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[1] May 10, 1863, the Royal Wedding Day. (Lord Morley's "Life.")

Two of the most celebrated Paris restaurants, the Maison Dorée and the Café Anglais, at which King Edward, as Prince, used to be frequently seen, have ceased to exist, although the latter remained open until 1913, and His Majesty took Queen Alexandra to dine there twice when they were last in Paris. Aurélien Scholl, talking of the glories of those two restaurants, exclaimed : " Of the diners there in the old days only one remains—the Prince of Wales ; but he has turned out badly—he has become King ! " A tragic fate befell one of the late King's great friends, the Duke of Hamilton. After a very gay supper at the Maison Dorée, the Duke, who was the husband of Princess Mary of Baden, fell downstairs. At the end of three days he recovered consciousness and was able to walk from one room to another ; but he died without having spoken a word.

In 1888 there was a great " row " over the refusal of the Cork band to perform the " National Anthem." Had it been forgotten that Irish bands, whose members wore Her Majesty's uniform, often forgot to include the air on their programmes when Lord Aberdeen was first " L.-L." ? For my part I always rejoiced at its omission, for, rightly or wrongly, it had been degraded to a strictly party tune, and when played at any public assembly in almost any part of Ireland was sure to evoke a most unseemly display of animosity. Such an expression of antagonism to Queen Victoria was an unpleasant reminder to the most loyal Irishmen that almost throughout her reign our august ruler treated the sister country to a steady course of studied and most injudicious neglect.

Imagine King Edward figuring by name (as he did when he was Prince) in a novel! In a story called "Miss Bayle's Romance," written nearly a quarter of a century ago by a well-known member of the Reform Club, the late Mr. W. Fraser Rae, the Prince was introduced with some little ingenuity, and credit must be given to the author for the skill with which he presented the "H.R.H." of the later eighties. To fully appreciate the "romance" we must read between the lines. Miss Bayle is an American—beautiful, of course, as all our delightful cousins are, and ever will be, in print, if nowhere else; blessed also with countless dollars—and that is equally a matter of course. Ultimately she marries a British nobleman—another little way they have.

Fancy yourself, then, at Monte Carlo, with Mrs. and Miss Bayle, Lord Plowden Eton (O shade of Bernard Burke!), Mr. Wentworth, and, as the purveyors of "fashionable" news say, "others."

As they left the café, Lord Plowden saw a familiar figure stepping out of a carriage, and he remarked, "There's the Prince. When I heard he was at Cannes I thought he might run over here."

The Prince, who knew Lord Plowden well, having proposed him at the Marlborough Club, stopped and shook hands with him. He shook hands with Mr. Wentworth also, who had been introduced to him at Cowes two years before, and, being blessed with a truly Royal memory for the names as well as the faces of those he had seen, he did not hesitate to address him by name and say, "Mr. Wentworth, you American gentlemen seem to find your way to this place. I hope you have not lost your money."

Mr. Wentworth replied, "I do not care about playing; indeed, I enjoy the place well enough without doing so."

Whereupon the Prince said emphatically, "You are a wise man; I wish that some of my friends would take a leaf out of your book." Then he wished them good-bye, adding, "I hope to see you again later, as I do not return to Cannes till nearly midnight."

Lord Plowden recognised the Prince of Wales among the spectators at one of the trente et quarante tables, and pointed him out to the ladies (Mrs. and Miss Bayle), who both exclaimed, "How like he is to his portraits!"—no very high-flown compliment. As the Prince turned away from the table he saw the party, and beckoned to Lord Plowden, who accompanied him out of the gaming rooms. On the way the Prince asked who the ladies were, adding that the younger one was very beautiful. Lord Plowden replied that they were two Americans from Chicago; whereupon he said that he should like them to be introduced to him, as he admired American ladies very much, especially handsome ones.

The introduction took place outside the Casino, and Miss Bayle had the great and unexpected pleasure of conversing with the Prince of Wales. She knew, from reading the London correspondence of the "Chicago Tribune," that several of her countrywomen had been admired by him and that he had been specially struck with the charm of Miss Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio, and she had envied her fair countrywoman. Now that her own ambition was gratified she felt highly elated, and the vivacity of her talk was a reflex of her delight. . . . The conversation with the Prince did not last many minutes. “When I saw Chicago,” he said, “I thought it a wonderful city; there were then 150,000 people in it, but now my American friends tell me there are upwards of half a million.” “That's so, Prince, and it is calculated our city is bound to be the biggest on our continent, if not in the world.” “Have you seen London yet?” he asked. “No, Prince; but mother and I expect to be there inside of four weeks.” “I hope you will like England; most Americans do, because it is so like their own country in some things, while differing from it in others. I thought America very like the best parts of England, and I should like to go there again.” Miss Bayle was delighted to hear this, and warmly replied: “Prince, I'm sure you would have a grand reception if you came again. Our people beat all creation in the splendour of their receptions and funerals.” “But, Miss Bayle, I have no desire to be buried in America, on however grand a scale.” “Oh, Prince,” interrupted Miss Bayle; “I did not mean that. . . . But, Prince, why doesn't the Queen visit America? I am sure she would have a glorious time. I never read a more interesting book than her ‘Journal of Our Life in the Highlands,’ and mother, who seldom reads a book through, read every word of it, and said that she knew the Queen must be popular because she was just like any other real good mother.” Mrs. Bayle interposed with “That's so, Prince; and I hope you'll tell the Queen that Western ladies admire her book. I guess you may tell her, too, that it sold like hot cakes.”

Before the Prince left the party he remarked to Lord Plowden Eton, "I have promised your father to visit Druid's Mount and bring my eldest son with me after Parliament rises and before I go to Homburg. If your friends from America should be there I shall be glad to meet them." Neither Mrs. Bayle, her daughter, nor Mr. Wentworth paid any heed to the Prince's last words. They had no notion of their significance. Lord Plowden Eton knew perfectly well what they implied, and he knew also that they imposed a rather difficult task upon him. He would have to report them to his parents, who would consider it their duty to invite Mrs. Bayle, Miss Bayle, and Mr. Wentworth to their country seat in the West of England during a part of the time that the Prince of Wales was their guest.

Between King Edward and Lord Wolseley there were always the best relations. After his return from Ashanti in March 1874, "our only General" was always "one of Queen Victoria's men," and her eldest son held him in the highest esteem. Of the scores of anecdotes which went through the press when Lord Wolseley died one is worth re-telling in an abbreviated form. The late Sir William Howard ("Billy") Russell wrote in the "Daily Telegraph," in 1879, some severe criticisms on the conduct of our troops in South Africa. Wolseley resented them. The quarrel was still in the public mind in 1882, said an anecdotist in the "Manchester Guardian," when the Prince of Wales, seeing Russell and Wolseley chatting at the Royal Academy dinner, remarked: "What! you two! You are friends, I see." Wolseley approached the Prince with the observation: "I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't quite understand what you said." "Oh, nothing," was the reply, "only I was glad to see that you were friends." Wolseley, rejoining Russell, said: "I wonder what he means?" "I'm sure I don't know," said Russell. The writer whom I have quoted asserted that "Lord Wolseley had never been a favourite at Court; indeed, relations between him and King Edward were very strained." I doubt it.

The badge of the Grand Master of the Order of St. Patrick (the Lord-Lieutenant) is the gem of the collection of those Crown jewels which were found to have disappeared in 1907,[1] shortly before King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited Ireland. The jewels, which were sent to Dublin Castle by William IV., contain numerous Brazilian diamonds, which are far more valuable than the stones obtained from other countries. A noted connoisseur said to me recently: "When you have any Brazilian diamonds which you want to dispose of, bring them to me, and I will give you anything you like to ask for them." He added consolingly: "They are to be had." Besides being the donor of the famous Crown jewels, of which we again heard something in July 1913, King William is credited with leaving behind him several unmistakable indications of his affection for the Green Isle. The story is told of a gentleman who, after being sworn to give true evidence in an Irish court, was asked his name. He answered with evident pride: "Cornwallis Fitzclarence."

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[1] See the chapter "The Iron Fist."

Some little time after I had laid before the public suggestions for appointing the Prince of Wales as the Queen's representative in Ireland (1889) the "Star" published these two items:

The "Freeman's Journal" hears from what ought to be a reliable source that the Government strongly urged the Prince of Wales to allow them to appoint Prince Albert Victor to the Viceroyalty, and this not only since the announcement of Lord Londonderry's resignation, but more than once during the past year.

Following the above came these piquant lines:

THE IRISH VICEROYALTY.

They are talking of sending a Prince to entice
Erin's sons into hybridous loyalty.
Well, the Castle have ever had plenty of *vice,*
Now they're thinking of adding the *Royalty.*

T. W. McDonald.

The unwonted appearance of the Queens driving together through the streets on Alexandra Day 1913 evoked these anagrams:

A ve Alexandra!
L ong life and happiness be thine,
E dward the Great King's Consort,
X celling as Wife, Mother, Queen.
A ve Alexandra,
N ever-to-be-forgotten by the People,
D evoted to thee now as ever,
R evering thee, O Danish-English Rose,
A lexandra, Queen of our Hearts.

"M ay Blossom!" Sweet as you can wish to see.
A thund'rous welcome greets our glorious Queen:
R efulgent Mother of our King to be—
Y our Edward, bearer of his Grandsire's name.

King Edward had a strongly-marked democratic strain in his composition, and in King George this characteristic is even more prominent, although few people seem to be aware of it. "I should not be at all surprised to see their Majesties in the Tuppenny Tube," said a well-known man the other day; and the fair Countess (not Lady Warwick) to whom he was talking laughingly exclaimed: "That just hits them off. I think their democratic spirit is for the good of the country. You remember what Vernon Harcourt said in the House of Commons years ago—'We are all Socialists now.'" The Monarchy was saved by Queen Victoria, it was immensely strengthened by Edward the Great, and it is being popularised by King George and his delightfully-domesticated Consort, who is the joy of His Majesty's life, as she has ever been. "The King is pleased with his Queen, Jupiter with his Juno."[1]

King George has in his father a glorious exemplar. He has begun exceedingly well, and gives abundant promise of being a replica of Great Edward. May he be so! For then his biographer will be justified in saying of him, as we may now say of his father, in words written three hundred years ago:

> A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
> Framed in the prodigality of nature,
> The spacious world cannot again afford.

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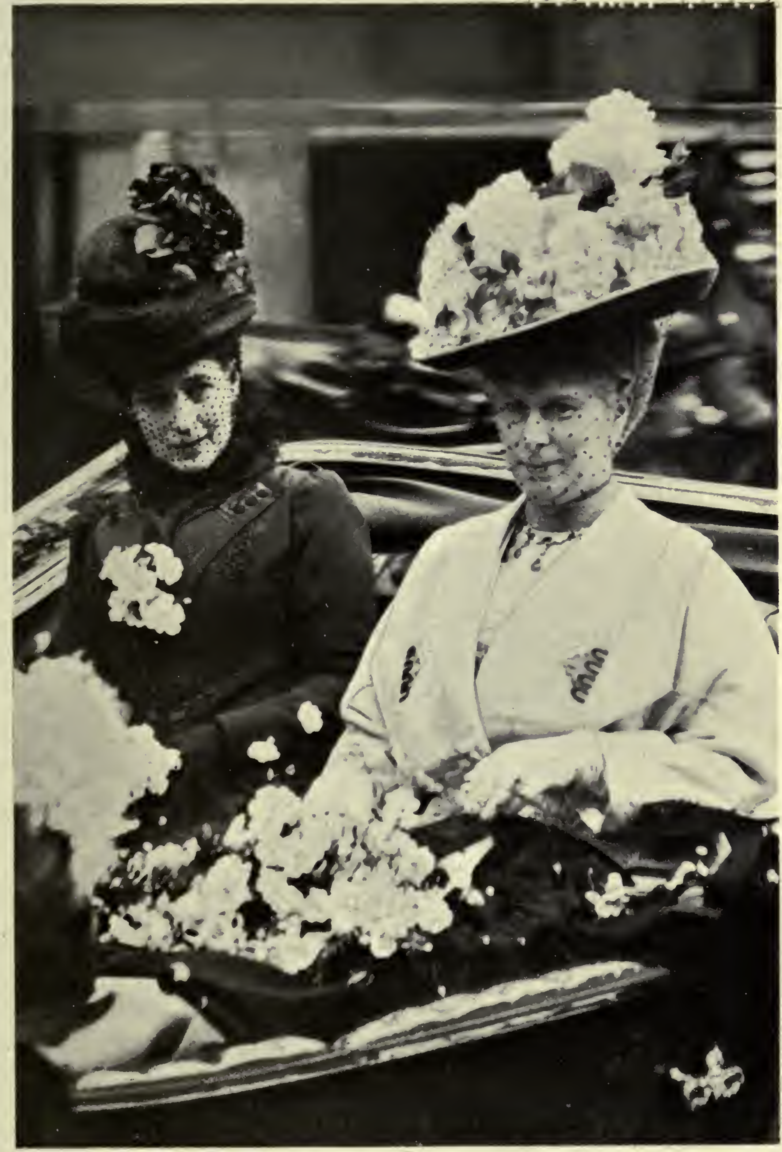
[1] Sua regina regi placet, Juno Jovi.—Plautus.



Photo] [*Daily Mirror*.

THE TWO QUEENS.

Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra on "Alexandra Day," 1913.

CHAPTER XIV

AROUND KING EDWARD'S FAMILY

I THANK you from the depth of a grateful heart for the very kind address presented to me by the City of London.

I appreciate every word in it, and cannot express how deeply touched I am by the kind thoughts of me on the fiftieth anniversary of my arrival in England in the country where I found my second and beloved home.

I shall never forget the welcome you gave me then nor the invariable kindness and affection shown me by high and low ever since, which I pray to God I may never forfeit.

You may be assured that I have always taken the greatest share and interest in the welfare and prosperity of our beloved country.

The fifty years spent here among you have brought me the greatest happiness, but, alas, also the heaviest of sorrows in the death of my beloved husband and the loss of my precious eldest son, sorrows which the nation shared with me and by their sympathy helped me to bear.

It is a happiness to me to feel that by this address you are also showing your loyalty and affection to my dear son, on whom I pray every blessing may ever and always rest.

ALEXANDRA.[1]

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[1] The Queen's reply to the City of London's address on the fiftieth anniversary of her arrival in England (March 7, 1863).

> Marlborough House, *March* 20, 1913.
>
> Queen Alexandra is deeply touched by the innumerable expressions of sympathy that have been shown to her in the fresh sorrow that has befallen her in the death of her beloved brother, the King of the Hellenes.
>
> Every effort has been made to answer the telegrams, and to acknowledge the letters conveying the feelings of the writers, but it has been impossible to thank, as Her Majesty would wish to do, those who have shown their sympathy in many other various ways.
>
> Queen Alexandra, therefore, asks all those who, by writing their names at Marlborough House or by other means have conveyed their sympathy with her, to accept this expression of her heartfelt thanks for the kind feeling towards her which they have shown at a time when it was very deeply appreciated.[1]

The fiftieth anniversary of Queen Alexandra's arrival in England was marked by a passage in the King's Speech, by appropriate references to the event in both Houses of Parliament, congratulations by all classes, and the presentation at Marlborough House of an address by the City of London. The Jubilee was not otherwise celebrated. The Golden Wedding Day (March 10) was unobserved. On the 18th the Queen learnt that in the afternoon a Socialist assassin had taken the life of her brother, the King of the Hellenes, at Salonika. The second celebration of " Alexandra Day " was made historically memorable by the two Queens driving together through the streets—for the first time.

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[1] Her Majesty's Message to the Empire.

"She must be a Princess and a Protestant," said Lord Palmerston when it was deemed advisable to seek a bride for the Prince of Wales. Europe contained only seven ladies who were regarded as fulfilling these requirements — six Princesses and the Duchess Wilhelmina of Würtemberg. The Prince was not troubled by this embarras du choix. He had seen the daughter of Prince and Princess Christian of Glücksburg and was content. She was the ne plus ultra. The Princess confessed that in the Prince she had found her affinity. The parents of both (and Palmerston) were satisfied that the union was a suitable one, and on the 7th March 1863 the future Queen Alexandra was greeted by London—three days before the wedding at Windsor. Tennyson's Ode was in all the papers and on everybody's lips; the Laureate's verses thrilled the nation, and concentrated people's minds upon the newcomer as nothing else could have done. It was, then, Tennyson's inspired pen which greatly tended to make the Princess a popular heroine; yet when he died our Princes were conspicuous by their absence from the funeral! The photographs of the day apparently did the Princess (then in her nineteenth year) scant justice. Be this as it may, it was not until later years that she was admitted by the critical to be endowed with many of the attributes of that "St. Cecilia" of Raphael which had won the admiration of the world.

With tears of joy in her eyes, Queen Victoria took the bride to her heart. The Princesses gave their new sister all their affection from the first. To Princess Alice she was "our good, sweet Alix."

Painters and sculptors found it difficult to catch her true expression. "It changes so often," one eminent artist told the Prince, "that I fear I shall have to give up all hope of getting a good likeness." "What is the matter?" asked the Princess; and upon hearing the cause of the "trouble" she said, in comically-assumed penitence, "Well, now I will try to be good!" But, after all, the artist was obliged to have recourse to a photograph. A sculptor, working on a bust, and the Prince himself, made some show of remonstrating with the fair sitter, who reproached them with being "wicked and cruel"; then pretended to be moved to tears—a feint which restored harmony all round. The fondest of mothers was happiest when her boys and girls were round her. Some modern matrons—those who "cannot be bothered with these things"—will read with surprise that when King George and his brother and sisters were quite little "tots" their mother personally saw that they got their evening bath regularly. It was her domesticity which evoked that national sympathy as general now as then, only awaiting opportunity to manifest itself.

Those whose memory enables them to peer into the "misty past" recall her in all the phases of her multi-coloured life. In the Park people had eyes only for "the Princess" and her daughters in a victoria. Often the young ladies were alone in their little carriage, horsed by their cherished ponies. One afternoon there was commotion in St. James's Street; the ponies had been frightened in the Mall when returning from the Park to Marlborough House and had bolted. There was a "spill" opposite the "Thatched House," and a rescue of the children mainly by Lord Alfred Paget's friend "Jack" Murphy, who conducted them into one of the clubs, whence they were escorted, neither hurt nor frightened, to Marlborough House, which had long before become, to paraphrase the author of "Westward Ho!" "the very omphalos, cynosure, and soul" around which society organised itself.

When she was in London, which was often, the first question of everybody was: "Did you see the Princess?" She was always visible—at the Royal Academy, the opera, the theatre, the private view, the flower show, Hurlingham, Epsom, Goodwood, Ascot, Sandown, everywhere. And when the Prince was presiding at public gatherings there also was frequently his consort, the people's uncrowned Queen for thirty-seven years. Everybody saluted her, and she smilingly returned the bows of everybody. "She is just like one of ourselves," the humble said: what finer tribute could have been paid her? When the Throne was the subject of lampoons no satirist's shaft was ever aimed at her. She was immune from attack, and I doubt if any but words of admiration were ever uttered about her. She could not prevent the "professional beauty" craze from spreading, but it soon became known that, as far as her gentle nature allowed her to take exception to any public whim of the hour, she regarded it with disfavour and good-humouredly ridiculed it. The old noblesse execrated it.

Possessed of abundant esprit herself, she appreciates that quality in others. "Stories" of the Princess before and after the Reign may not yet be told in print, or some highly-amusing ones might find a place here. Although not a tête-forte like the Empress Frederick, and so not finding particular fascination in the works of Renan, Strauss, Hegel, Mommsen, and Nietzsche, she has always delighted in solidly-written books, to the exclusion of merely ephemeral literature, while I think I am right in saying that she has contrived to keep herself au courant of the home and foreign events of the day by means of the newspapers. As regards general reading she may say, as her bookish consort said once at Cannes, "I like best good descriptions."

Of music she is still, they tell me, as much of a passionnée as ever. Her sympathy with all charitable works—notably the hospitals—is too familiar to need more than passing reference. How deeply she is moved by disasters we have recently seen by her consoling messages to the mother and the widow of Captain Scott—not stereotyped "regrets," but comforting words, eloquent in their simple directness and sincerity; outpourings, as Corneille puts it in "Cinna," of a "soul guided by virtue." The religious bent of her mind is one of her most marked attributes.

Everybody will agree with Lady Violet Greville that, "when other ladies of less royal rank have shown indications of masculine proclivities, Queen Alexandra has always preferred the less demonstrative qualities, has discouraged the hooligan tendencies of society girls, and forbidden her Maids of Honour to romp or smoke cigarettes." It may well be that "the increasing popularity of the camera is due to the Queen's example," inasmuch as she has successfully practised the art for the last five-and-twenty years. Strolling through the galleries of the Vatican, Lady Greville "espied a lady, escorted by another lady and gentleman, who attracted my attention by her beauty and her likeness to Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales. No one recognised the lady in the plain black coat and skirt and small black hat among the crowd of tourists, but as she passed quietly away from our view, so calm, so quiet, and so beautiful, the impression remained with me for ever." Just then "Mrs. and Miss Howard" were "doing" Rome.

One of Queen Alexandra's treasures is a medal on which is engraved a profile of King Edward, given to her on her birthday, December 1, 1910, by Mrs. A. Sassoon and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild; the work of a Russian artist. "The likeness is perfect," she said to the donors. The same may be said of a portrait of herself—a miniature—which, on dit, never leaves her.

When I would write about her I feel that "I am at Dulcarnon," at my wits' end for words.

Many Queens and Empresses require to be imagined with crown on head and sceptre in hand in order to explain their prestige and to make us submit to their domination. Queen Alexandra is not in this category. It is said by some of the most observant of her friends that "she gives the impression of that admiring surprise produced by a woman surrounded by a distinctive halo." This predominant "note" is, we may conclude, instinctive, for we know from more than one philosopher that "character" such as that which I have endeavoured to indicate is the most direct manifestation, although not the exact reflection, of instinct.

Disillusionment is the common fate of Sovereigns and peoples, and it came to Queen Alexandra a few months after her marriage. The question of "the Duchies" arose; Denmark was to lose Schleswig and Holstein and Austria and Prussia were to gain them. The young Princess was mortified at the cold-blooded attitude of the English Press. She may well have thought, remembering the enthusiasm with which she had been greeted by the nation, that, for her sake, the papers would have given their moral support to Denmark as against the powerful allies. Had the Poet Laureate's outburst:

> Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
> But each all Dane in our welcome of thee,"

any real meaning? Poor Princess! She had no knowledge as yet of the jugglery of politics and diplomacy and the trammels of non-intervention in matters which do not concern us. "Les affaires sont les affaires," and our business was to keep out of the Austrian-Prussian-Danish imbroglio and let the weakest go to the wall. She was soon to learn the meaning of "policy," but the lesson brought her no consolation. One day at Windsor she opened her heart to her Royal mother-in-law, and begged her to intervene. "No!" said the Queen coldly; "I will never make war against Germany. It was my mother's and my husband's country, and Victoria is Crown Princess of Prussia. Besides, the Duchies are German, and they are necessary to secure the unity of Germany." The repast finished sadly for the Princess. She appealed to the Prince, who was sympathetic, but powerless. The allies had the tacit consent of England to proceed with the annexation, and it was "all up" with little Denmark. Vae victis!

The succession to the Throne of Denmark was a burning question at one time. King Frederick VII. was childless—so was his heir. Princess Louise of Hesse Cassel (Queen Alexandra's mother) was one of the legal heirs of Frederick VII., and on her marriage she transferred her rights to her husband. In 1852 the Great Powers signed a treaty securing the succession to Prince Christian of Glücksburg, and thus it was that, on the death of Frederick VII., on November 15, 1863 (eight months after Princess Alexandra's marriage to the Prince of Wales), Prince Christian became

King Christian. The treaty, which was negotiated by that genial diplomatist Lord Malmesbury, was of a very complicated character, and probably Lord Palmerston was justified in saying of this document, "Only three people understand it—God, myself, and a German professor who died quite mad"!

"The more one looks at Raphael's 'St. Cecilia,' the more one admires it." What De Brosses said of that glorious canvas we may say with full hearts of the bereaved Queen whose nature was depicted in a glowing sentence by her sister-in-law, the Empress Frederick: "I have known many women who please all men, but never one who, like Alexandra, has gained the good word of her own sex without either arousing or exciting jealousy." One of Her Majesty's friends of long standing, referring to the myriad portraits of the Royal Lady, said to me, not very long ago: "The Queen, as you surely know, is a fair woman, but this portrait which you show me makes her a brunette! *It is not the Queen at all.* Her Majesty's hair is brown, with here and there a very light golden strand or two, but without the faintest approach to red."

Those who remember Queen Alexandra at the time of her marriage aver that she was a pronounced blonde. Since then her hair has deepened in tone after passing through the shades which separate the warm tint from the "ripe-wheat" colour of a rich brown. The forehead is square and high, its loftiness cleverly corrected by a seldom-changing coiffure which harmonises perfectly with the bust. The large deep blue eyes give an expression of indescribable sweetness; the mouth is arched; the lips are the reverse of thin; the chin is slightly prominent. Some one has described the face as "serious on the right side and smiling on the left"; as a whole, it is frank, agreeable, sympathetic, and very mobile.

Queen Alexandra's voice is full and round, and highly sympathetic; and its attraction is, if anything, heightened by the slight foreign accent which she has never completely lost. The accent is markedly German, but German minus anything verging upon harshness. Those who have had opportunities of conversing with Queen Alexandra recall the animated manner in which she talks upon all subjects, even the most unimportant. They say that when she is listening to others she fixes her gaze upon them, with an almost imperceptible movement of the head, which increases when she in turn speaks, as if to emphasise her words; that she gesticulates freely when talking, looks upon the bright side of things, and gives the idea of one who is listening for something amusing to fall from the lips of those who speak to her. A note of cheerfulness, of gaiety, has always been one of her most prominent and attractive features, and all who are so fortunate as to approach her are infected with this unfailing brightness of disposition.

When the full story of her career comes to be written, much of it will be comparable to a fairy tale; yet how full of tragedy! In the autumn of her days she can look back upon a home-life that was indeed most beautiful—in many respects ideal. So strong was her maternal instinct that she wished personally to rear her first infants, and was only reasoned out of her natural womanly desire by her consort. The children were never out of her thoughts. She superintended their upbringing with ceaseless vigilance, spending with them every moment of the scant time which she could call her own. At Sandringham a lift took the sleeping babe from the nursery to its mother's room without awaking it. As the children grew up a complete scheme of education was devised by their parents. The Princess was a great admirer of Ruskin, and assiduously studied, and adopted, the philosopher's reasoning concerning the formation of the characters of the young. She noted particularly what Ruskin says as to the difference there should be between the bringing-up of boys and girls: the former (he maintains) "can be moulded to any shape which seems desirable, just as a rock is chiselled or a piece of bronze is hammered into form, but girls cannot be so fashioned. They grow like flowers, and will fade if you deprive them of the sun; like the narcissus, they will wither on the stalk unless they are given air, and droop if they are left without support at a certain time of life; they cannot be enslaved, but will take the paths which are most agreeable to them."

The Princess was very strict with the boys, and very indulgent with the girls. From the outset she recognised the necessity of developing their bodies by outdoor exercise; this they got in abundance, without any restrictions; as to clothes, they wore "anything." Their food was of the simplest; on this point the Princess was rigorous, and she was equally strict in insisting upon their complete submission to her will. She was averse to corporal punishment. It has been told of her, however, that once, at Sandringham, seeing a boy ill-treating a cat, she went up to the young culprit and gave him a little wholesome correction. Princess Maud, asked as to the truth of this story, is asserted to have replied: "I do not believe my mother acted as she is said to have done, for she has a horror of personal chastisement; but she is quite capable of having done so, for she has even a greater detestation of cruelty."

Of Queen Alexandra's innumerable acts of charity the world has heard something, but only when her good deeds have been on the grand scale. None but her personal friends—those who have enjoyed her close friendship for very many years—can have an idea of the extent and the miscellaneous character of her open-handedness from the moment she came among us. An accidental meeting with a poor old woman who has been deprived of her son leads to the gift of a donkey, a cart, and harness. At Marlborough House, one Christmastide, she sees a child waiting to be told by the young ladies how some dolls which they have ordered are to be dressed. The Princess of Wales gathers that the girl and her aged grandmother are dependent for their livelihood on what they can earn by making dolls' dresses; it is all hand-work, for they cannot afford the luxury of a machine. The next day, to the amazement of the dwellers in the mean street, a Royal carriage drives up to the seamstress's humble abode, fairy forms alight, with all kinds of "nice things" for the old woman and her grandchild; and on Christmas Eve something quite wonderful happens, for a grand sewing-machine arrives, and with it is a card on which is written (oh, the joy of it!): "To good little Emily Brown.—From ALEXANDRA."

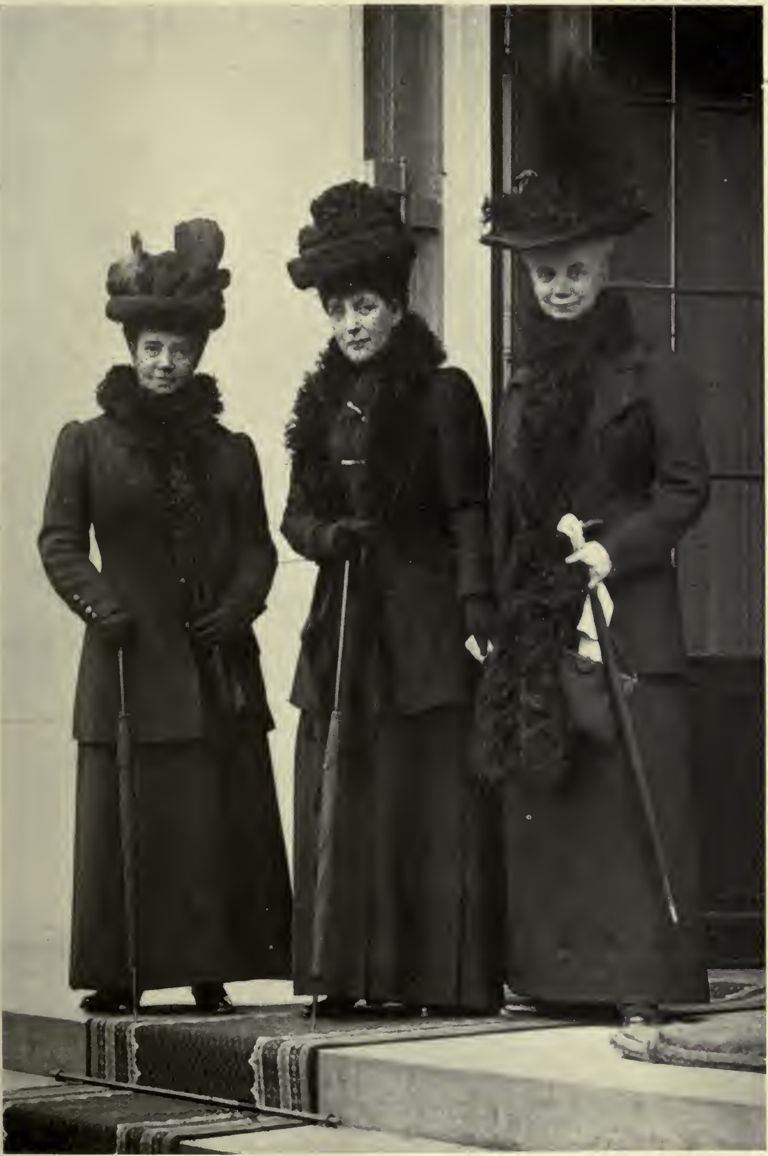
And who has not heard of "the little blue cart" at Sandringham which took the Royal lady, first as Princess, then as Queen, on her daily errands of mercy? We used to hear of her rubbing the aching limbs of rheumatic old women; helping to put snowy-white linen on the bed of other aged sufferers; and taking to another indigent invalid the appetising food and drink which were to make her well. To a village girl who is about to be married "the Princess" gives a purse full of glittering gold pieces wherewith to "make the home"; for a labourer's wife who is "expecting" there is a complete outfit for baby. Newly-born infants—children of the very humble—are taken in her arms and soothed. Are they ill, it is the angel-Princess who provides for their needs.

Queen Maud's eldest sister, the widowed Princess Royal, made a welcome reappearance in society in the season of 1913, when she attended a ball given by Lord and Lady Salisbury, accompanied by her daughter, the Duchess of Fife, whose engagement to Prince Arthur of Connaught had been just announced. That Princess Victoria's health had greatly improved was patent to all who saw her, well mounted, at Aldershot, during the visit of the King and Queen in the summer.

King Edward's affection for his wife's sister Dagmar was only exceeded by his intense admiration of her intellectual gifts. From the first he recognised in her one of the silent forces of Europe. Even Bismarck admitted her power, and handled her very delicately and persuasively. The contrast between now and then, between what is and what was, is always more or less sharp, and ofttimes it is painful even to bitterness. Let us glance for a fleeting moment at the life of the Empress Marie Feodorovna a quarter of a century ago. Every season (which means the period between December and Lent) there were Court balls at one or other of the Imperial residences, oftenest at the Winter Palace, where I first saw her. Some years there were eight, or ten, or maybe a dozen of these dances, in which the Tsaritsa of those days and the Dowager Empress of these participated with girlish glee. Her consort, Alexander III., did not find much amusement at these gatherings, and after the first quadrille would retire to his study and apply himself to the work of the State. The opera and the theatres were much affected by the Imperial couple, who, in accordance with the etiquette of the Imperial Court, were seldom seen at private houses. Even at the Embassies and Legations they were unfamiliar figures.

The Empress Marie has always had a predilection for charitable works, and these occupied her attention, not by fits and starts, but regularly every day. It was not only the various educational and other institutions of St. Petersburg that she supported, but kindred establishments all over the country. A special functionary made a daily report upon the state of these charities, while other officials frequently informed her personally how matters were progressing. Nearly all Russians are charitably disposed, and they idolised her for her constant well-doing. Never was there a more beloved and popular Tsaritsa than Queen Alexandra's sister Dagmar. The daughters of "fashionable" folk were educated then, as now, at St. Catherine's and at the Cloister Smolna, two scholastic establishments enjoying the friendly patronage of the Empress Marie. Her Majesty was well posted in the talk of the salons, which was conveyed to her by numerous ladies whom she made her personal friends; while the good-natured Tsar withheld no State secrets from her. She was credited with advising him on all important questions. In the fullest sense of the word she was the Tsar's confidante.

Like the Empress Frederick when Crown Princess of Germany, the Empress Marie was a graceful rider, and was often seen, in uniform, at military



Photo] [*Ferslew, Copenhagen.*

THREE ROYAL SISTERS.

Queen Alexandra (centre), the Dowager Empress of Russia (left), and the Duchess of Cumberland at the Castle of Bernstoff (1913).

reviews. She was to be met also at the Imperial chasses, which were as brilliantly picturesque as those at Compiègne and Fontainebleau in the sixties. Skating was another of her favourite pastimes. When the tragedy of March 13, 1881,[1] paralysed St. Petersburg and horrified the world she was the one being on earth who brought consolation to Alexander III., who found himself Emperor with that dread suddenness which preceded the accession of Dom Manuel on the 1st of February 1908, and of the Kings of Denmark and Greece in 1913.

A charming domestic picture—"The Sisters." The scene is a railway station. As the train comes to a standstill an élégante, draped in black, appears at the window of the saloon, smiling a greeting to another radiant vision, also in sombre garb, relieved only by the light purple trimmings of the jacket. In the saloon the Sisters are folded in each other's arms, then pass through the little crowd of attendants to the carriage which bears them away to the Palace. Half an hour afterwards sorely disappointed faces were to be seen on the platform; those of two foreign Ministers among them. A Royal train is, in a general way of speaking, "on time," but the one bringing the Imperial Lady was that day so much in advance of scheduled time that the little scene of meeting was enacted in the absence of the diplomatists.

When they are together among us the history of the beautiful Sisters is all our talk. We recall

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[1] The assassination of Alexander II.

(some of us) that distant time when we first saw the elder of the twain. Let us not speak of dates, but rather hide them under the convenient euphemism "yester-year." The sister from Russland, whom we saw once more in 1913, is the "sosie" of the other, save and except that she is (let it be whispered) the least youthful-looking of the two. Their trials and troubles have been manifold. They have seen some of their best-beloved pass into the Valley of the Shadow. Both mourn Crowned Husbands and Crowned Brothers. The Empress Marie has witnessed her adopted homeland well-nigh rent in twain by the dread forces of anarchy and revolution—has seen that throne which was once her consort's, and is now her son's, reel and totter, until to the onlooker it bade fair to crumble into nothingness. "The Tsardom is doomed!" wrote Dr. Dillon. But the years have changed all that, and Russia, purified by disaster, is heartened and herself again.

London looks with pleased eyes at the Sisters, side by side, in the Park, and perchance at the hospital, and accords them loyal and respectful greeting. It is good to see that they can move about the town as freely as if they were in their old home-country—at rural Fredensborg or Bernstorff. No escort of helmeted Guards is required, nor posse of constables. What we read of extraordinary police precautions for the protection of the Imperial and Royal ladies we may well smile at, as they themselves do. Marie Feodorovna may feel, and, I doubt not, does feel, as much at home here as her golden-hearted sister, who, like the fairy Princess, never grows any older, never looks less charming than when she first set foot in this our London in—yester-year!

We are in a plain beyond the banlieues of the capital. The atmosphere which a May morning brings with it seems to arouse Nature from slumber, to make the leaves leap from the branches and cloak them with verdure. But you must not look for trees out here in the vast plain; for, despite the entry of spring, it is a rather sombre landscape. On the platform of the "military" station at Bourget a number of grave-looking men "line up" alongside the train of many carriages, black and dusty. At a given signal two monster bouquets are handed into the central compartment of a carriage amidst complete silence. Two elderly men appear, both grisonnants; one, strongly-built, ruddy-visaged, smiling—the other more sedate, and short-sighted. A lady accompanies them, in a black travelling costume—no bonnet, hat, or toque. A thin gold chain depends from her neck, but this is the only gleam of colour. And the lady on the platform beyond the banlieues of Paris? She is the Empress Marie Feodorovna. And the two black-garbed men? President Fallières and M. Pichon of the French "F.O." They address a few words to the lady, hats in hand. The train is about to move. "But wait a moment —a little moment only. . . . Monsieur le Président, Monsieur le Ministre, do you mind if I photograph you? Thank you; you are most kind."

And the Empress "snaps" the President of the Republic and the Minister, "for my collection."

When, in May 1912, Queen Alexandra was deprived in one brief week of her eldest brother and her nephew (a son of her sister Thyra, Duchess of Cumberland), she fortunately had by her side her other sister, Dagmar; and together they left for Copenhagen, the town of mourning. For the last seven years we in England have seen much of the widowed consort of Alexander III. Seven years before the crime of 1881, the Russian Court saw the future Queen of England alongside the future Empress of Russia, assisting at the ceremonies which marked the wedding of their brother-in-law and the only daughter of Alexander II. The Duke of Connaught, Lord Knollys, Mr. J. M. Le Sage, Mr. Sydney Hall, and the writer of these lines are among the few surviving eye-witnesses of those functions, bewildering in their splendour.

Not longer ago than the autumn of 1906—Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria being in Denmark at the time—the most fantastic stories appeared in the papers. The Empress Marie, it was asserted, was "a self-made prisoner on board her yacht," the *Polar Star*, then moored at Copenhagen. She was "afraid to land," for Nihilists were about! In reality, she was suffering from a sharp attack of lumbago, which prevented her from leaving the yacht for several days. Queen Alexandra spent several hours a day with her sister, and both were amused at reading in the papers that the Tsar was also "a prisoner," not on his yacht, but in his palace at Peterhof, and was intending to abdicate, and to reside among us in "a baronial mansion in the Midlands," which had been secured for him!

Queen Alexandra's Empress-sister has a strong affection for England and its people, and it was regrettable that she could not be with us on "Alexandra Day" 1912, or on the Jubilee wedding day, March 10, 1913. She was credited with having arranged the meeting of her son and King Edward at Reval in 1908; and it is quite likely she had a hand in it.

On June 25, 1912, Queen Alexandra telegraphed to Colonel Lodge, commanding the 3rd Battalion of Alexandra Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire) Regiment, on the occasion of the presentation of colours by Mrs. Orde-Powlett at Richmond, Yorkshire:

> It is with sincere pleasure that I send you a message on the occasion of the presentation of new colours to the 3rd Battalion of my regiment. This event must always prove an interesting record in the history of the regiment, and I am confident that all ranks of the battalion under your command will regard as precious trusts these emblems which to-day are committed to your care, and that they will uphold the prestige and honour of the regiment.

In August 1875 I saw the Princess of Wales in person present the regiment with new colours at Sheffield, whither the Royal pair had gone to open the park which Mr. Mark Firth (then Mayor) gave to the cutlery capital. When the regiment served in the campaign in the Netherlands, in 1795, it was under the command of the Duke of

York. "It honourably shared," said the Princess, addressing Colonel Deane, "in the victories of the British arms in the Crimea, and it participated in the difficulties and successes which attended the suppression of the Indian mutiny." The scene of the presentation was "The Farm," the Duke of Norfolk's place at Sheffield.

It was the first visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Sheffield—at all events, jointly. The park is situated at some little distance from the town, and the kindly and public-spirited "authorities" had very considerately left the "gentlemen of the Press" out of the bill, imagining, I suppose, that they could, and would, tramp through the mud and the crowded streets to the scene of the "opening." To the amazement of the "authorities," the reporters declined to do anything of the kind. Sir John Brown smoothed matters over, and I recollect seeing the representatives of the Press in carriages, looking quite as respectable as the Sheffield plutocrats themselves.

In 1893 the officers of the regiment now styled as above began the publication of a monthly magazine, entitled "Ours: The Green Howards' Gazette." I greatly wondered at the time who was responsible for the Chevalieresque verses, "Artful Lizzie 'Arris":

D'you know Lizzie 'Arris—'er as lodges in our court?
  "Well," I says, says I to 'er, I says, says I,
"'Ow is it, Lizzie 'Arris, as yer wears yer 'air cut *short?*"
  I says, says I to 'er, I says, says I.

"I lost it in a fever, dear," says she to me, says she.
"Dear me," says I, consolin' like, I says, says I; "dear me?
Some gals thinks it *becomin'*; but what fools such gals must be!"
I says, says I to 'er, I says, says I.

She's a darlin', she's a hangel, she's a strawberry, is Liz;
But she's artful, blessed artful, oh, she's artful, that she is!
She got round 'Arry 'Opkins in 'er under'anded way;
And 'e drove 'er down to Rosherville to spend a nappy day!

What amusement the verses must have caused the august lady who was, and is, the titular head of the gallant "Green Howards"! They are worthy of poor E. J. Milliken at his best.

After the death of the Duke of Clarence at the end of January 1892, Queen Alexandra did not return to public life until the first week of June 1893. On the 3rd of that month she was present at the trooping of the colour, and three days later she witnessed the laying of the foundation stone of the new wing of the Royal United Service Institution by her consort, and the opening of a bazaar in the Banqueting Hall, through the middle window of which Charles I. passed to execution.

Queen Alexandra's sister-in-law, Queen Louise, widow of King Frederick, is one of the tallest and one of the richest of European royalties. Only child of the late King Charles of Norway and Sweden, and granddaughter of Bernadotte, Napoleon's famous Marshal, she inherited from her parents a fortune of £3,000,000, now estimated at £5,000,000. Deeply religious, and a strict Lutheran, Her Majesty is a patron of art, literature, and music.

In the autumn of 1912, Borngräber (Berlin) issued Gustav Freytag's Letters to his Wife, although the author left final and formal instructions that she was not to publish them.[1] Several of the letters contain details of events in the history of the Emperor and Empress Frederick, their son (the present Emperor), and Queen Victoria; and from these curious epistles the following extracts have been translated for this work.

June 12, 1888. [In a letter of this date Freytag narrates a conversation with the Duke (Ernest) of Coburg, brother of Queen Victoria's consort.] The talk was exclusively of politics and the gossip of Berlin. I was better informed than the Duke, as Herr von Stosch had supplied me with considerable matter, but little that would be new to you. The Duke is greatly hurt by the conduct of his niece (Empress Frederick), and looks on things exactly as we do. He drew from his pocket a letter from the Crown Prince (William II.) containing details of the Battenberg marriage negotiations. The Emperor Frederick had asked the Grand Duke of Baden to inform Bismarck with regard to the marriage project that he (the Emperor) was agreeable to it. Bismarck replied that he would rather resign the Chancellorship than consent to it. Bismarck then had a talk about it with the Emperor in the presence of the Crown Prince and the Grand Duke of Baden. The Emperor (who could not speak) wrote on a slip of paper that he intended to give the order for the solemnisation of the marriage of his daughter and Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Bismarck said it would be impossible, and explained the whole political position, pointing out that such an alliance would be certain to bring about a war with Russia. Bismarck's reasons are so convincing that the Emperor is convinced, and declares that in these circumstances he relinquishes the whole plan. Everybody present feels relieved. The Empress now enters the room, and turns towards her husband with the words: "You have given your word of honour that Alexander of Battenberg shall be my son-in-law!" The Emperor groans, strikes the table with both fists in anguish, and is unable to speak. Finally he rises, takes the Empress by the hand, leads her to the door and closes it behind her. All this is in the presence of the above-mentioned. Then he sinks back, and the next day is unable to leave his bed.

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[1] She is said to have received £1800 for the copyright. The first of Freytag's novels which appeared in English was "Soll und Haben" ("Debit and Credit"). It was published in the late fifties by Mr. John Maxwell, husband of Miss Braddon, and came out in the periodical called "The Welcome Guest."

Writing on June 20, 1888, Freytag says: The visit of the Queen of England has had an effect not intended by the Empress Frederick. After several long conversations with Bismarck Queen Victoria quite sided with him and the Crown Prince William (on the question of the proposed Battenberg marriage). The Chancellor managed to bring the Queen over entirely to his way of thinking (against the alliance). He said to her, on this point: "Your Majesty shall be the judge." He explained the matter to her: she agreed with him, and left Berlin in a spirit of antagonism to her daughter. Thus (writes Freytag) good relations with the ruling person in England may be expected, and, as Austria is obliged by circumstances to remain true to the Triple Alliance, we may look forward, for the present, to international peace.

Among the gems of German Imperial Family history Freytag narrates this in a letter dated June 20, 1888. Meeting Duke Ernest of Coburg, the Emperor William II. told him that, after the funeral of his father (the Emperor Frederick), the Grand Duke of Weimar came to him and said, in a friendly manner: "If you want advice at any time you have only to come to me and I will give it." Freytag says this caused a smile, as the Grand Duke was the biggest fool of all the German Princes!

The Duke of Coburg told Freytag that he had the following direct from William II. The young Emperor, in his excitement, said one day to Bismarck: "There your Highness has done something stupid (dummheit)." Bismarck replied:

"May Heaven preserve your Majesty from ever perpetrating a greater piece of stupidity than that!"

After the death of the Emperor Frederick all the Princes went to Berlin to do homage to the new Kaiser, excepting the Prince of Reuss, who never recognised any German Emperor.

June 24, 1888.—In this letter Freytag dwells on the German press campaign against Sir Morell Mackenzie; enclosing his wife newspaper cuttings dealing with the subject. The attacks (says Freytag) come from all sides, but, alas! they strike at the person who stands behind Mackenzie—the Empress. It is evident that she would gladly go away; but she is afraid to retire from the field, as it is always better to be in touch with the Imperial Family than to be away. She is now being bitterly punished for her blind preference for everything English. She had forforgotten that she is a German Princess. She told the Duke of Coburg bitterly that she was indifferent to everything in Germany, and he finished the conversation with the words: "I know that I have also become indifferent to you; but if you ever want a true friend I will show you that I am one." Thus uncle and niece parted. He is still more attached to her than she to him.

June 28, 1888.—The Emperor William's continual affirmation of his religious sentiments is unnecessary. It may be that an excellent frame of mind and the tragic events which caused it are at the bottom of it. His father possessed a pretty old Franconian Church faith, yet his feelings were romantically disposed, and under the influence of a devout wife he might have become an entirely religious visionary. This "softness" (writes Freytag) caused the infidel Victoria (die unglaubige Victoria) to lose all patience with Frederick, and to treat him badly.[1]

July 2, 1888.—I have received numerous congratulatory telegrams on the fiftieth anniversary of my taking the Degree of Doctor. From a despatch sent me by the widowed Empress Frederick, at Friedrichskron, it would appear that she intends leaving Germany, but is first coming to Wiesbaden. Her original plan, to go abroad at once, seems to have been met with serious objections. In the first place she would be subject to attacks of illness and unable to return (for treatment). Secondly, she would be obliged to take with her three unmarried daughters, which would not be very desirable, as, like all the children of German Sovereigns, they belong to Germany, and must look out for husbands in their own country. The Empress is subjected to another humiliation: the German doctors are preparing a public exposure of her favourite, Morell Mackenzie.

July 10, 1888.—Among many letters is one from Baroness Stockmar (widow of the famous

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[1] Freytag has strangely, even malignantly, misapprehended the character of King Edward's sister, who was a God-fearing woman and a true Christian.

Stockmar, the friend of Queen Victoria's consort), containing a message from the widowed Empress Frederick asking me to jot down my reminiscences of the dear dead Emperor, my personal relations with him, and what I thought of him, and send them to her.

July 22, 1888.—The newspapers report how roughly the Queen of England treated the Ambassador-Extraordinary (Winderfeldt) who, according to usage, had been sent by the Emperor William II. to announce his accession to the throne [on the death of his father]. The announcement is a solemn act of political courtesy which is paid to the Heads of States. What has that got to do with the displeasure of the grandmother [Queen Victoria]? The consequence will be general indignation at Berlin; and I believe the English are now as much in need of our goodwill as we are of theirs. Winderfeldt made a great mistake. He ought to have replied to the demand that he should appear [at the English Court] in private clothes that, as a Prussian General, he was obliged to appear in uniform. Such contemptible trifles still play a part in the fate of States and nations, and sometimes are the cause of most fateful decisions. It is also possible that Queen Victoria was indignant because her grandson had sent her an officer who was only a Major-General, whereas she, as the greatest lady in the world, should have demanded that some Prince should have been sent—the more so as the uniform of an officer is not considered high-class dress in England.

This small incident shows how [easily] family sentiments are ruffled.

Among the letters are some addressed to Freytag by other than Royal personages. One is from Herr von Normann, who at one time belonged to the Empress Frederick's household. In the eighties he was her private secretary and counsellor; he had been also her Hofmarschall. He refers to the great piety of the Empress, which he fears will have an influence upon the Emperor William II., as he is not unbiassed enough to follow the example of Frederick the Great, to whose level he endeavours otherwise to raise himself; he would take that Frederick as his prototype. The Emperor William's whole development is more a result of a negative reaction from his mother than due to the positive principles of his tutor. One can see [says Normann] that almost all his views and convictions are decided by his opposition to his mother. He has gradually come to think and do, and consider right, everything in exact opposition to his mother. The danger which lies in this course is evident.[1]

In this attempt to depict some of "King Edward's Dearest" it will be seen that I have restricted myself mainly to outlining the characteristics of some of the Royal ladies, adding thereto a few memoranda relating to Queen Alexandra's sister, the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia. In a future volume, I shall presume to offer some observations on other members of the Royal Families of England and Denmark who are unmentioned in the present work, and notably Queen Victoria and her three surviving daughters, King George v., and Queen Mary.

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[1] Professor Leinhaas, the Empress Frederick's confidential friend and (unpaid) librarian, has traversed many of Freytag's statements. Freytag died several years ago. His book caused much sensation in Germany.

If anything could console Queen Alexandra for the loss of King Edward it would be the Empire's admission that in the crowned Son we have as nearly as is humanly possible a replica of the Father. The beautifully harmonious relations of the Sovereign and his Mother need no emphasising. The stream of her life flows placidly on, ruffled only by some unintelligent appraisement of the glorious record of Edward vii. After this earthly pilgrimage is run the People, in whose hearts she is enshrined, will lovingly echo the little prayer which she wrote on the cross of lilies and orchids laid on the coffin[1] at Edensor:

When the day of trial is o'er,
  When the race of life is run,
  Father, grant Thy blessed one
Rest and peace for evermore.

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[1] The Duke of Devonshire's.

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